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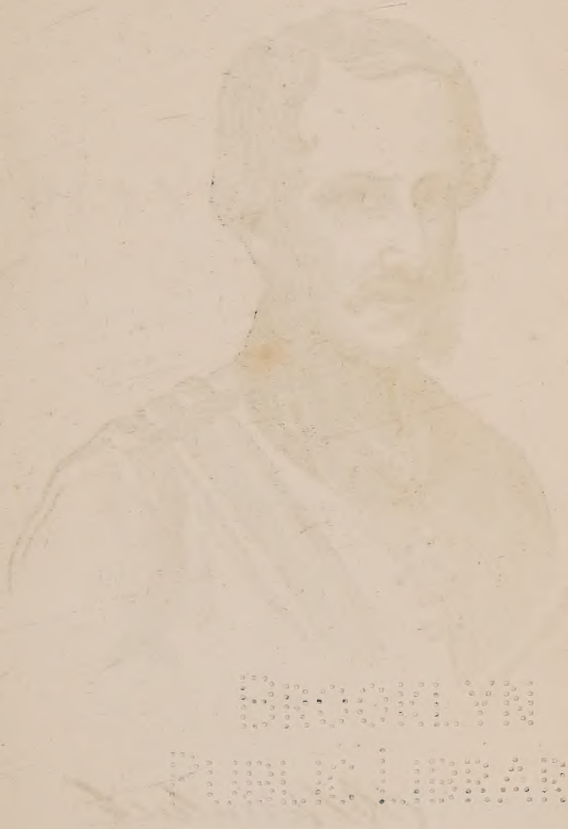

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THE HEROES

OF THE

INDIAN REBELLION

BY

D. W. BARTLETT.

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PREFATORY.

In preparing the present work for publication the author has gone carefully over the long list of English books called forth by the mutiny in India, gathering what seemed to him the most thrilling narratives and sketches. This book is, therefore, an abridgment and compilation, rather than an original work, for the reason that no outsider can equal in simplicity, and pathos, and graphic force, the men and women who tell their own stories of the Indian Rebellion.

Not the soldier alone, but the civilian and the delicate woman have been singled out for the especial attention of the reader.

With the exception of Havelock, no soldier has been separately sketched, but the heroism of officers and men is allowed to develop itself in the course of the thrilling narratives which make up the volume.

There is not a single sketch or story of the Rebellion which is not authenticated abundantly; and, in fact, the character of the men and women who wrote them is such as to require no authentication.

D. W. B.

Washington, D. C., September, 1859.

THE

HEROES OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

CAPTAIN HODSON,

THE CAPTOR OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The life of Captain Hodson, one of the heroes of Delhi, has been written by his brother, and we gather from it the subjoined sketch of his career:

The career of the Indian Captain of Irregulars may fairly challenge comparison with that of Fernando Perez, or any other hero of romance, and we may well apply to the Englishman, lying in the death-chamber of Lucknow, the poet's touching farewell to the peerless knight Durandarte, stretched on the bloody sward at Roncesvalles:

> "Kind in manners, fair in favor,
> Mild in temper, fierce in fight;
> Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
> Never shall behold the light."

William Stephen Raikes Hodson, third son of the Archdeacon of Stafford, was born in March, 1821, and went, when fourteen years old, to Rugby, where he staid for more than four years, two of which were spent in the sixth form under Arnold. At school he was a bright, pleasant boy, fond of fun, and with abilities decidedly above the average, but of no very marked distinction, except as a runner; in which exercise, however, he was almost unequaled, and showed great powers of

endurance. None of his old school-fellows have been surprised to hear of his success as the head of the Intelligence Department of an army, or of his marvelous marches and appearances in impossible places as Captain of Irregular Horse. Such performances only carry us back to first calling over, when we used to see him come in, splashed and hot, and to hear his cheery "Old fellow! I've been to Brinklow since dinner." But, as a boy, he was not remarkable for physical strength or courage, and none of us would have foretold that he would become one of the most daring and successful swordsmen in the Indian army. We only mention the fact, because it is of great importance that the truth in this matter, which the lives of Hodson and others have established, should be as widely acknowledged as possible. A man born without any natural defect can, in this as in other respects, make his own character; no man need be a coward who *will* not be one; and a high purpose steadfastly kept in view will in the end help a man to the doing of nobler deeds of daring than any amount of natural combativeness.

From Rugby he went to Trinity, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1844; but fortunately for his country, and—let us own it, hard as it is as yet to do so—for himself also, a constitutional tendency to headache led him to choose the army rather than a learned profession. After a short service in the Guernsey militia, which he entered to escape superannuation, he got a cadetship, and embarked for India. Sir William Napier, then Governor of Guernsey, gave him a letter to his brother, Sir Charles, and himself wrote of him, "I think he will be an acquisition to any service. His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself acquainted with military matters, gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia." His brother's letter never was presented to Sir Charles Napier, as we infer from the passage at page 104, where it is mentioned again. "I did n't show him his brother's letter," writes Hod-

son, in 1850, "that he might judge for himself first, and know me 'per se,' or rather 'per me.' I will, however, if ever I see him again." He never saw Sir Charles again; but what a glimpse of the man's character we get from these few lines!

On the 13th of September, 1845, Hodson landed in India, and went up country at once to Agra. Here he found the Hon. James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, a family friend and connection, with whom he staid till November 2d, when he was appointed to do duty with the 2d Grenadiers, and began his military career as part of the escort of the Governor-General, who was on his way to the Punjaub. In that quarter a black cloud had gathered, which it was high time it should be looked after.

Hodson, however, marches on, all unconscious, and his first letters give no hint of coming battle, but contain a charmingly-graphic description of the life of an Indian army on march. Here, too, in the very outset, we find that rare virtue of making the best of every thing peeping out, which so strongly characterized him.

"It is a sudden change of temperature, truly—from near freezing at starting, to 90 degrees or 100 degrees at arriving. *It sounds hot,* but a tent at 84 degrees is tolerably endurable, especially if there is a breeze."

At Umbala he attends a grand muster of troops, and sees the Irregulars for the first time.

"The quiet-looking and English-dressed Hindoo troopers strangely contrasted with the wild Irregulars in all the fanciful *un*uniformity of their native costume; yet these last are the men *I* fancy for service."

This was on the 2d of December. On Christmas day he writes:

"I have been in four general engagements of the most formidable kind ever known in India. On the 10th, on our usual

quiet march, we were surprised by being joined by an additional regiment, and by an order for all non-soldiers to return to Umbala."

Then comes the description of forced marches, and battles which one feels were won—and that was all. The same story every-where as to the Sepoys; at Moodkee "our Sepoys could not be got to face the tremendous fire of the Sikh artillery, and, as usual, the more they quailed the more the English officers exposed themselves in vain efforts to bring them on. . . . . At Ferozeshah, on the evening of the 21st, as we rushed toward the guns in the most dense dust and smoke, and under an unprecedented fire of grape, our Sepoys again gave way and broke. It was a fearful crisis, but the bravery of the English regiments saved us. A ball struck my leg below the knee, but happily spared the bone. I was also knocked down twice—once by a shell bursting so close to me as to kill the men behind me, and once by the explosion of a magazine. The wound in my leg is nothing, as you may judge when I tell you that I was on foot or horseback the whole of the two following days. . . . . No efforts could bring the Sepoys forward, or half the loss might have been spared, had they rushed on with the bayonet. . . Just as we were going into action I stumbled on poor Carey, whom you may remember to have heard of at Price's, at Rugby. On going over the field on the 30th, I found the body actually cut to pieces by the keen swords of the Sikhs, and but for his clothes could not have recognized him. I had him carried into camp for burial, poor fellow, extremely shocked at the sudden termination of our renewed acquaintance. . . . I enjoyed all, and entered into it with great zest, till we came to actual blows, or rather, I am—*now*—half ashamed to say, till the blows were over, and I saw the horrible scenes which ensue on war. I have had quite enough of such sights now, and hope it may not be my lot to be exposed to them again. . . We

are resting comfortably in our tents, and had a turkey for our Christmas dinner."

In the next letter the fight at Sobraon is described:

"On we went as usual in the teeth of a dreadful fire of guns and musketry, and after a desperate struggle we got within their *triple* and *quadruple* intrenchments; and then their day of reckoning came indeed. Driven from trench to trench, and surrounded on all sides, they retired, fighting most bravely, to the river, into which they were driven pell-mell, a tremendous fire of musketry pouring on them from our bank, and the Horse Artillery finishing their destruction with grape. I had the pleasure myself of spiking two guns which were turned on us."

A rough baptism of war, this, for a young soldier! No wonder that, when the excitement is over, for the moment he thinks he "has had enough of such sights." But the poetry of battle has entered into him; witness this glorious sketch of a deed done by the 80th Queen's—Staffordshire—

"I lay between them and my present regiment—1st E. B. Fusileers—on the night of the 21st of December, at Ferozeshah, when Lord Hardinge called out, 'Eightieth! that gun must be silenced.' They jumped up, formed into line, and advanced through the black darkness, silently and firmly: gradually we lost the sound of their tread, and anxiously listened for the slightest intimation of their progress—all was still for five minutes, while they gradually gained the front of the battery whose fires had caused us so much loss. Suddenly we heard a dropping fire—a blaze of the Sikh cannon followed, then a thrilling cheer from the 80th, accompanied by a rattling and murderous volley as they sprung upon the battery and spiked the monster gun. In a few more minutes they moved back quietly, and lay down as before on the cold sand; but they had left forty-five of their number and two captains to mark the scene of their exploit by their graves."

And so in another month, when the war is over and the army

on its return, he "catches himself wishing and asking for more."

"Is it not marvelous, as if one had not had a surfeit of killing? But the truth is *that* is not the motive, but a sort of undefined ambition. . . . I remember bursting into tears in sheer rage in the midst of the fight at Sobraon at seeing our soldiers lying killed and wounded."

His first campaign is over, and he goes into cantonments. The chief impression left on his mind is extreme disappointment with the state of the Sepoy regiments, which he expresses to Mr. Thomason:

"In discipline and subordination they seem to be lamentably deficient, especially toward the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers. On the march, I have found these last give me more trouble than the men even. My brother officers say that I see an unfavorable specimen in the 2d, as regards discipline, owing to their frequent service of late, and the number of recruits; but I fear the evil is very wide-spread. It may no doubt be traced mainly to the want of European officers. This, however, is an evil not likely to be removed on any large scale. Meantime, unless some vigorous and radical improvement takes place, I think our position will be very uncertain and even alarming in the event of extended hostilities. You must really forgive my speaking so plainly, and writing my own opinions so freely. You encouraged me to do so when I was at Agra, if you remember, and I value the privilege too highly as connected with the greater one of receiving advice and counsel from you, not to exercise it, even at the risk of your thinking me presumptuous and hasty in my opinions."

Acting upon these impressions, he applies for and obtains an exchange into the 1st Bengal Europeans, in which he is eighth second lieutenant at the age of twenty-five, the junior in rank of boys of eighteen and nineteen. He feels that he has difficult cards to play, but resolves to make the best of every thing, and

regrets only "that the men who are to support the name and power of England in Asia are sent out here at an age when neither by education nor reflection can they have learned all, or even a fraction of what those words mean. It would be a happy thing for India and for themselves if all came out here at a more advanced age than now; but *one* alone breaking through the custom in that respect made and provided, must not expect to escape the usual fate, or at least the usual annoyances, of innovators."

At this point an opening, of which he was just the man to make the most, occurs. Mr. Thomason writes to Colonel afterward Sir Henry Lawrence, the new political agent at Lahore, introducing Hodson; and at once a friendship, founded on mutual appreciation, springs up between the two, to end only with their lives. The agent manages to have the young soldier constantly in his office, and to get all sorts of work out of him. As a reward, he takes him on an expedition into Cashmere, in the autumn of 1846, whither they accompany the forces of Gholab Singh, to whom the country had been ceded by treaty. The letters from Cashmere on this occasion, and again in 1850, when he accompanied Sir Henry on a second trip to Cashmere and Thibet, are like nothing in the world but an Arabian Night which we feel to be true. The chiefs, the priests, the monasteries, the troops, the glorious country so misused by man, the wretched people, an English lady, young and pretty, traveling all alone in the wildest part on pony-back, all pass before us in a series of living photographs. We have room, however, for one quotation only:

"The women are atrociously ugly, and screech like the witches in *Macbeth*—so much so, that when the agent asked me to give them a rupee or two, I felt it my duty to refuse, firmly but respectfully, on the ground that it would be encouraging ugliness.

"I am the luckiest dog unhung," he concludes, "to have got

into Cashmere. I fancy I am the first officer of our army who has been here save the few who have come officially."

Colonel Lawrence was not the man to let his young friend's powers of work rust, so on their return we find Hodson set to build the famous Hill Asylum for white children at Sabathoo.

We may as well notice at once, in this early stage of his career, the man's honest training of himself in all ways, great and small, to take his place, and do his work in his world-battle; how he faces all tasks, however unwonted, ill-paid, or humble, which seem to be helpful; how he casts off all habits, however pleasant or harmless, which may prove hinderances. And this he does with no parade or fine sentiment, but simply, almost unconsciously, often with a sort of apology which is humorously pathetic. For example, when set to work on the Asylum, he writes:

"Colonel Lawrence seems determined I shall have nothing to stop me, for his invariable reply to every question is, 'Act on your own judgment,' 'Do what you think right,' 'I give you *carte-blanche* to act in my own name, and draw on my funds,' and so forth."

Which confidence is worthily bestowed. Hodson sets to work, forgetting all professional etiquette, and giving up society for the time.

"Cutting trees down, getting lime burnt, bricks made, planks sawed up, the ground got ready, and then watching the work foot by foot; showing this 'nigger' how to lay his bricks, another the proper proportions of a beam, another the construction of a door, and to the several artisans the mysteries of a screw, a nail, a hinge. You can not say to a man, 'Make me a wall or a door,' but you must, with your own hands, measure out his work, teach him to saw away here, to plane there, or drive such a nail, or insinuate such a suspicion of glue. And when it comes to be considered that this is altogether new work to me, and has to be exsuded by cogitation on the spot, so as to give

an answer to every inquirer, you may understand the amount of personal exertion and attention required for the work."

Again, a few months later, November, 1847:

"I am in a high, queer-looking native house among the ruins of this old stronghold of the Pathans, with orders 'to make a good road from Lahore to the Sutlej, distance forty miles,' in as brief a space as possible. On the willing-to-be-generally-useful principle, this is all very well, and one gets used to turning one's hand to every thing, but certainly—but for circumstances over which I had no control—I always labored under the impression that I knew nothing at all about the matter. However, Colonel Lawrence walked into my room promiscuously one morning, and said, 'O, Hodson, we have agreed that you must take in hand the road to Ferozepore. You can start in a day or two;' and *here I am.*"

Again, in January, 1848, he has been sent out surveying.

"My present *rôle* is to survey a part of the country lying along the left bank of the Ravee and below the hills, and I am daily and all day at work with compasses and chain, pen and pencil, following streams, diving into valleys, burrowing into hills, to complete my work. I need hardly remark, that, having never attempted any thing of the kind hitherto, it is bothering at first."

Again, in April, 1848, he has been set to hear all manner of cases, civil, criminal, and revenue, in the Lahore court.

"This duty is of vast importance, and I sometimes feel a half sensation of modesty at being set down to administer justice in such matters so early, and without previous training. A little practice, patience, and reflection settle most cases to one's satisfaction, however; and one must be content with substantial justice as distinguished from technical law."

Again, in a letter to his brother—

"Did I tell you, by the by, that I abjured tobacco when I left England, and that I have never been tempted by even a

night's *al fresco* to resume the delusive habit? Nor have I told you—because I despaired of your believing it—that I have declined from the paths of virtue in respect of beer also, this two years past seldom or never tasting that once idolized stimulant!"

We have no space to comment, and can only hope that any gallant young oarsman or cricketer bound for India, who may read this, will have the courage to follow Hodson's example, if he finds himself the better for abstinence, notwithstanding the fascination of the drink itself, and the cherished associations which twine round the pewter. My dear boys, remember, as Hodson did, that if you are to get on well in India it will be owing, physically speaking, to your digestions.

These glimpses will enable the reader to picture to himself how Hodson, now Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, as well as second in command of the Guides, was spending his time between the first and the final Sikh war. Let him throw in this description of the duties of "the Guides:"

"The grand object of the corps is to train a body of men in peace to be efficient in war; to be not only acquainted with localities, roads, rivers, hills, ferries, and passes, but have a good idea of the produce and supplies available in any part of the country; to give *accurate* information, not running open-mouthed to say that ten thousand horsemen and a thousand guns are coming—in true native style—but to stop to see whether it may not really be only a common cart and a few wild horsemen who are kicking up all the dust; to call twenty-five by its right name, and not say *fifty* for short, as most natives do. This, of course, wants a great deal of careful instruction and attention. Beyond this, the officers should give a tolerably-correct sketch and report of any country through which they may pass, be *au fait* at routes and means of feeding troops, and above all—and here you come close upon political duties—keep an eye on the doings of the neighbors, and

CAPTAIN HODSON.

the state of the country, so as to be able to give such information as may lead to any outbreak being nipped in the bud."

The reader will probably now be of opinion that the young Lieutenant, willing to make himself generally useful, and given to locomotion, will be not unlikely to turn out a very tough nut for the Sikhs to crack when they have quite made up their minds to risk another fight; and that time is rapidly drawing near. All through the spring and early summer months there are tumults and risings, which tell of a wide conspiracy. Hodson, after a narrow escape of accompanying Agnew to Mooltan, is scouring the country backward and forward, catching rebels and picking up news. In September the Sikhs openly join the rebel Moolraj. General Whish is obliged to raise the siege of Mooltan; the grand struggle between the cow-killers and cow-worshipers on the banks of the Chenob has begun.

We wish we had space to follow Hodson and his Guides through the series of daring exploits by which the Doab was cleared, and which so enraged the Sikhs that "party after party were sent to polish me off, and at one time I could n't stir about the country without having bullets sent at my head from every bush and wall. He was attached to Wheeler's brigade during the greater part of the struggle, but joined the army of the Punjaub in time for the battle of Gujerat, which finished the war, and at which he and Lumsden his commander, and Lake of the Engineers, are mentioned in Lord Gough's dispatch as most active in conveying orders throughout the action. We can not, however, resist one story. The old Brigadier, making all haste to join the grand army, where he expects to get up a division, leaves two forts at Kulallwala, and four thousand unbeaten rebels in his rear. He is ordered back to account for them, whereupon Brigadier turns sulky. Hodson urges him to move on like lightning and crush them, but "he would not, and began to make short marches; so I was compelled to outmaneuver him by a bold stroke." Accordingly he starts with

one hundred of his Guides when twenty-five miles from Kulallwala, and fairly frightens a doubtful sirdar "preparing munitions of war, mounting guns, and looking saucy," out of his fort. Whereupon the Sikhs abandon a neighboring fort, and the road to Kulallwala is open without a shot fired.

"In the morning I marched with my litttle party toward the enemy, sending back a messenger to the Brigadier to say that I was close to the place, and that if he did not come on sharp they would run away or overwhelm me. He was dreadfully angry, but came on like a good boy! When within a mile or so of the fort, I halted my party to allow his column to get up nearer, and as soon as I could see it moved on quietly. The *ruse* told to perfection; thinking they had only one hundred men and myself to deal with, the Sikhs advanced in strength, thirty to one, to meet me, with colors flying and drums beating. Just then a breeze sprung up, the dust blew aside, and the long line of horsemen coming on rapidly behind my party burst upon their senses. They turned instantly and made for the fort; so, leaving my men to advance quietly after them, I galloped up to the Brigadier, pointed out the flying Sikhs, explained their position, and begged him to charge them. He melted from his wrath, and told two regiments of Irregulars to follow my guidance. On we went at the gallop, cut in among the fugitives, and punished them fearfully.

"The Brigadier has grown quite active, and *very fond of me* since that day at Kulallwala, though he had the wit to see how brown I had done him by making him march two marches in one." It is certainly to the Brigadier's credit that he does seem to have appreciated his provoking "Guide," for he mentions him in the highest terms in dispatch after dispatch, and at the close of the war comforts him thus: "Had your name been Hay or Ramsay, no honors, no appointments, no distinctions, would have been considered too great to mark the services you have rendered to Government."

The war ended, the Punjaub is annexed, and Hodson with it, who loses all his appointments and returns to "the Guides."

He feels sore, of course, at the loss of his occupation and position, but sticks to his drill-sergeant's work now that there is nothing higher to do, and pities from his heart the dozens of regimental officers at Peshawur who have not an hour's work in two days. It is a recently-formed station, with a flying column of ten thousand men there for the hot months, and no books or society; "people are pitched headlong on to their own resources, and find them very hard falling indeed."

The first Sikh war had opened Hodson's eyes as to the merits of the Sepoys; the second makes him moralize much about the system of promotion.

He concludes that for war, especially in India, "your leaders must be young to be effective;" in which sentiment we heartily agree—but how to get them? "There are men of iron, like Napier and Radetzky, aged men whom nothing affects; but they are just in sufficient numbers to prove the rule by establishing exceptions." And would not the following be ludicrous, but that men's lives are in the balance?

"A brigadier of infantry, under whom I served during the three most critical days of the late war, could not see his regiment when I led his horse by the bridle till its nose touched the bayonets; and even then he said faintly, 'Pray which way are the men facing, Mr. Hodson?' This is no exaggeration, I assure you. Can you wonder that our troops have to recover by desperate fighting, and with heavy loss, the advantages thrown away by the want of heads and eyes to lead them?

"A seniority service, like that of the Company, is all very well for poor men; better still for fools, for they must rise equally with wise men; but for maintaining the discipline and efficiency of the army in time of peace, and hurling it on the enemy in war, there never was a system which carried so many evils on its front and face."

His fast friend, Sir Henry Lawrence, again intervenes, and he is appointed an Assistant Commissioner, leaving the Guides for a time. In this capacity, in April, 1850, he comes across the new Commander-in-chief:

"I have just spent three days in Sir Charles Napier's camp, it being my duty to accompany him through such parts of the civil district as he may have occasion to visit. He was most kind and cordial; vastly amusing and interesting, and gave me even a higher opinion of him than before. To be sure, his language and mode of expressing himself savor more of the last than of this century—of the camp than of the court; but barring these eccentricities, he is a wonderful man; his heart is as thoroughly in his work, and he takes as high a tone in all that concerns it, as Arnold did in his; that is to say, the highest the subject is capable of. I only trust he will remain with us as long as his health lasts, and endeavor to rouse the army from the state of slack discipline into which it has fallen. On my parting with him he said, 'Now, remember, Hodson, if there is any way in which I can be of use to you, pray do n't scruple to write to me.'"

After working in the civil service, chiefly in the Cis-Sutlej provinces, for nearly two years, under Mr. Edmonstone, he is promoted to the command of the Guides on Lumsden's return to England. The wild frontier district of Euzofzai is handed over to him, where "I am military as well as civil chief; and the natural taste of the Euzofzai Pathans for broken heads, murder, and violence, as well as their litigiousness about their lands, keeps me very hard at work from day to day."

Here he settles with his newly-married wife, "the most fortunate man in the service; and have I not a right to call myself the happiest also, with such a wife and such a home?" For nearly three years he rules this province, building a large fort for his regiment, fighting all marauders from the hills,

training his men in all ways, even to practicing their own sports with them.

"William is very clever," his wife writes, "at this [cutting an orange, placed on a bamboo, in two, at full speed,] rarely failing. He is grievously overworked; still his health is wonderfully good, and his spirits as wild as if he were a boy again. He is never so well pleased as when he has the baby in his arms."

Yes, the baby—for now comes in a little episode of home and family, a gentle and bright gem in the rough setting of the soldier's life; and the tender and loving father and husband stands before us as vividly as the daring border-leader.

"You would so delight in her baby tricks," he writes to his father. "The young lady already begins to show a singularity of taste—refusing to go to the arms of any native woman, and decidedly preferring the male population, some of whom are distinguished by her special favor. Her own orderly, save the mark, never tires of looking at her 'beautiful white fingers,' nor she of twisting them into his black beard—an insult to an Oriental, which he bears with an equanimity equal to his fondness for her. The cunning fellows have begun to make use of her too, and when they want any thing, ask the favor in the name of Lilli Bǎbǎ—they can not manage 'Olivia' at all. They know the spell is potent."

This happiness was not destined to last. In July, 1854, the child dies.

"The deep agony of this bereavement I have no words to describe," the father writes. "She had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which we neither of us knew till we awoke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless."

Another trial, too, is at hand. In the autumn of 1854, Sir H. Lawrence is removed from the Punjaub, and in October charges are trumped up—there is no other word for it, looking

to the result—against Hodson, in both his civil and military capacity. A court of inquiry is appointed; and *before* that court has reported, he is suspended from all civil and military duty.

Into the details of the charges against him we will not enter, lest we should be tempted into the use of hard words, which his brother has nobly refrained from. All that need be stated is, that the sting lay in the alleged confusion of his regimental accounts. The Court of Inquiry appointed Major Taylor to examine these, and report on them. This was January, 1855; in February, 1856, Taylor presented an elaborate report, wholly exculpating Hodson. Mr. Montgomery—then Commissioner for the Punjab, now Chief Commissioner in Oude—to whom it was submitted, calls it the most satisfactory report he ever read, and most triumphant. This report, however, though made public on the spot, had not, even in May, 1857, been communicated to the Government of India; whether suppressed on purpose or not, there is no evidence. But when at last fairly brought to their notice by a remonstrance from the accused, the satisfactory nature of the document may be gathered from the fact that the answer is, "his remonstrance will be placed on record for preservation, not for justification, which it is fully admitted was not required—no higher testimonials were ever produced."

It is with the man himself that we are concerned. We have seen him in action, and in prosperity: how will he face disgrace and disaster?

"I must endeavor to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought to face danger, suffering, and death in the path of duty. . . . Our darling babe was taken from us on the day my public misfortunes began, and death has robbed us of our father before their

end. The brain-pressure was almost too much for me. . . I strive to look the worst boldly in the face as I would an enemy in the field, and to do my appointed work resolutely and to the best of my ability, satisfied that there is a reason for all; and that even irksome duties well done bring their own reward, and that if not, still they are duties. . . .

"It is pleasant to find that not a man who knows me has any belief that there has been any thing wrong. . . Not one of them all—and, indeed, I believe I might include my worst foes and accusers in the category—believes that I have committed any more than errors of judgment."

Thus he writes to brother and sister; and, for the rest, goes back resolutely to his old regiment, and begins again the common routine of a subaltern's duties, congratulating himself that the colonel wishes to give him the adjutancy, in which post "I shall have the opportunity of learning a good deal of work which will be useful to me, and of doing, I hope, a good deal of good among the men. It will be the first step up the ladder again, after tumbling to the bottom."

The colonel gets him to take the office of quartermaster, however, not the adjutancy, the former office "having fallen into great disorder;" and in January, 1857, the honest old officer, of his own accord, writes a letter to the Adjutant-General, requesting him to submit to the Commander-in-Chief "his public record and acknowledgment of the essential service Lieutenant Hodson has done the regiment at his special request;" and urging on his Excellency to find some worthier employment for the said Lieutenant. In the same tone writes Brigadier Johnstone, commanding at Umbala, through whom the colonel's letter had to be forwarded; and who "trusts his Excellency will allow of his submitting it in a more special and marked manner than by merely countersigning; for," goes on the General, "Lieutenant Hodson has with patience, perseverance, and zeal, undertaken and carried out the laborious

minor duties of the regimental staff, as well as those of a company; and with a diligence, method, and accuracy, such as the best trained regimental officers have never surpassed."

We sympathize entirely with the editor, when he bursts out, "I know nothing in my brother's whole career more truly admirable, or showing more real heroism, than his conduct at this period, while battling with adverse fates."

But there was now no need of letters from generals or colonels—however acceptable such testimonies might be in themselves—to restore Hodson to his proper position, for the mutterings of the great eruption are already beginning to be heard, and the ground is heaving under the feet of the English in India.

"We are in a state of some anxiety, owing to the spread of a very serious spirit of dissatisfaction among the Sepoy army. It is our great danger in India, and Lord Hardinge's prophecy, that our biggest fight in India would be with our own army, seems not unlikely to be realized, and that before long. Native papers, education, and progress are against keeping two hundred thousand native mercenaries in hand."

This is not the exact time a sane commander-in-chief looking about for helpful persons, should choose for letting a certain Lieutenant Hodson, lately under a cloud, but we hear a smart officer, and of great knowledge concerning and influence with natives, out of our reach. So thinks General Anson about the 5th of May, 1857, when Hodson, out of all patience at finding that Taylor's report has never reached the authorities at Calcutta, applies to him for leave to go to Calcutta to clear himself. However, by this time the ill-used Lieutenant can afford to joke about his own misfortunes, and writes:

"There were clearly three courses open to me, 'à la Sir Robert Peel.'

"1. Suicide.

"2. To resign the service in disgust, and join the enemy.

3. To make the Governor-General eat his words and apologize.

"I choose the last.

"The first was too melodramatic and foreign; the second would have been a triumph to my foes in the Punjab; besides, the enemy might have been beaten!

"I have determined, therefore, on a trip to Calcutta."

Wherefore General Anson has interviews with this outrageous lieutenant; is "most polite, even cordial;" and "while approving of my idea of going down to Calcutta, and thinking it plucky to undertake a journey of two thousand, five hundred miles in such weather," thinks "I had better wait till I hear again from him, for he will himself write to Lord Canning, and try to get justice done me."

In six days from this time India is in a blaze.

With the news of the outbreak came orders to the 1st European Fusileers to move down to Umbala, on the route to Delhi. They march the sixty miles in less than two days, but on their arrival find an unsatisfactory state of things.

"Here," writes Hodson, "alarm is the prevalent feeling, and conciliation, of men with arms in their hands and in a state of absolute rebellion, the order of the day. This system, if pursued, is far more dangerous than any thing the Sepoys can do to us. I do trust the authorities will act with vigor, else there is no knowing where the affair will end. O, for Sir Charles now! The times are critical, but I have no fear of aught save the alarm and indecision of our rulers."

The Commander-in-chief arrives, and now, to Hodson's most naive astonishment, which breaks out in the comicalist way in his letters, he regains all he has ever lost by one leap.

"*May* 17*th*.—Yesterday I was sent for by the Commander-in-chief, and appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General on his personal staff, to be under the immediate orders of his

Excellency, and with command to raise one hundred horse and fifty foot, for service in the Intelligence Department, and as personal escort. All this was done, moreover, in a most complimentary way, and it is quite in my line."

We can see clearly enough, from our own point of view, what has been at work for a Lieutenant lately under a cloud. The plot thickens apace.

But who, at this juncture, will open the road to Meerut, from the General in command of which place we want papers and intelligence? The following extract from the letter of an officer stationed at that place will perhaps explain:

"When the mutiny broke out our communications were completely cut off. One night, on outlying picket at Meerut, this subject being discussed, I said: 'Hodson is at Umbala, I know, and I'll bet he will force his way through, and open communications with the Commander-in-chief and ourselves.' At about three that night I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and they told me that a party of the enemy's cavalry had approached their post. When day broke, in galloped Hodson. He had left Kurnal—seventy-six miles off—at nine the night before, with one led horse, and an escort of Sikh cavalry, and, as I had anticipated, here he was, with dispatches for Wilson. How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole! Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-six miles, and had to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance."

The pace pleased the General, Hodson supposes; for "he ordered me to raise a corps of irregular horse, and appointed me commandant;" but "still no tidings from the hills"—where his wife is. "This is a terrible additional pull upon one's nerves at a time like this, and is a phase of war I never calculated on."

On the 27th of May the march toward Delhi begins, and

Hodson accompanies, acting as Assistant Quartermaster-General attached to the Commander-in-chief, "with free access to him at any time, and to other people in authority, which gives me power for good. The Intelligence Department is mine exclusively, and I have for this line Sir Henry's old friend, the one-eyed Moulvie, Rujub Alee; so I shall get the best news in the country." He starts, too, happy about his wife, from whom he has heard—the hill stations all safe, and likely to remain so.

General Anson dies of cholera, and General Barnard succeeds; still, oddly enough, no change takes place in our Lieutenant's appointments. And so the little army marches all too slowly, as the Lieutenant thinks and remonstrates, upon Delhi. Other men are answering to the pressure of the times:

"Colonel T. Seaton and the other officers have gone to Rohtuck with the 60th Native Infantry, who, I have no doubt, will desert to a man as soon as they get there. It is very plucky of him and the other officers to go, and very hard of the authorities to send them—a half-hearted measure, and very discreditable, in my opinion, to all concerned; affording a painful contrast to Sir John Lawrence's bold and decided conduct in this crisis. This regiment—1st Fusileers—is a credit to any army, and the fellows are in as high spirits and heart, and as plucky, and as free from croaking as possible, and really do good to the whole force.

"Alfred Light doing his work manfully and well. . . . Montgomery has come out very, very strong indeed; but many are beginning to knock up already; and this is but the beginning of this work, I fear; and before this business ends, we who are, thank God, still young and strong shall alone be left in camp. All the elderly gentlemen will sink under the fatigue and exposure."

"*June 5th.*—Headquarters arrive at Aleepore, nearly at the end of our march—in fact, one may say at the end, for on that

day I rode right up to the Delhi parade-ground to reconnoiter, and the few sowars whom I met galloped away like mad at the sight of one white face. 'Had I had a hundred Guides with me, I would have gone up to the very walls.' And on June 8th we occupy our position before Delhi, having driven the enemy out of their position; not without loss, for Colonel Chester is killed, Alfred Light—who won the admiration of all—wounded. . . . No one else of the staff party killed or wounded; but our general returns will, I fear, tell a sad tale. I am mercifully unhurt, and write this line in pencil on the top of a drum to assure you thereof."

We must break the narrative here for a moment, now that we have got the combatants face to face in the place of decision, to submit to our readers our own conviction that this same siege of Delhi, beginning on June 9th, and ending triumphantly on September 22, 1857, is *the* feat of arms of which England has most cause to be proud. From Cressy to Sebastopol, it has never been equaled. A mere handful of Englishmen, for half the time numbering less than three thousand, sat down, in the open field, in the worst days of an Indian summer, without regular communication—for the dâks were only got carried by bribery, stage by stage—without proper artillery, and, last and worst of all, without able leading, before and took a city larger than Glasgow, garrisoned by an army trained by Englishmen, and numbering at first twenty thousand, in another ten days thirty-seven thousand, and at last seventy-five thousand men, supplied with all but exhaustless munitions of war, and in the midst of a nation in arms. "I venture to aver," writes Hodson, "that no other nation in the world would have remained here, or have avoided defeat had they attempted to do so." We agree with him, and we do trust that the nation will come to look at the siege of Delhi in the right light, and properly to acknowledge and reward the few who remain of that band of heroes who saved British India.

Our readers must also remember that we are not giving the story of the siege, but the story of Hodson's part therein, and must, therefore, not think we are unduly putting him forward, to the depreciation of other as glorious names. But what we have, is Hodson's life, compiled from his daily letters to his wife. No doubt the work of the regulars was as important—perhaps even more trying—than that of the Captain of Irregular Cavalry, Assistant Quartermaster-General, and head of the Intelligence Department; but these were his duties, and not the others', and we shall now see how he fulfilled them.

On the first day of the siege, the "Guides" march into camp. "It would have done your heart good to see the welcome they gave me—cheering, and shouting, and crowding around me like frantic creatures. They seized my bridle, dress, hands, and feet, and literally threw themselves down before the horse, with the tears streaming down their faces. Many officers who were present hardly knew what to make of it, and thought the creatures were mobbing me; and so they were, but for joy, not for mischief."

"'Burrah Serai-wallah!' they shouted—'great in battle,' in the vulgar tongue—making the staff and others open their eyes, who do not much believe, for their part, in the power of any Englishman really to attach to himself any native rascals.

"Next day, June 10th, the ball opens. The mutineers march out in force and attack our position.

"'I had command of all the troops on our right, the gallant Guides among the rest. They followed me, with a cheer for their old commander, and behaved with their usual pluck, and finally we drove the enemy in with loss. . . . Indeed, I did *not* expose myself unnecessarily; for having to direct the movements of three or four regiments, I could not be in the front as much as I wished.'"

But wives will be anxious, my Lieutenant, and making all just allowances, it must be confessed that you give her fair cause.

"'The warmth of the reception again given me by the Guides was quite affecting, and has produced a great sensation in camp, and had a good effect on our native troops, insomuch that they are more willing to obey their European officers when they see their own countrymen's enthusiasm.

"'My position is Assistant Quartermaster-General on the Commander-in-chief's personal staff. I am responsible for the Intelligence Department, and in the field, or when any thing is going on for directing the movements of the troops in action, under the immediate orders of the General.'

"Again, on June 12th, we are at it:

"'A sharp fight for four hours, ending as usual. They have never yet been so punished as to-day. The Guides behaved admirably, so did the Fusileers, as usual. I am vexed much at the *Lahore Chronicle butter*, and wish people would leave me alone in their newspapers. The best butter I get is the deference and respect I meet with from all whose respect I care for, and the affectionate enthusiasm of the Guides, which increases instead of lessening.'

"But this daily repulsing attacks can not be allowed to go on: can not we have something to say to attacking them? So the General thinks, and sets Greathed, assisted by me and two more engineers, to submit a plan for taking Delhi.

"'We drew up our scheme and gave it to the General, who highly approved, and will, I trust, carry it out; but how times must be changed, when four subalterns are called upon to suggest a means for carrying out so vitally-important an enterprise as this, one on which the safety of the empire depends!'

"Simple but 'perfectly-feasible' plan of four subalterns: blow open gates with powder, and go in with bayonet; and that there may be no mistake about it, I volunteer to lead the assault—wholly unmindful of that assurance given to a loving heart in the hills that I am *not* exposing myself—and fix on a small building in front of the gate as the rendezvous, which

is now called 'Hodson's Mosque.' General approves, and orders assault for the morning of June 13th. Alas for our 'perfectly-feasible' plan!

"'We were to have taken Delhi by assault last night, but a "mistake of orders" (?) as to the right time of bringing the troops to the rendezvous prevented its execution. I am much annoyed and disappointed at our plan not having been carried out, because I am confident it would have been successful. The rebels were cowed, and perfectly ignorant of any intention of so bold a stroke on our part as an assault; the surprise would have done every thing.'

"Next day there is another fight; a council of war. Our plan is still approved, but put off from day to day. Abandoned at last—we are to wait for reinforcements. Poor 'feasible plan!'

"'It was frustrated the first night by the fears and absolute disobedience of orders of ——, the man who first lost Delhi, and has now by folly prevented its being recaptured. The General has twice since wished and even ordered it, but has always been thwarted by some one or other; latterly by that old woman ——, who has come here for nothing apparently but as an obstacle; —— is also a crying evil to us. The General knows this and wants to get rid of him, but has not the nerve to supersede him. The whole state of affairs here is bad to a degree.'

"And here I am—June 19th—with fights going on every day, knocked down with bronchitis and inflammation of the chest, 'really very ill for some hours.' 'The General nurses me as if I were his son. I woke in the night and found the kind old man by my bedside, covering me carefully up from the draught.' But on June 20th—bronchitis notwithstanding—I am up and at work again, for the Sepoys have attacked our rear to-day, and though beaten as usual, Colonel Becher—Quartermaster-General—is shot through the right arm, and

Daly—commanding Guides—hit through the shoulder. So the whole work of the Quartermaster-General's office is on me, and the General begs me as a personal favor to take command of the Guides in addition. I at first refused, but the General was most urgent, putting it on the ground that the service was at stake, and none was so fit, etc. I do feel that we are bound to do our best just now to put things on a proper footing; and after consulting Seaton and Norman, I accepted the command. How —— will gnash his teeth to see me leading my dear old Guides again in the field!

"And so we fight on, literally day by day, for now 'our artillery officers themselves say they are outmatched by these rascals in accuracy and rapidity of fire; and as they have unlimited supplies of guns, etc., they are quite beyond us in many respects. We are, in point of fact, reduced to merely holding our own ground till we get more men.' Still we don't feel at all like giving in.

"'The wounded generally are doing well, poor fellows, considering the heat, dirt, and want of any bed but the dry ground. Their pluck is wonderful, and it is not in the field alone that you see what an English soldier is made of. One poor fellow who was smoking his pipe and laughing with the comrade by his side, was asked what was the matter with him, and he answered in a lively voice, "O, not much, sir, only a little knock on the back; I shall be up and at the rascals again in a day or two." He had been shot in the spine, and all his lower limbs were paralyzed. He died next day. Colonel Welchman is about again; too soon, I fear, but there is no keeping the brave old man quiet. Poor Peter Brown is very badly wounded, but he is cheerful, and bears up bravely. Jacob has "come out" wonderfully. He is cool, active, and bold, keeps his wits about him under fire, and does altogether well. We are fortunate in having him with the force. Good field officers are very scarce indeed; I do not wonder at people

at a distance bewailing the delay in the taking of Delhi. No one not on the spot can appreciate the difficulties in the way, or the painful truth that those difficulties increase upon us.'

"I am rather out of sorts still myself, also. It is a burden to me to stand or walk, and the excessive heat makes it difficult for me to recover from that sharp attack of illness. 'The doctors urge me to go away for a little to get strength—as if I could leave just now, or as if I would if I could.' . . . So I am in the saddle all day—June 24th—though obliged occasionally to rest a bit where I can find shelter, and one halt is by Alfred Light.

"'It does me good to see the "Light of the ball-room" working away at his guns, begrimed with dust and heat, ever cheery and cool, though dead beat from fatigue and exposure. How our men fought to-day! liquid fire was no name for the fervent heat; but nothing less than a knock-down blow from sun, sword, or bullet stops a British soldier.'

"My glorious old regiment! how they have suffered in this short three weeks! Colonel Welchman badly hit in the arm, Greville down with fever, Wriford with dysentery, Dennis with sun-stroke, Brown with wounds.

"'Jacob and the "boys" have all the work to themselves, and well indeed do the boys behave—with a courage and coolness which would not disgrace veterans. Little Tommy Butler, Owen, Warner, all behave like heroes, albeit with sadly-diminishing numbers to lead. Neville Chamberlain has come in, who ought to be worth a thousand men to us.'

"Those rascals actually came out to-day—June 25th—in their red coats and medals!

"'We are not very well off, *quant à la cuisine*. I never had so much trouble in getting any thing fit to eat, except when I dine with the General. Colonel Seaton lives in my tent, and is a great companion; his joyous disposition is a perpetual rebuke to the croakers.'"

And so, too, was your own, my Lieutenant, for we have fortunately a letter from a distinguished officer, in which he says:

"Affairs at times looked very queer, from the frightful expenditure of life. Hodson's face was then like sunshine breaking through the dark clouds of despondency and gloom that would settle down occasionally on all but a few brave hearts, England's worthiest sons, who were determined to conquer."

But this siege does set one really thinking in earnest about several things, and this is the conclusion at which our Lieutenant arrives:

"There is but one rule of action for a soldier in the field, as for a man at all times, to do that which is best for the public good; to make that your sole aim, resting assured that the result will in the end be best for individual interest also. I am quite indifferent not to see my name appear in newspaper paragraphs and dispatches; only content if I can perform my duty truly and honestly, and too thankful to the Almighty if I am daily spared for future labors or future repose."

But here is another coil this June 27th:

"'There has been an outcry throughout the camp at ——'s having fled from Bhagput, the bridge which caused me so much hard riding and hard work to get, some time ago.'

"He has actually bolted, on a report of mutineers coming, leaving boats, bridge, and all. By this conduct he has lost our communication with Meerut, and that, too, when our reinforcements were actually in sight. The consequence is that I have to go down to Bhagput to recover boats, bridge, etc., and reopen communication, which is done at once and satisfactorily; and by July 2d we are quite comfortable; for I have set myself up with plates, etc., for one rupee, and Colonel Seaton's traps and servants will be here to-day . . . except that we are somewhat vexed in our spirits; for '—— has been shelved and allowed to get sick, to save him from supercession. I do not

like euphuisms. In these days men and things should be called by their right names, that we might know how far either should be trusted.

"'*July* 5*th*.—General Barnard dies of cholera after a few hours' illness. Personally I am much grieved, for no kinder, or more considerate, or gentlemanly man ever lived. I am so sorry for his son, a fine brave fellow, whose attention to his father won the love of us all. It was quite beautiful to see them together.'

"And so we plunge on day after day, the rain nearly flooding us out of camp. Will the ladies in the hills make us some flannel shirts?

"'The soldiers bear up like men, but the constant state of wet is no small addition to what they have to endure from heat, hard work, and fighting. I know by experience what a comfort a dry flannel shirt is.

"'*July* 12*th*.—Three hundred of my new regiment arrive; very fine-looking fellows, most of them. I am getting quite a little army under me, what with the Guides and my own men. Would to Heaven they would give us something more to do than this desultory warfare, which destroys our best men, and brings us no whit nearer Delhi, and removes the end of the campaign to an indefinite period.'

"Another fight this 14th July, one of the sharpest we have yet had; and we who have to lead were obliged to expose ourselves, but really not more than we could help; and how the papers can have got hold of this wound story I can't think, for I didn't tell it even to you. The facts are thus:

"'A rascally Pandy made a thrust at my horse, which I parried, when he seized his "tulwar" in both hands, bringing it down like a sledge-hammer; it caught on the iron of my anti-gropelos legging, which it broke into the skin, cut through the stirrup-leather, and took a slice off my boot and stocking; and yet, wonderful to say, the sword did not penetrate the skin.

Both my horse and myself were staggered by the force of the blow, but I recovered myself quickly, and I don't think that Pandy will ever raise his "tulwar" again.'

"But, to show you that I did no more than was necessary, I must tell you what Chamberlain had to do, who led in another part.

"'Seeing a hesitation among the troops he led, who did not like the look of a wall lined with Pandies, and stopped short instead of going up to it, he leaped his horse clean over the wall into the midst of them, and dared the men to follow, which they did, but he got a ball in the shoulder.'

"I must positively give up the Quartermaster-General's work; headquarters' staff seems breaking down altogether. General Reed goes to the hills to-night; Congreve and Curzon have been sent off, too; Chamberlain and Becher on their backs with wounds.

"'Colonel Young, Norman, and myself are, therefore, the only staff representatives of the headquarters' staff, except the doctors and commissaries. I am wonderfully well, thank God! and able to get through as much work as any man; but commanding two regiments, and being eyes and ears to the whole army, too, is really too much.'

"Again, to-day—July 19th—a sharp fight; Pandies in great force—driven pell-mell up to the walls; but how about getting back?

"We were commanded by a fine old gentleman, who might sit for a portrait of Falstaff, so fat and jolly is he, Colonel Jones, of 60th Rifles."

Jolly old Briton, with the clearest possible notion of going on, but as for retiring, little enough idea of that sort of work in Colonel Jones.

"The instant we began to draw off, they followed us, their immense numbers giving them a great power of annoyance at very slight cost to themselves. The brave old Colonel was

going to retire 'all of a heap,' infantry, guns, and all, in a helpless mass, and we should have suffered cruel loss in those narrow roads, with walls and buildings on both sides. I rode up to him and pointed this out, and in reply received *carte-blanche* to act as I saw best. This was soon done with the assistance of Henry Vicars—Adjutant 61st—and Coghill—Adjutant 2d Bengal European Fusileers—both cool soldiers under fire, though so young, and we got off in good order and with trifling loss, drawing the men back slowly and in regular order, covered by Dixon and Money's guns."

This Colonel, too, with no notion of retreating, is a candid man; goes straight to the General on his return, and begs to thank our Lieutenant, and to say he hopes for no better aid whenever he has to lead; unlike some persons under whom we have served.

"The General has begged me to give up the Guides, and not the Quartermaster-General's office. You at least will rejoice that it greatly diminishes the risk to life and limb, which, I confess, lately has been excessive in my case.

"News of Wheeler's surrender—of the massacre four days later—July 26th—and our blood is running fire. 'There will be a day of reckoning for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain.' Another fight on the 24th, and Seaton down with chest-wound, but doing well; 'he is patient and gentle in suffering as a woman, and this helps his recovery wonderfully.' . . . Thanks for the flannel waistcoats; but as for you and Mrs. —— coming to camp as nurses, no.

"'Unless any unforeseen emergency should arise, I would strongly dissuade any lady from coming to camp. They would all very speedily become patients in the very hospitals which they came to serve and would so willingly support. The flannel garments are invaluable, and this is all that can be done for us by female hands at present. . . . You say there is a great difference between doing one's duty and running unneces-

sary risks, and you say truly; the only question, what is one's duty? Now, I might, as I have more than once, see things going wrong at a time and place when I might be merely a spectator, and not "on duty," or ordered to be there, and I might feel that by exposing myself to danger for a time I might rectify matters, and I might, therefore, think it right to incur that danger; and yet if I were to get hit, it would be said "he had no business there;" nor should I, as far as the rules of the service go, though in my own mind I should have been satisfied that I was right. These are times when every man should do his best, his utmost, and not say, "No; though I see I can do good there, yet, as I have not been ordered and am not on duty, I will not do it." This is not my idea of a soldier's duty, and hitherto the results have proved me right.'

"*August* 3*d*.—Rumor that Sir Henry is dead at Lucknow. The news has quite unnerved me. 5*th*.—Nana Sahib, the murderer—you remember the man at the artillery review, a "swell"-looking, native gentleman, who spoke French, and was talking a good deal to Alfred Light—has been beaten by Havelock, they say has drowned himself.

"'I hope it is not true; for it is one of my aims to have the catching of the said Nana myself. The hanging him would be a positive pleasure to me. . . . Nicholson has come on ahead of our reinforcements from the Punjab; a host in himself if he does not go and get knocked over as Chamberlain did.

"'General Wilson has been down for some days, but is now better, but nervous and overanxious about trifles. . . . These men are personally as brave as lions, but they have not big hearts or heads enough for circumstances of serious responsibility. . . .

"'*August* 11*th*.—Talking of jealousies, one day, under a heavy fire, Captain —— came up to me, and begged me to forget and forgive what had passed, and only to remember that we were

soldiers fighting together in a common cause. As I was the injured party, I could afford to do this. The time and place, as well as his manner, appealed to my better feelings, so I held out my hands at once. Nowadays we must stand by and help each other, forget all injuries, and rise superior to them, or, God help us! we should be in terrible plight.'

"*August 12th.*—A brilliant affair under Showers; four guns taken. Brave young Owen wounded, 'riding astride one gun, and a soldier with musket and fixed bayonet riding each horse, the rest cheering like mad things. I was in the thick of it, *by accident.*' "

By this time Pandy, having been beaten severely in twenty-three fights, has had nearly enough of it, and is very chary of doing more than firing long shots; so there is no longer so much need of our Lieutenant in camp. He may surely be useful in clearing the neighborhood and restoring British rule and order; so we find him starting for Rohtuck on the 17th August with three hundred men and five officers—all his own men, and first-rate—and Macdowell, two Goughs, Ward, and Wise. On the 18th the inhabitants send supplies and fair words, but there is a body of a thousand infantry and three hundred horse close by who must be handled. Accordingly they are drawn into the open by a feigned retreat, and come on firing and yelling in crowds.

" 'Threes about and at them;' five parties, each headed by an officer, are upon them. 'Never was such a scatter; they fled as if not the Guides and Hodson's Horse, but death and the devil, were at their heels.' Only eight of my men touched. This will encourage my new hands, utterly untrained.

"Another skirmish, and now 'in three days we have frightened away and demoralized a force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, some two thousand strong, beat those who stood or returned to fight us, twice in spite of numbers, and got fed and furnished forth by the rascally town itself. Moreover, we

have thoroughly cowed the whole neighborhood, and given them a taste of what more they will get unless they keep quiet in future. . . . This is a terribly-egotistical detail, and I am thoroughly ashamed of saying so much of myself; but you insisted on having a full, true, and particular account, so do not think me vainglorious.'"

Next come orders, but sadly-indefinite ones, to look out for and destroy the 10th Light Cavalry, who are out in the Jheend district.

"He must either say distinctly 'do this or that,' and I will do it; or he must give me *carte-blanche* to do what he wants in the most practicable way, of which I, knowing the country, can best judge. I am not going to fag my men and horses to death, and then be told I have exceeded my instructions. He gives me immense credit for what I have done, but 'almost wishes I had not ventured so far.' The old gentleman means well, but does not understand either the country or the position I was in, nor does he appreciate a tenth part of the effects which our bold stroke at Rohtuck, forty-five miles from camp, has produced. '*N'importe*,' they will find it out sooner or later. I hear both Chamberlain and Nicholson took my view of the case, and supported me warmly. . . . I foresee that I shall remain a subaltern, and the easy-going majors of brigade, aidsdecamp, and staff officers will all get brevets."

Too true, my Lieutenant.

"The Victoria Cross, I confess, is the highest object of my ambition, and had I been one of fortune's favorites I should have had it ere now."

True again.

"But whether a Lieutenant or Lieutenant-General, I trust I shall continue to do my duty to the best of my judgment and ability, as long as strength and sense are vouchsafed to me."

We trust we are on the whole by this time prepared to hazard a prophecy, that you will so continue, whether lieutenant or general.

"*August 26th.*—A glorious victory at Nujjufghur by Nicholson. I was not there. Ill in camp; worst luck. . . . Scouring the country again till August 30th, when I have to receive an emissary from Delhi to treat.

"Sir Colin Campbell is, they say, at Calcutta, and Mansfield, as chief of the staff; so now we may get some leading.

"We are in Delhi at last—September 15th—but with grievous loss. My dear old regiment—1st Fusileers—suffered out of all proportion.

"'Of the officers engaged only Wriford, Wallace, and I are untouched. My preservation—I don't like the word escape—was miraculous.' . . . .

"Nicholson dangerously hit; ten out of seventeen engineer officers killed and wounded.

"' . . . You may count our real officers on your fingers now.'

"*Sept. 16th.*—I grieve much for poor Jacob; we buried him and three sergeants of the regiment last night; he was a noble soldier. His death has made me captain, the long wished-for goal; but I would rather have served on as a subaltern, than gained promotion thus.

"*Sept. 19th.*—We are making slow progress in the city. The fact is, the troops are utterly demoralized by hard work and hard drink, I grieve to say. For the first time in my life, I have had to see English soldiers refuse repeatedly to follow their officers. Greville, Jacob, Nicholson, and Speke were all sacrificed to this.

"*Sept. 22d.*—In the Royal Palace, Delhi. I was quite unable to write yesterday, having had a hard day's work. I was fortunate enough to capture the King and his favorite wife. To-day, more fortunate still, I have seized and destroyed the King's two sons and a grandson—the famous, or rather infamous Abu Bukt—the villains who ordered the massacre of our women and children, and stood by and witnessed the foul

barbarity ; their bodies are now lying on the spot where those of the unfortunate ladies were exposed. I am very tired, but very much satisfied with my day's work, and so seem all hands."

This is Hodson's account of the two most remarkable exploits in even his career. As to defending the shooting of the two princes, let those do it who feel that a defense is needed, for we believe that no man worth convincing now doubts as to the righteousness and policy of the act.

"Strange," he says, "that some of those who are loudest against me for sparing the King, are also crying out at my destroying his sons. '*Quousque tandem?*' I may well exclaim. But in point of fact, I am quite indifferent to clamor either way. I made up my mind at the time to be abused. I was convinced I was right, and when I prepared to run the great physical risk of the attempt, I was equally game for the moral risk of praise or blame. These have not been, and are not times when a man who would serve his country dare hesitate as to the personal consequences to himself of what he thinks his duty."

"By Jove, Hodson, they ought to make you Commander-in-chief for this," shouts the enthusiast to whom the prisoners were handed over. "Well, I'm glad you have got him, but I never expected to see either him or you again," says the Commander-in-chief, and sits down and writes the following dispatch :

"The King, who accompanied the troops for some short distance last night, gave himself up to a party of Irregular Cavalry whom I sent out in the direction of the fugitives, and he is now a prisoner under a guard of European soldiers."

Delhi is ours ; but at what a cost in officers and men ! and Nicholson is dead.

"With the single exception of my ever-revered friend, Sir Henry Lawrence, and Colonel Mackeson, I have never met his

equal in field or council; he was pre-eminently our best and bravest, and his loss is not to be atoned for in these days.

"The troops have behaved with singular moderation toward women and children, considering their provocation. I do not believe, and I have some means of knowing, that a single woman or child has been purposely injured by our troops, and the story on which your righteous indignation is grounded is quite false; the troops have been demoralized by drink, but nothing more."

In November he gets a few weeks' leave, and is off to Umbala to meet his wife for the last time, safe after all, and no longer a Lieutenant under a cloud. What a meeting must that have been!

With the taking of Delhi our narrative, already too long, must close, though a grand five months of heroic action still remained. Nothing in the book exceeds in interest the ride of ninety-four miles from Seaton's column, with young Macdowell, to carry a dispatch to Sir Colin, on December 30th. The tale of the early morning summons, the rumors of enemies on the road, the suspense as to the Chief's whereabouts, the leaving all escort behind, their flattering and cordial reception by Sir Colin—who gets them "chops and ale in a quiet friendly way"—the fifty-four miles' ride home, the midnight alarm and escape, and the safe run in, take away our breath. And the finish is inimitable.

"All Hodson said," writes Macdowell, "when we were at Bewar, and safe, was, 'By George! Mac, I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea,' and immediately went to sleep. He is the coolest hand I have ever yet met. We rode ninety-four miles. Hodson rode seventy-two on one horse, the little dun, and I rode Alma seventy-two miles also."

One more anecdote, however, we can not resist. On the 6th of January, 1858, Seaton's column joins the Commander-in-chief; on the 27th, at Shumshabad, poor young Macdowell—whose letters make one love him—is killed, and Hodson badly

wounded. They were in advance, as usual, with guns, and had to charge a superior body of cavalry:

"But there was nothing for it but fighting, as, had we not attacked them, they would have got in among our guns. We were only three officers, and about one hundred and eighty horsemen—my poor friend and second in command, Macdowell, having received a mortal wound a few minutes before we charged. It was a terrible *mêlée* for some time, and we were most wonderfully preserved. However, we gave them a very proper thrashing, and killed their leaders. Two out of the three of us were wounded, and five of my men killed and eleven wounded, besides eleven horses. My horse had three saber-cuts, and I got two, which I consider rather an unfair share. The Commander-in-chief is very well satisfied, I hear, with the day's work, and is profusely civil and kind to me."

In another letter he writes:

"They were very superior in number, and individually so as horsemen and swordsmen, but we managed to 'whop' them all the same, and drive them clean off the field; not, however, till they had made two very pretty dashes at us, which cost us some trouble and very hard fighting. It was the hardest thing of the kind in which I ever was engaged in point of regular '*in* fighting,' as they say in the P. R.: only *Bell's Life* could describe it properly. I got a cut, which laid my thumb open, from a fellow after my sword was through him, and about half an hour later this caused me to get a second severe cut, which divided the muscles of the right arm and put me *hors de combat;* for my grip on the sword-handle was weakened, and a demon on foot succeeded in striking down my guard, or rather his tulwar glanced off my guard on to my arm. My horse also got three cuts. I have got well most rapidly, despite an attack of erysipelas, which looked very nasty for three days, and some slight fever; and I have every reason to be thankful."

He is able, notwithstanding wounds, to accompany the

forces, Colonel Burn kindly driving him in his dog-cart. Nothing could exceed Sir Colin's kind attentions. Here is a chief at last who can appreciate a certain Captain, late Lieutenant under a cloud. The old chief drinks his health as colonel, and, on Hodson's doubting, says:

"*I* will see that it is all arranged; just make a memorandum of your services during the Punjab war, and I venture to prophesy that it will not be long before I shake hands with you as Lieutenant-Colonel Hodson, C. B., with a Victoria Cross to boot."

By the end of February he is well, and in command of his regiment again, and in his last fight saves the life of his Adjutant, Lieutenant Gough, by cutting down a rebel trooper in the very act of spearing him.

And now comes the end. For a week the siege had gone on, and work after work of the enemy had fallen. On the 11th of March the Begum's Palace was to be assaulted. Hodson had orders to move his regiment nearer to the walls, and while choosing a spot for his camp heard firing, rode on, and found his friend Brigadier Napier directing the assault. He joined him, saying, "I am come to take care of you; you have no business to go to work without me to look after you." They entered the breach together, were separated in the *mêlée*, and in a few minutes Hodson was shot through the chest. The next morning the wound was declared to be mortal, and he sent for Napier to give his last instructions.

"He lay on his bed of mortal agony," says this friend, "and met death with the same calm composure which so much distinguished him on the field of battle. He was quite conscious and peaceful, occasionally uttering a sentence, 'My poor wife,' 'My poor sisters, I should have liked to have seen the end of the campaign and gone home to the dear ones once more, but it was so ordered.' 'It is hard to leave the world just now, when success is so near, but God's will be done.' 'Bear witness for

me that I have tried to do my duty to man. May God forgive my sins for Christ's sake!' 'I go to my Father.' 'My love to my wife—tell her my last thoughts were of her.' 'Lord, receive my soul.' These were his last words, and without a sigh or struggle his pure and noble spirit took its flight."

"It was so ordered." They were his own words; and now that the first anguish of his loss is over, will not even those nearest and dearest to him acknowledge "it was ordered for the best?" For is there not something painful to us in calculating the petty rewards which we can bestow upon a man who has done any work of deliverance for his country? Do we not almost dread—eagerly as we may desire his return—to hear the vulgar, formal phrases which are all we can devise to commemorate the toils and sufferings that we think of with most gratitude and affection? There is somewhat calming and soothing in the sadness which follows a brave man to his grave in the very place where his work was done, just when it was done. Alas, but it is a bitter lesson to learn, even to us his old school-fellows, who have never seen him since we parted at his "leaving breakfast." May God make us all braver and truer workers at our own small tasks, and worthy to join him, the hard fighter, the glorious Christian soldier and Englishman, when our time shall come!

On the next day, March 13th, he was carried to a soldier's grave, in the presence of the headquarters' staff, and of Sir Colin, his last chief, who writes thus to his widow:

"I followed your noble husband to the grave myself, in order to mark, in the most public manner, my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one whom I was proud to call my friend."

Who can add one iota to such praise from such lips? The man of whom the greatest of English soldiers could thus speak needs no mark of official approbation, though it is a burning disgrace to the authorities that none such has been given. But

the family which mourns its noblest son may be content with the rewards which his gallant life and glorious death have won for him and them—we believe that he himself would desire no others. For his brothers-in-arms are erecting a monument to him in Litchfield Cathedral ; his school-fellows are putting up a window to him, and the other Rugbæaus who have fallen with him, in Rugby Chapel ; and the three regiments of Hodson's Horse will hand down his name on the scene of his work and of his death as long as Englishmen bear rule in India. And long after that rule has ceased, while England can honor brave deeds and be grateful to brave men, the heroes of the Indian mutiny will never be forgotten, and the hearts of our children's children will leap up at the names of Lawrence, Havelock, and Hodson.

HAVELOCK.

Henry Havelock's father and grandfather appear to have been successful ship-owners at Sunderland, England. His father, having retired from business, purchased Ingress Park, near Greenhithe, in Kent. Henry, however, the second of his four sons, was born at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, on the 5th of April, 1795. His mother was the daughter of Mr. John Carter, of Yarmouth, who was connected with the Ettrick family. Of his early boyhood two anecdotes are told, which, if true, singularly foreshadow his character as a man. When only seven or eight years of age, he climbed a lofty tree after a bird's nest; but, just as he grasped his prize, the branch broke, and he fell to the ground. For a moment he was stunned, but when he had recovered from the shock, his father asked him if he was not frightened when he felt the bough give way. "No," said he, "I had no time to be frightened; I was too much taken up with thinking of the eggs, for I was sure they would be all smashed." At another time, when he was some five years older, he saw a strange dog worrying his father's sheep. Instead of shouting or pelting stones at the animal, he ran off to a hay-stack in the field, and made a strong band of hay, which he threw round the brute's neck, and tightened till he was dead, when he threw the carcass into a pond, and walked as quietly away as if nothing had happened.

His early education was conducted at the Charter-house School, at that time under the supervision of Dr. Russell. Among his school-fellows were several whose names have since become famous, such as Connop Thirlwall, the present Bishop of St.

David's; the late Sir William M'Naghten; Archdeacon Hare; Dr. Waddington, dean of Durham; Mr. George Grote, the historian; Sir Charles Eastlake; and Lord Panmure. It is said that, owing to his quiet, thoughtful demeanor, his playfellows were in the habit of calling him "the philosopher," which they abbreviated into "Phlos," and, more familiarly, into "old Phlos." Of his progress in scholarship no mention is made; but in illustration of his tenacity of purpose, even in his boyhood, it is reported that one day he received a black eye in defense of a junior. On being questioned by Dr. Russell as to the cause of it, he would give no other answer than that "it came there," and submitted to be flogged rather than expose his assailant to punishment. Before his school education was completed, he was withdrawn from the Charter-house, in consequence of his father's misfortunes. Ingress Park was sold to the Government, and young Havelock was entered as a student of the Inner Temple. Here he attended the lectures of the celebrated Chitty, and formed an intimate friendship with Talfourd, the future dramatist and judge. The study of the law, however, had no attractions for him. He longed for a life of adventure and action, and his wish was at length gratified. His elder brother, William—who had greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsula, and was afterward slain at the head of the 14th Dragoons, in the brilliant charge at Ramnuggur—succeeded in obtaining for him a second lieutenancy in the Rifle brigade. Unfortunately, the battle of Waterloo had been fought a few weeks previously; and thus, for eight years, Lieutenant Havelock was forced to content himself with the monotonous routine of regimental duties wherever he might chance to be quartered. At length, in 1823, he availed himself of an opportunity of seeing some active service, by exchanging into the 13th Light Infantry, then under orders for India.

In the following year the first war with Burmah broke out. In the ensuing campaigns Havelock served on the general staff,

as deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, and commanded the esteem and friendship of Colonel—afterward Sir Willoughby—Cotton. He was present at several encounters with the enemy, and made himself remarkable for his imperturbable coolness and self-possession. He personally assisted in driving the Burmese from their intrenchments at Patanagoa, in January, 1826, and a few days afterward in the attack on their redoubts under the walls of Pagham Mew. For these services he was permitted to accompany Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox on a mission to Ava, and was one of the select few honored with an audience by "The Golden Foot," when the treaty of Yandaboo was concluded and signed. On the conclusion of peace, Lieutenant Havelock was appointed by Lord Combermere to the post of Adjutant to the military depot at Chinsurah. Soon after the breaking up of that establishment, he repaired to Calcutta, and having passed a creditable examination in the native languages, received from Lord Bentinck the Adjutancy of his regiment, at that time commanded by Colonel—afterward Sir Robert—Sale. It was not, however, till 1838, after having served twenty-three years as subaltern, that he obtained the command of a company. In this capacity he exhibited himself as a strict disciplinarian, and a "God-fearing" captain. Indeed, so thoroughly consistent was his conduct, that he became very unpopular in certain quarters. Being altogether in earnest, both as to faith and good works, he was naturally anxious that the men under his command should be imbued with the same high principles. He was not, however, a large or liberal-minded man. On the contrary, he was a sectarian, of the Baptist persuasion ; and this circumstance rendered his religious views peculiarly obnoxious to those whose belief and practice were equally loose and ambiguous. Complaints were, therefore, sent in to headquarters, representing Captain Havelock as a fanatic, who went about preaching and baptizing. The regimental rolls were called for and examined, when it appeared

that the "bigot's" company was the best conducted and in every way most ready to take the field. "Present my compliments to Captain Havelock," said the gallant chief, "and tell him that I wish he would make Baptists of the whole army." Lord Gough bore similar testimony to his soldierly qualities, and to the happy influence of religion on the private men. On some pressing emergency he was heard to exclaim, "Call out the saints; Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk." Havelock himself was not only temperate, but abstemious. As a rule, he confined himself to water. At the commencement of the Afghan war, he occasionally took a little wine, in compliance with the remonstrances of his friends; but being visited with a slight attack of fever, he at once attributed it to this deviation from his ordinary practice, and immediately returned to his old system. "Water-drinking," he emphatically observed, "is the best regimen for a soldier."

On the breaking out of the Afghan war, Colonel Sale was appointed to the command of a brigade, and called upon to recommend an officer for the post of brigade-major. He accordingly sent in the name of Captain Havelock; but a senior officer in the corps, who had superior interest, was preferred by Sir Henry Fane. However, the opportune arrival of his former patron and steady friend, Sir Willoughby Cotton, to take the command of a division, amply recompensed him for this disappointment. Sir Willoughby lost no time in applying for a second aiddecamp, and in the mean time made choice of Havelock as postmaster to the division. During the invasion of Afghanistan, Captain Havelock served with great distinction, and was present on the staff at the storming of Ghuznee in 1839. On the withdrawal of a portion of the British army, he accompanied Sir Willoughby Cotton to Peshawur, whence he forwarded to his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman, at Serampore—an old *Danish* settlement near Calcutta—his manuscript narrative of the preceding campaign. This book was subsequently

published in England, and is often quoted by writers on that period of Indian history. Mr. Kaye pointedly refers to it on several occasions. This was not, however, his first literary production. On the conclusion of the Burmese war, he wrote an account of the "Three Campaigns," which, notwithstanding its accuracy and the boldness of its criticisms, is little known beyond the small circle of the Anglo-Indian public. He thus alludes to it with mingled modesty and bitterness of spirit, in the preface to his second work: "My former effort as an author had not met with that species of reward which is commonly looked for at the present day. No enterprising publisher had taken under his auspices my 'Memoir of the Three Campaigns.' It had been printed in a distant land, and thus placed beyond the reach of the praise or blame of the critics; and in consequence of the short memories of a large proportion of my subscribers, the proceeds of the publication had scarcely defrayed the cost of giving it to a limited number of readers. Yet a counterpoise to these mortifications was not wanting. A few officers of rank, whose discernment and candor I could not doubt even in my own cause, had characterized the performance as honest and faithful; three commanders-in-chief in India had spoken favorably of it to others as well as to myself; and I have been deceived if, when war was likely to be renewed in the Burman empire, and information regarding it had again become valuable, a fourth general, placed in the same situation of responsible control above adverted to, did not find, or profess to find, in the pages of the neglected Lieutenant developments of fact and reasoning which he had in vain sought in books on the same topic that had enjoyed the sunshine of a far more brilliant popularity."

On the return of Sir Willoughby Cotton to assume the command of the army in Afghanistan, he was accompanied to Cabul by his aiddecamp, Captain Havelock, who was subsequently placed on the staff of his successor, General Elphin-

stone, as Persian interpreter. However, he marched with his own regiment to Jellalabad, and participated in the dangers and glories of the "illustrious garrison." In the attack of the 5th of April, 1842, on Akhbar's camp, Havelock commanded the column on the right, and commenced the battle by a furious onslaught on the enemy's left wing. He was also the writer of the Jellalabad dispatches, which were so much admired by Sir George Murray. Sir Robert Sale fully appreciated his services, and appended the following postscript to a letter addressed to General Pollock, on the 19th of February:

"P. S. Understanding from the third paragraph of the letter from the adjutant-general, that the authority of Major-General Elphinstone has ceased, I venture to mention to you that Captain Havelock, 13th Light Infantry, was appointed, in general orders, Persian interpreter to the Major-General so long as he continued to command in Afghanistan. He was, by his permission, however, attached to me from the period of my force leaving Cabul, and I have received from him very valuable assistance in every way throughout our operations, as I have already intimated in public dispatches. I trust you will pardon my undertaking to say that, if you would be pleased to reappoint him to the same situation under yourself, I feel persuaded that his local experience would render him most useful to you. In the mean time I have nominated him Persian interpreter to myself, subject to confirmation, as I can not, under present circumstances, dispense with his services. Be good enough to make this known also to H. E., the Commander-in-chief."

In acknowledgment of these services he obtained his brevet majority, and was made a Companion of the Bath. After a brief period of no inglorious repose, he took part in the Gwalior campaign, and was present at the battle of Maharajpore. In 1845 he accompanied Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Gough to the Sutlej, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel,

and bore himself conspicuously in the fearful fights of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, and Sobraon. Two horses were shot under him at Moodkee, and one at Sobraon; but it was pre-eminently at Ferozeshuhur that his calm, resolute bearing attracted the admiration of all. During the terrific cannonade on "the night of horrors," Sir Henry Hardinge found him stretched on the ground fast asleep, with his head resting on a bag of gunpowder. Being awakened and chided for such seeming fool-hardiness, he merely remarked, "I was so tired." At the termination of the first Sikh war, he was appointed deputy Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay.

In 1848 Havelock got a two years' furlough, and came to England.

On the 6th of March, 1850, he was presented, at a levee at St. James's, by the Duke of Wellington; and next day dined at Lord Hardinge's. On the 20th he was present at a dinner given by the United Service Club to Lord Gough. On the 23d, when the East India Company fêted his Lordship, he was among the guests, recognizing old comrades, and thoroughly enjoying this relaxation from military toil.

A painful duty awaited him on the 25th of March. The widow and family of his brother William, who had been killed at Ramnugghur, were expected at Southampton. It was felt by him to be incumbent on him to be there to receive them on the arrival of the vessel. Accordingly he went down, and showed how able he was to bear the burdens of the depressed, and how ready he was to weep with them that weep. Well did he prove himself a brother to be trusted, and an uncle to be loved.

This duty fulfilled, he returned to Plymouth, and remained in the west of England till June; gradually recovering strength, and finding, day after day, opportunities for doing and getting good. Never, perhaps, was he happier than at this time. Circumstances around him were propitious, and companion-

ships were congenial. In general society he was cordially welcomed, and by his Christian brethren he was increasingly esteemed. His family, too, was with him, and that always made his cup to run over.

About the middle of June he commenced a series of visits to several of his old friends and school-fellows—men of eminence and rank. To him this renewal of intercourse was pleasant in the extreme; and he always referred to it afterward as having been the occasion of great thankfulness to God. Opinions were canvassed; differences of judgment were avowed and discussed. Substantial unity was ascertained in regard to the fundamentals of the Christian faith, and, in the assurance that the children of God would be all brought right at last, the old friends mutually rejoiced.

The intervening years since they parted had wrought upon the accomplished jurist, and the sound-hearted theologian, and the devout soldier, more or less of change in theologic creed and ecclesiastical practice, but no difference could they discover in that which constituted them men of God. Not a whit more conscientious was any one of them than were all the rest, and though they were by no means of the same mind about many matters of grave importance touching things to be believed and things to be done in the name of Christ their common Lord, yet they respected each other's consciences; resolving, not with any kind of formality at all, but at the dictate of a fraternal evangelical instinct, to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing up to the last point to which together they had attained.

It had been recommended to Colonel Havelock that he should take advantage of the medicinal waters of Germany during his stay in Europe. Having paid his visits to his early friends, he set out for Ems, as being one of the best places for prosecuting the object he had in view. His wife accompanied him, and the following letter will show that the journey and

the treatment to which he was subjected were advantageous to his health:

"EMS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1850.

. . . "We have had a pleasant and interesting journey to this place. At Dover we were detained by the very tempestuous state of the weather, and so we visited the barracks and parade in which I learned a part of my military exercises in 1816. Then came a good night's tossing on the ocean. The rail carried us to Brussels, and the next day was devoted to Waterloo. Then a quiet Sabbath, Monday carried us to Cologne, and next day we reached by steamer Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein. We have resided here nearly three weeks, and are all well pleased with the spot. At Coblentz I took counsel of Dr. Soest, recommended to me by Sir W. Cotton, in 1847. . . . I can hardly describe to you how much I have already benefited, by God's help, from these potations and immersions. . . I am to devour grapes at the rate of eight pounds per diem, and then it is hoped I may be fit for something. We shall see. Love to all." . . .

What with the grapes and the hydropathy together he rallied yet more sensibly, and became comparatively a vigorous, healthy man.

It was now nearly time to decide as to the course for the future. Anxious were the deliberations and earnest the prayers that God would direct them for the best. It was very soon decided that their daughters and little boy should be educated in Europe. With the knowledge that they had of India and of Indian society, they had resolved that those so dear to them should not receive their instruction or their introduction there. The desire to train up their children in the way they should go was paramount. To see them fearing God from their youth was the daily parental prayer. Intellectual discipline was a great object to be secured, with attainments and accomplish-

ments befitting their condition; but moral and religious influences were desiderated at the same time, with a view to their personal dedication to the service of the Lord Christ. But there was a difficulty. There seemed to be no alternative but for the father to remain in India. No secret did he make of it that he could not relinquish his position there and return to live with his family, either in this country or on the continent. Not so fortunate had he been as some others in obtaining patronage and its emoluments. Three-and-twenty years as a subaltern had not tended to make him a wealthy man. Provision for his wife and children, beyond the time being, had been altogether beyond his power. The course for himself he felt to be inevitable. To India he must return, leaving his children behind him.

The course, however, was by no means clear for Mrs. Havelock. To accompany her husband was her first impulse, and upon doing this she was fully bent. He demurred on account of the children. They must not be committed wholly to the care of strangers. What could be substituted for a mother's watchfulness and care? Who could do for the opening minds and the trusting hearts of their loved ones what she could do? So far as the father was concerned his mind was made up. He would go out alone. As best he could he would bear the pain of separation. It was not what he should sacrifice, it was what his little ones would gain. Had the attachments between them all been less affectionate or less active, it would have been a far easier task to determine what should be done. But they were so much members one of another, they were so knit together, and they were so mutually and tenderly endeared, that they were bitterly loth to part. Never, indeed, has the household tie been more sensibly or more obviously a fondly-cherished and indissoluble one, than in their case. By comparative strangers it was noticed almost immediately, and by those who knew them intimately it was more and more admired. On which

side the affectionate preponderated it would have been impossible to pronounce.

Hence, to leave the children was a great trial, but to let the husband go out alone to India was a trial quite as great. The struggle was a sharp one, but in the end it was fixed that the children should have the benefit of their mother's guardianship, and that the father should return by himself. The time, however, would come when they should meet again. The education being obtained, mother and daughters would proceed to India, and altogether they would re-enjoy the domestic intercourse which was thus sorrowfully interrupted.

The decision once come to, with his usual promptitude Havelock arranged for carrying it into effect. It seemed to him that Bonn would be a suitable place on all accounts for the location of his family. Educationally and religiously it would supply the opportunities and appliances which were requisite, while it would be a residence of great pleasantness and healthiness for those whom he must leave behind. Accordingly he took a house at Bonn, which overlooked the Rhine, and there for six months he remained with his family, enjoying the neighborhood and society greatly, and improving every day. Most assiduously and thoughtfully did he provide for the future comfort of its beloved inmates, so ordering every thing about the dwelling that they have ever since been reminded of his fond solicitude for them in the prospect of his being far away. A pleasanter six months than that was never spent. The remembrance of it has been always grateful. It will be precious now for evermore.

During the month of September, 1851, Havelock came to England to take leave of friends. He was in good health and most cheerful spirits, thankful for the blessings he had obtained by his relaxation, and assured that God would be his portion to the end.

Again he visited the house of mourning, and proved himself

a bearer of the burdens of those who were in sorrow. "I would say," he remarked one day, "flee in your troubles to Jesus Christ. The experience of upward of thirty years enables me to say, No man ever had so kind a friend as he, or so good a master. View him not at a distance, but as a prop, a stay, and a comforter, ever at hand, and he will requite your confidence by blessings illimitable."

A short time was spent in London and the neighborhood, on his way from the west of England to Germany; and it was several times observed that he took his leave both of elder and more recent associates with a tone of unfaltering confidence in the providence and grace of God.

This may be gathered from a communication to a friend, whom he was unable to visit for the purpose of saying farewell:

. . . "KENT, 8TH OCTOBER, 1851.

"MY DEAR ——,—I write to bid you farewell, and to thank you very sincerely for all your very great kindness to me and my family since I came to London, after nearly thirty years' absence, in November, 1849. On the 10th November I expect to be on board the steamer which is to carry me from Trieste to Alexandria, and on the 5th December I hope to land at the Apollo Bunder, Bombay. But all this is in God's hand. I have had in this land countless mercies to praise him for; and though I leave it, not through desire to abandon it, but only from the conviction that the road to India is my path of duty, that very consideration emboldens me to hope for his protection and guidance by the way and during my sojourn, whether it may prove long or short."

Havelock returned, and staid at Bonn till the 27th of October, when it was his duty to set out for India. The morning arose upon him sadly. There were his loved ones as wakeful as himself at early dawn. Each felt what none could utter.

Separation was now come—a sensible reality. Pleasant readings together were terminated. No more excursions would be planned and executed. Going to the house of God in company was passed. *That refreshing and delightful family-worship* was all over; at least, one more exercise, and the husband, the father, the master, would not be there officiating as the patriarch and the priest unto God. Even at the best of their choicest expectations, they should not kneel down together again for many, many years.

They kneeled down then. Tremulous were the patriarch's tones; full, quite full, the heart of the priest of the weeping household, as he was making intercession for his wife and for their daughters and little son.

Who could tell the impending vicissitudes? Who could forecast the incidents of their separation? Who could prearrange for the emergencies in India, and for the possible and even probable necessities on the Rhine? He apprehended the uncertainty, but he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief. Would not God watch between them while they were absent one from another? Were not Asia and Europe alike under the perpetual observation of their heavenly Father? Might they not at any moment regard it as the present fact that before they called the Lord would answer, and that while they were yet speaking he would hear? Had they not often said and sung together that removal from the Divine presence was impossible; that alienation from the love of God was inconceivable; that neglect of united and believing prayer offered at the throne of grace was as incredible as that the Holy One should lie?

That hour passed; the steamer arrived; the embarkation took place; the adieu, the last adieu of all, was stammered out; faces and forms vanished slowly in the distance, and Havelock was on his way to India—alone.

He was appointed Adjutant-General of the forces in India,

and in the war against Persia commanded the second division under General Outram. He led the land forces in the attack on Mohammerah.

The place was taken with very insignificant loss on the part of the British, notwithstanding the strength of the fortifications and the numerous heavy guns placed in position. Further operations were then checked by the intelligence that peace had been concluded between the belligerent powers, and the British troops were thus enabled to return to India, where their presence was indispensably required. On the 15th May, 1857, Brigadier-General Havelock, C. B., accordingly embarked with his staff on the steamer Berenice, and, after touching at Muscat, reached Bombay on the 29th. The revolt of several regiments of the Bengal army, and the loss of Delhi, struck the General and his gallant comrades with astonishment and horror. No time, however, was lost in idle wonderment. On the 1st June Havelock was once more at sea, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Erin, bound for Ceylon, whence he proposed to proceed to Calcutta by the Bengal. The early part of the voyage was made without accident, and in the afternoon of the 5th it was announced that Point de Galle would be attained on the following morning. This pleasing anticipation, however, was not destined to be realized.

During the evening the weather changed for the worse, the wind freshened, and the rain came down heavily. At two o'clock in the morning the ship suddenly struck against a reef with a tremendous shock, while a violent squall swept over her and brought on a pitchy darkness. "After the first shock," says Captain Hunt, "the ship had glided into deep water again, and all were expecting her to go down by the head, as the fore-part of the vessel had at once filled, when she struck again and again, and finally gave one long surge, which fixed two-thirds of her length firmly upon the reef.

"This brought her up with a shock which made the whole

frame shiver, and nearly jerked the masts out. The force of this may be imagined, as the speed at the time of its occurring was more than eleven knots the hour. . . . To move about the decks became almost impossible, as every surge rolling in lifted the ship bodily, and, receding, dashed her with violence against the bottom. It therefore became necessary to hang on to the sides or rigging for life; and heavy rain commencing again to fall made the long hours till daylight wearisome and trying in the extreme.

"No persuasions could induce the Lascar crew to go aloft to remove the heavier sails or send the upper masts and yards down, and, by lightening the top weight, lessen the severity of the constant shocks. Huddled in groups wherever they could find shelter, they were almost useless throughout the night. Guns were fired, and blue lights burned, immediately it was ascertained that the accident was without remedy. These soon gave the alarm, and brought the district judge and a crowd of fishermen and others to the beach to assist. One bold fellow swam off, though nearly drowned in the breakers, along side the ship, and returning when sufficiently recovered, with a line, a hawser was got on shore, by which a communication was established. So soon as it was sufficiently light, canoes came off, hauled along the hawser through the surf, and the passengers were all landed in two or three trips without accident."

General Havelock had not yet run the race that was set before him. There was still work to be done before he should attain the goal for which he had so long been striving. A merciful Providence saved him from the waves, to make him a chief instrument in the preservation of the British empire in India. On the 7th June he resumed his voyage to Calcutta on board the Fire-Queen, and was joined at Madras by Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, then on his way to take the provisional command of the army in the Bengal Presidency. The two generals arrived at Calcutta in safety on the 17th June, and

immediately afterward Havelock set out for the Upper Provinces. His mission was one peculiarly acceptable to a man of his stern, Puritanical cast of mind. He was, almost literally, to draw "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and to smite the Midianites. In other words, he was appointed to the command of the movable column destined to act against Nana Sahib and his horde of miscreants.

On the last day of June Havelock arrived at Allahabad to assume the command of the relieving army. Colonel Neill, a brave soldier, had placed Ord port in a safe condition, and sent that day 820 troops under Major Renaud upon Cawnpore. On the 7th of July Havelock started on for Cawnpore, his whole force—Renaud's included—not numbering over 1,200 men.

On the 10th Havelock saw that the position of Renaud's column, then in advance, was becoming critical. The fall of Cawnpore had freed the mutineers from occupation, and they had rapidly pushed down a force to the vicinity of Futtehpore, within five miles of which the Major would arrive on the morning of the 12th. He would thus be exposed to the attack of 3,500 rebels with twelve guns.

No time was to be lost. Accordingly, on the 10th, Havelock marched, under a broiling sun, fifteen miles to Synee; and, resuming his course at eleven o'clock at night, joined Major Renaud on the road by moonlight, and with him marched to Khaga, five miles from Futtehpore, where, soon after dawn, he took up a position. There were now 1,400 British bayonets and eight guns, assisted by a small native force. The General's information had been better than that of the enemy, for when Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler pushed a reconnoissance up to the town they evidently supposed that they had only Major Renaud's gallant but small force in their front. After firing on the Colonel and his escort, they pushed forward two guns and a force of infantry and cavalry, canonnading his front, and threatening his flanks.

His first victory he described in his official report in the following language:

"I have to acquaint your Lordship," he wrote to the Governor-General, "that I have this morning attacked and totally defeated the insurgents, capturing eleven guns, and scattering their forces in utter confusion in the direction of Cawnpore. By two harassing marches I joined Major Renaud's advanced column three hours before daylight, encamped about eight o'clock four miles from Futtehpore, where, pitching our tents, the enemy advanced out of Futtehpore, and opened fire upon a reconnoissance under Colonel Tytler. I had a wish to defer the fight till to-morrow, but, thus assailed, was compelled to accept the challenge. I marched with eight guns in the center under Captain Maude, R. A., forming the whole of the infantry in quarter-distance column in support. Captain Maude's fire electrified the enemy, who abandoned gun after gun, and were then driven by our skirmishers and column through garden inclosures and the streets of Futtehpore in complete confusion. My loss is merely nominal: not a single European touched. My column had marched twenty-four miles up to the ground I write from; Major Renaud's, nineteen miles. The conduct of the troops in sustaining the fatigue of so long a march, and enduring the heat of a frightful sun, is beyond praise. The enemy's strength is said to have been two regiments of cavalry and three of infantry, and eleven guns."

The next few days are very briefly and vividly described in the following letter of Havelock's. The "boy H." was his own son:

"CAWNPORE, JULY, 1857.

"Last week I fought four fights. On the 12th I took Futtehpore; on the 15th I fired the village Aong and the bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee; on the 16th I recaptured this place, defeating the usurper Nana Sahib in a pitched battle, and taking all his guns. I lost a hundred men. I never saw so brave a

youth as the boy H.; he placed himself opposite the muzzle of a gun that was scattering death into the ranks of the 64th Queen's, and led on the regiment, under a shower of grape, to its capture. This finished the fight. The grape was deadly, but he calm as if telling George stories about India. . . . Lawrence had died of his wounds. . . . Mary Thornhill"—a niece of the General's—"is in great peril at Lucknow. I am marching to relieve it. Trust in God and pray for us. All India is up in arms against us, and every-where around me things are looking black. Thank God for his especial mercies to me. We are campaigning in July. H. H."

Resting his troops but a day, he marched on Bithoor, but the enemy dared not make a stand. General Neill here joined him. Leaving him at Cawnpore, Havelock, with only 1,500 men, passed rapidly on to the relief of Lucknow.

On the 29th a battle with the enemy at Busserut Sunge, and totally defeated them. Cholera now attacked his little band, and his numbers were rapidly decreasing. He sent back his sick and wounded to Cawnpore, and asked Neill for further reinforcements. These had no sooner arrived than treachery began its work. The General writes:

"So far as depends on me, I can not afford to have a single traitor in my camp. I paraded the detachment, and spoke to them all, both British and natives. I congratulated the former on having come into a camp of heroic soldiers, who had six times met the enemy, and every time defeated him and captured his cannon. The Lascars at this moment were facing the detachment; I turned to them, and told them what miscreants I had this morning discovered them to be—traitors in heart to their fostering government. I made the British soldiers disarm them, and ordered them out of the camp under a light escort, to be employed under General Neill in the labors of the

intrenchment. He will look after them. If they attempt to desert, I have ordered them to be punished with death; the same if they refuse to work with the other soldiers. They shall do no other duty till I am better instructed."

The General anticipated that the enemy would not again venture to fight him with a narrow causeway and swamp in his rear. He was right. He found them drawn up at the village of Boorseake Chowki, nearer to Unao than Busherat. They had intrenched the village, which formed, probably, the center of their line, and their guns were placed in good positions among the gardens of the villagers. Their line is said by some accounts to have stretched over five miles; and their numbers have been estimated at 20,000, but the General gives a much lower number.

Havelock saw at a glance that this was not a case for maneuvering; and great as the odds were, as the field must be won, it could only be by the outputting of sheer British valor. "Covered by artillery and skirmishers, our troops advanced in echelon of battalions from the right. As they came within range the enemy unmasked his batteries and poured in a deadly fire; round shot, shell, canister, grape, and shapnel flew around, about, and among our men; fortunately their guns were leveled too high, and the round shot principally went over the heads of our advancing array. Still the fire was fearful; it did not, however, for an instant check our men; on they went covered by the guns, till at length these latter had obtained a sufficiently-advanced position to get a flanking fire on the enemy's line. This appeared to paralyze them, and at the same moment the Highlanders, who were on the extreme right, making a dashing charge, carried the enemy's left battery of two guns. This completed their panic; they at once turned and fled, and our guns and their own captured batteries turning on them completed their confusion. On the left we had been equally successful. There the enemy's cavalry had attempted to turn

our flank ; but the Madras Fusileers nobly repulsed them : they fled with the remainder of the line."

The victory was won, but it cost 140 men out of 1,000 to Havelock, and he was not yet ten miles on the road to Lucknow. He was now obliged to rest his little band, and await reinforcements which, under General Outram, were advancing. On the 19th September, with his reinforcements, he crossed the Ganges.

On the 21st—Monday—they advanced a mile before the artillery of the foe opened upon them. Major Eyre's battery was ordered to the front, and answered the fire. General Havelock had, however, no intention of walking his men straight up to the batteries which his opponents had taken days, or perhaps weeks, to prepare and strengthen. He ordered the artillery, protected by the 5th, to throw shot and shell among them for a time, till he moved through the swamps a strong force on their right. The close practice of the formidable guns now with him soon began to tell fearfully upon the rebels, while the ponderous shells, cast among their numerous cavalry with the precision of rifle practice, carried confusion into their ranks. The enemy detached a horse battery to attack Havelock's flank. They were outmaneuvered, however ; and long ere it had reached its intended position, Captain Maude was seen spurring in hot haste across the field, at the head of his horse artillery. Round after round was rapidly exchanged, and in less than a quarter of an hour the guns of the enemy were silenced. By this time the infantry had turned their right, and this completed their defeat. Their guns were horsed rapidly, and their positions quickly abandoned. Two of their guns were left for our infantry. They did not wait to meet the bayonets which were closing fast with them. But as they fled they encountered a new foe. Sir James Outram, heading the volunteer cavalry, turned their flight into a rout, capturing two more guns, and leaving 120 of the enemy

sabered on the plain. The battle of Mungarwar caused little loss to General Havelock's army, but it was attended by serious results to his enemy, who fought no more till they reached the Alum Bagh.

The rebels had made admirable arrangements to receive General Havelock had he advanced in the direction that they expected him to take. He would have had to storm a breastwork so formidable that it had to be leveled before his baggage wagons and guns could pass. He selected another path, and for that departure from the high road the enemy were not prepared.

The battle over, the march followed—a long and dreary march in a deluge. The rain had poured incessantly upon a country already turned into a lake, and in many places, as the army moved on, the water assumed great depth. Passing Unao, the scene of former conflicts, through Busserut Gunge—all abandoned by the enemy in their flight—Havelock's force marched that day twenty miles in an Indian flood after gaining a decisive victory. Toward evening they reached an abandoned village, cheerless and dirty, but still capable of affording the shelter which all required, and here they passed the night.

Early in the morning of the 22d the army continued its march, the rain still falling heavily. Many of the coolies who had been engaged to assist in the conveyance of the baggage and the wounded, had deserted during the night, for they dreaded the approach to Lucknow. But there was no time to wait to supply their loss. Precious lives were being hourly sacrificed in that beleaguered station, and to its inmates every day was an age. Onward Havelock and his noble army pressed, wet and often weary, but sustained by the hope of effecting the object of their march. The day's advance was an incessant struggle through fields turned into morasses and swamps by the ceaseless rain, with heavy guns and lumbering wagons, delayed by some accident or some new obstruction at almost every turn.

After a toilsome march of fourteen miles through a lane of mud, the force reached another deserted village, and in its empty houses they found a shelter for another comfortless night. The artillery booming around the Residency of Lucknow were now heard; and a royal salute from their heavy guns was fired, in the hope that their friends in danger might hear the report, and comprehend its purpose.

The 23d opened with little change in the dull, leaden sky. Noon had passed and they had not yet reached Lucknow, while their cavalry, then in advance, had brought them no intelligence of the enemy. At length, at two o'clock, they were seen slowly falling back. This excited apprehension, and immediately afterward as the force advanced, the rebel army was discovered in great force, their right drawn up behind a chain of hillocks, and their left resting on the inclosure of the Alum Bagh. Havelock now perceived that he was not to enter Lucknow without a severe struggle. A single glance convinced him that the flower of the enemy was before him, and that here the first passage to the Residency must be fought. He made his dispositions with that alacrity and precision which had so often been the means of baffling his foes, and, although his troops had marched with very little interval for seven hours, no time was lost in attempting to clear the road to Lucknow.

The mutineers had selected their position with the view of neutralizing Havelock's habit of turning the lines of his opponents, of which they had obtained experience in frequent and disastrous engagements. The trunk-road passed through deep and wide morasses, which, at that season, ran close up to its edges, and were altogether impassable. Immediately where the morasses ceased, and firmer footing could be obtained, and on a rising ground, the rebel army were massed in strong battalions of infantry, with many guns, and cavalry on the center, the left, and the right. The only available means of attack was by this road; and upon it the enemy converged the fire of

their artillery. Havelock's guns replied with some effect; but he instantly saw that his men were too closely grouped. His infantry were, therefore, pushed forward rapidly upon his old plan; and, although a hurricane of round shot and shell were plowing through their ranks, and thinning their sections, they never faltered. At length his left enveloped the enemy's right; and, charging through the soft ground, where the men sank deep at every step, they drove their foe before them, capturing one village after another, and seizing five guns.

While the enemy's right was thus crushed and driven from the field, his center was exposed to the effective artillery fire from Havelock's batteries; and, as the battle now pressed upon his left, that wing and the center at length broke up and fled, Sir James Outram, at the head of his handful of cavalry, bravely pursuing the enemy, regardless of the odds; till after a tedious, but never dubious fight, the battle of the Alum Bagh was won.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

The city of Lucknow, with its narrow, tortuous streets, still lay between the beleaguered garrison and the army of relief at the Alum Bagh. To penetrate this labyrinth the nearest way would be by the street, of which the Cawnpore road, on which the Alum Bagh stands, is a continuation. This would take the force direct to the gates of the Residency; but the Generals knew that the enemy had anticipated their advance by that road, and had made vigorous preparations to receive them. Deep and broad trenches were cut, palisades intersected the streets at short intervals, while every other house had been extemporized into a garrison and filled with Sepoys. To have taken the troops through such a fire would have been madness, and it was not entertained.

The circuitous route by the Dilkoosha, Martiniere, and the Sikunder Bagh, was equally impracticable; for the long rain

had turned the fields for the most part into a huge morass, through which the passage of heavy artillery and ammunition wagons, indispensable in such an expedition, would have been impossible; and that route was also abandoned. For similar reasons other roads were deemed equally impracticable, and the General determined to reach the Residency by the way subsequently adopted.

Early on the morning of the 25th the army was on the move. On the previous day they had deposited their tents and baggage in the inclosure of the Alum Bagh, and, leaving an escort to defend it, they were now ready for the struggle of the day, which was to prove the fiercest they had yet encountered.

For some distance from their encampment the road to the town passes through a dense jungle of grass and rank vegetation six or seven feet high, here and there intersected, chiefly in the background, with clumps of brushwood and trees, while, as it nears the canal which surrounds the more populous part of the city, there are houses inclosed in gardens which abut upon the road. As Sir James Outram marched out upon this road at the head of the first brigade, it became evident that the enemy had made extensive preparations to receive them. No sooner were they seen than guns placed in position raked the road with a murderous fire of grape, canister, and round shot, plowing up the ground and tearing down trees and every thing that came in its way, while the Sepoy sharp-shooters, who filled the jungle, galled the troops, as they approached and passed, with an incessant fire of musketry. After a brief halt to complete the arrangements for the advance, the gallant 5th Fusileers were ordered to charge the guns. In a few minutes this arduous service was admirably performed, and for the moment the enemy's fire was silenced. It was only for a moment, for they had scarcely completed the capture of this outpost when a turn of the road brought them within range of another battery, admirably placed to command the approach and passage of the

bridge of the Char Bagh, which crosses the canal and forms one of the entrances to the city of Lucknow. The enemy here, too, were in great force. The garden inclosures had been made temporary fortresses, with loop-holed walls, from which a constant fire was maintained upon the advancing force. The fire from the heavy guns, which had opened upon them the moment they came within range, was also kept up with terrible energy. At length the word was given. Then there was a shout, a rush, and a brief struggle, and the battery was theirs.

General Outram here received a wound in his arm, but during the whole of this fearful day, though faint from loss of blood, nothing could subdue his spirit, and he only dismounted from his horse at the gate of the Residency.

During these brilliant affairs the troops had been harassed by the incessant fire of musketry from the inclosure of the Char Bagh, from the long grass on the left, and from the houses on either side of the street at the town end of the bridge; the rifles almost touching the heads of the artillerymen as they worked the guns, and galling in the extreme our troops, who could not see their foe. As the heavy guns and ammunition wagons, drawn by bullocks, had not yet passed the bridge, it became necessary to clear the garden inclosure, jungle, and the houses in the town commanding the approach. This was speedily effected, and the Highlanders were left behind to protect the heavy artillery and baggage wagons till they were fairly on their way.

Having crossed the bridge, the force was now on the direct road to the Residency, distant somewhat less than two miles; but progress in that direction, for the reasons we have already stated, was impossible. The Generals, therefore, left the Cawnpore road, and detoured along a narrow road to the right, which skirts the left bank of the canal. Their advance was not seriously interrupted till, after a march of some hours, they reached the King's Palace or Kaizer Bagh.

In the mean time Havelock had become aware that the Highlanders were somewhat in jeopardy at the bridge of the Char Bagh, and had dispatched artillery and cavalry to their aid. The enemy, encouraged by observing their isolated condition when left behind to protect the passage of the bridge, soon began to rally from every quarter, occupying the massive buildings on either side of the street, and every corner capable of giving them shelter. Three heavy guns, placed to enfilade the position of the 78th, fired on them with galling accuracy, while from every house-top and every corner a storm of bullets was poured incessantly on this gallant corps. Till every bullock had crossed the bridge they were not to move, but the fire from the guns seemed to threaten their annihilation, and at length it became insupportable. They determined as a desperate alternative to charge the guns and spike them. Led on by their gallant Adjutant, whose horse had already been shot under him, they dashed up the street with a tremendous cheer. They were received with a volley, but nothing daunted, they charged amidst a furious storm of bullets, and, after a brief struggle, they made the guns their own.

At last the heavy guns and baggage wagons having passed the bridge, the 78th gathered up their wounded comrades and marched on to join the column then far in advance. But the enemy like bees were on their path; the jungle was in an instant filled with musketeers, while hordes of cavalry hung upon their rear. The slow movements of the bullocks had made their position extremely critical, when, artillery thundering down the street, they welcomed the succor so opportunely sent them by their General. With a loud cheer the guns were unlimbered, got round and fired, and in an instant the enemy were in retreat. For half a mile they now marched on unmolested, till, having to penetrate the apparently-deserted streets, they had again incessantly to encounter enemies of whom they could see nothing save the protruding points of their match-

locks. The fire here thinned their ranks at every step, but they pressed on till, with a hearty cheer, they joined their companions under the walls of the Kaiser Bagh.

At this point the fire was tremendous. From heavy artillery, and from the walls swarming with Sepoys, the enemy poured down upon the force an iron deluge of grape, canister, and round shot, "under which," wrote Havelock, "nothing could live." They had scarcely silenced this position when they reached a bridge, upon which the foe had concentrated a murderous fire. At the further end they had a battery strongly intrenched, while from other heavy guns an enfilading fire rendered the passage all but destruction. At a glance the General saw the danger—the word was given—the same rush as of old, the same loud cheer, and the same result—the batteries were taken and silenced.

It was long past noon when the column reached a place of temporary shelter under the walls of the Furred Buksh. The troops were sorely exhausted. For six weary hours they had struggled in deadly fight with a fierce enemy, and all the while under a scorching sun. Faint and worn-out they endeavored to snatch a brief respite from this double foe.

Darkness was now coming on, and they were still some distance from the beleaguered garrison, who had all the while listened with intense interest to the cannonade at the Kaiser Bagh. To both the Generals it was a moment of deep anxiety. Many considerations favored the plan of occupying the courts of the Mootee Mahul for the night, postponing to the break of day the march to the Residency. Their troops were utterly exhausted with their many hours' fight and with the heat; they had many wounded, the transport of the heavy guns and baggage wagons would greatly retard the progress of the troops in the line of fire they had yet to pass through. On the other hand, the enemy might congregate during the night in such overwhelming masses, and so completely invest their temporary

position, that when the morning came they might find themselves so hemmed in as to be threatened with extermination. Besides the garrison was known to be in great extremity. Any hour might seal its ruin. The swarming hordes of Lucknow, said to be fifty thousand strong, ferocious as tigers about to lose their prey, might that night concentrate their fury upon the garrison, and, with the relieving army at its doors, the massacre of Cawnpore with all its horrors might be repeated. "I esteemed it to be of such importance," wrote Havelock, "to let the beleaguered garrison know that succor was at hand, that, with Sir James Outram's ultimate sanction, I directed the main body of the 78th Highlanders and regiment of Ferozepore to advance." After much consideration, for the lives of the men were precious to their Generals, they determined to adopt both alternatives. Leaving the wounded and the baggage and heavy guns with suitable escorts in the Mootee Mahul and other sheltered places for the night, they placed themselves at the head of the Highlanders and Sikhs, and dashed on for the Residency. No words can picture that march of fire and death! Broad, deep trenches had been cut across the road, furnished with every kind of obstruction. Every inch of the way was covered point blank by unseen marksmen; at every turn heavy artillery belched forth its fiery storm of grape and canister. Above, below, every-where, crowds of human tigers glared from house-top and loop-holed casement upon the intrepid band; while as they rounded the corner which opened on the squares of the Palace, they had to encounter from many thousand rifles an iron hurricane of destruction and death.

As the brave 78th were passing through an archway, "which literally streamed fire," a bullet struck General Neill on the head, and he fell to rise no more. The men, enraged, fired a volley against the wall, in the vain hope that some stray bullets might enter the loop-holes, and avenge their brave leader's death. Recalled to their duty by Havelock's word, they

marched on, leaving the dying and the dead behind them at every step. It was now dark, but the road was lighted up by the incessant flight of shot and shell and the furious play of musketry. One obstacle after another was conquered, and the way at last was clear. The gate of the Residency was before them, and with a cheer, which only British soldiers know how to give, the vanguard of Havelock's "Column of Relief" entered in, bringing to the beleaguered garrison safety at least, if not deliverance.

And who shall picture the greetings of that night—the joy of those who once more began to hope, or the gratitude they felt to that brave heart who for nearly a hundred days had struggled through an overwhelming tide of battle, disease, and death to rescue them!

"Our reception," says one, "was enthusiastic—old men, and women, and wan infants pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers." While another adds, "Many people were nearly mad, and the cheering was deafening."

Since the day that he had been intrusted with the important command he was now about to resign to his gallant friend and fellow-soldier, General Outram—since the day that he had asked his wife to pray that God would enable her husband to "fulfill the expectations of Government," sustained in the execution of a mission so congenial to every feeling of his chivalrous nature, and supported under baffling disappointments by the testimony of a good conscience—this Christian hero had steadily kept before him the work given him to do; and now that his heavenly Master had permitted him to see it accomplished, his gratitude found expression in the words of the Hebrew warrior, "NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY."

The next three days brought with them arduous duties. The wounded, with the heavy train, and a number of the troops

were still outside the defenses of the Residency. Between them and these objects of their solicitude the Generals knew the enemy would interpose every conceivable obstacle ; and as his numbers were counted by tens of thousands, much care was needed lest the wounded and their convoys should be overpowered.

A party of two hundred and fifty men were dispatched to effect a junction with Colonel Campbell, then with the wounded and the heavy guns in the Mootee Mahul, and to bring in other detached parties, who had left with suitable escorts on the route of the 25th. Subsequently reinforced they were able to effect their purpose ; but the difficulties they had to contend against were great.

The wounded and the heavy artillery being now safe within the *enceinte* of the Residency, the Generals had quickly to consider their own position and that of the garrison they had risked so much to relieve. "Our present prospects," wrote General Outram, "have now to be considered. It was the urgent desire of the Government that the garrison should be relieved, and the women and children, amounting to upward of four hundred and seventy souls, withdrawn.

"In considering the heavy loss at which we forced our way through the enemy, it was evident that there could be no possible hope of carrying off the sick, wounded, and women and children—amounting to not less than fifteen hundred souls, including those of both forces. Want of carriage alone rendered the transport through five miles of disputed suburb an impossibility.

"There remained but two alternatives : one to reinforce the Lucknow garrison with three hundred men, and, leaving every thing behind, to retire immediately with the remains of the infantry upon the Alum Bagh, thereby leaving the garrison in a worse state than we found it, by the addition to the numbers they had previously to feed, the great amount of our wounded,

and the three hundred soldiers, who would barely have sufficed to afford the additional protection that would have been required, without adding such strength as would have enabled them to make an active defense, to repel attacks by sorties, or to prevent the enemy occupying the whole of their old positions, while it would have been impossible for any smaller force than the remainder of our troops, diminished by those three hundred men, to have any hope of making good their way back, and that not without very serious loss. I, therefore, adopt the second alternative as the only mode of offering reasonable hope of securing the safety of this force, by retaining sufficient strength to enforce supplies of provisions, should they not be open to us voluntarily, and to maintain ourselves, even on reduced rations, till reinforcements advance to our relief."

It will be remembered that up to this date not a soldier either of the Chinese Expedition force or of the troops sent out from England had reached Cawnpore. It was, therefore, not unreasonable, especially now Delhi had fallen, that Outram and Havelock should expect to see strong reinforcements advanced to their relief. They consequently abandoned the intention of removing the wounded, with the women and children, to the Alum Bagh, determining to remain where they were till further help should arrive. It was accordingly arranged that, while Brigadier Inglis retained the command of the original garrison of the Residency, General Havelock and his troops should drive out the enemy, and occupy the palaces extending from the Residency along the river bank, to a point near the Kaiser Bagh. This was effected on the 27th September. Successful sorties were also made on the three following days on the enemy's more advanced positions.

Havelock and his brave force had accomplished a great result. Their arrival had furnished the besieged with a great accession of strength, and thus made them independent of the native troops, upon whose continued fidelity their very existence had

for weeks depended. "Our real dangers," writes Lieutenant Innes, "consisted in the probable determination of all the natives still with us to abandon us soon—the fearful exhaustion that would consequently have ensued—the necessity of abandoning our outposts—the losses by musketry and mining which would have followed. Opposition to an assault would, with our then diminished numbers, have been next to impossible, and thus most assuredly does the Lucknow garrison owe its lives to the timely arrival of Generals Outram and Havelock and their brave troops."

The relieving column now occupied the series of palaces, in continuation of the Residency, stretching along the banks of the Goomtee. Although much defaced, and every-where exhibiting the action of war, they still looked grand in their ruin. The gardens, with their ornamental waters, spanned here and there with tasteful bridges; the marble corridors, communicating with the zenanas and gorgeous temples which filled the grounds; the golden domes and fluted minarets towering above the trees, seemed strangely out of keeping with their rude soldier-tenantry. Here were seen a group of rough Highlanders eating their scanty, coarse food out of the finest china, and surrounded with every conceivable article of luxury; and there the dead body of a Sepoy or camel polluted the atmosphere, rendering it scarcely bearable. Cashmere shawls and porcelain ornaments lay about unvalued, no one caring to preserve them, while of the commonest necessaries there was absolute want. Such is war!

During the interval between the 25th of September, and the final relief of the garrison on November 17th, General Havelock continually experienced the extreme difficulty of defending his widely-extended lines with very insufficient means, incessantly harassed, as he was, by an unwearied and subtile foe. Sorties to silence a battery or to gain possession of some outpost of the enemy, were of almost daily occurrence; while no sooner

had he occupied the palaces, than he had to begin a widely-extended system of mining, which required unwearied care from him by night and day.

"I am aware of no parallel to our series of mines in modern war," wrote General Outram, on the final relief of the garrison; "twenty-one shafts, aggregating 200 feet in depth, and 3,291 feet of gallery, have been executed. The enemy advanced twenty mines against the palaces and outposts. Of these they exploded three, which caused us loss of life, and two which did no injury; seven have been blown in; and out of seven others the enemy have been driven, and their galleries taken possession of by our miners—results of which the Engineer department may well be proud. The reports and plans forwarded by Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B., and now submitted to his Excellency, will explain how a line of gardens, courts, and dwelling-houses, without fortified *enceinte*, without flanking defenses, and closely connected with the buildings of a city, has been maintained for eight weeks in a certain degree of security; but notwithstanding the close and constant musketry-fire from loop-holed walls and windows, often within thirty yards, and from every lofty building within rifle range, and notwithstanding a frequent though desultory fire of round shot and grape from guns posted at various distances, from seventy to five hundred yards."

At last the gunpowder of the garrison began to fail, and something more must be done to counteract the strategy of their cunning enemies. A sort of subterranean cordon, or intercepting mine, was constructed around the more advanced and exposed portion of Havelock's position. Numerous shafts were sunk, and from these listening galleries were constructed, three feet in hight and two feet in breadth, of great length, encircling the whole of that portion of their position open to attack by mining. In these engineers were placed, constantly listening to discover the approach of the enemy's works, that

they might break into their mines, or destroy them by small charges of powder, before they could reach Havelock's subterranean boundary. The value of this novel defense, executed under the pressure of an unprecedented exigency, was repeatedly tested, and invariably with the same favorable results. A single instance will show the arduous nature of this work.

"We broke into their gallery, some twelve feet from our wall, about twelve o'clock at night," says Lieutenant Hutchinson, "and Sergeant Day, our superintending miner, remained below, assisted by others, holding the entrance to their gallery till I arrived.

"On entering the enemy's gallery, I took Corporal Thompson, of the 78th Highlanders, with me, and, observing the apparently great length of the enemy's mine, proceeded cautiously to extinguish the lights, so as to keep ourselves in darkness as we advanced. At this time the enemy were in the mine at or near their shaft, which, contrary to their usual practice, they evidently wished to hold uninjured. They generally fill them in at once when we take their gallery.

"I proceeded, extinguishing the lights, till I distinctly saw the enemy at the far end, and to advance further would be to advance in a blaze of light. I therefore lay down and waited, as our preparations above, carried on under Lieutenant Tulloch, were not yet ready. While lying there, I saw a Sepoy, with musket at trail, advance down the mine, and, when within forty feet of him, fired at him. My pistol missed fire, and, before Corporal Thompson could hand me his pistol, the Sepoy had retreated. After remaining some time longer, I placed another man with Corporal Thompson, and went up to get an officer down, as I felt it required a very steady man down there to support us. While we were laying the charge, and making various arrangements, which utterly precluded our watching against an enemy's advance at the same time, Lieu-

tenant Hay, of the 78th Highlanders, then commanding the picket, kindly volunteered and took up my old post. Lieutenant Tulloch and Sergeant Day quickly got the powder down, and all arrangements ready, when we then withdrew Lieutenant Hay behind the partial barricade we had formed; and while here, still watching with Corporal Thompson, he got two shots at another man, who attempted to come down the mine, and apparently wounded him. The enemy made no more attempts to come down the mine, but went outside their building, and came over our heads, apparently with the intention of breaking through. After some quarter of an hour's walking overhead, they, I conclude, could not find the direction of the mine, and retreated into the house.

"Our charge of fifty pounds, which I had laid outside our barricade, and eighty-two feet up the enemy's gallery, was soon tamped, and the charge fired by Lieutenant Tulloch. The charge being laid with nine feet of sand-bag tamping behind it, and none in front, the main force of the powder acted toward the enemy's shaft, but it took down forty feet backward toward us, leaving us forty feet to use as a listening gallery. I deduce the enemy's mine to be two hundred feet long and upward, from the reconnoitering of Lieutenant Hay and myself before we commenced laying our charge, and from the position of the houses it came from. The gallery had numerous air-holes and was thoroughly ventilated."

It was remarkable that Dr. Brydon, who was with Havelock, under similar desperate circumstances, at Jellalabad, was also with him at Lucknow.

A few incidents of these memorable seven weeks were given by the General in a letter, which did not reach Bonn till after the account of his decease. It had been impossible for him to forward any communications, so entirely was his position beleaguered. Only once before in his military experience had he found himself surrounded to such an insuperable extent,

and that was at Jellalabad. Even there his isolation was not as extreme as it was at present at Lucknow.

At length there was the hope that he might get tidings of himself and of his son conveyed to their anxious ones on the Rhine, and he wrote accordingly. The letter told, in a few words, of their dreadful conflict through the city. The severe privations they had been subjected to were intimated rather than narrated; kindnesses, by which they had been cheered, were gratefully acknowledged; expectation of rescue by Sir Colin Campbell was hopefully expressed. There had, alas! been disaster, by which his wife and children would be especially distressed. Henry had been wounded amidst the *mêlée*, while fighting through the city. On hearing what had happened, the husband of his cousin Mary undertook, of his own accord, to go at once and render him what help he could. Too disinterested to calculate what might befall him personally, and too magnanimous to leave his relative to his fate, he sought him out amidst the fire of the foe, and found him seriously damaged in the left arm. He succeeded in bringing him to the Residency, but it was with the loss of his own life. In saving his comrade he had sacrificed himself. One ball struck him, and then another, but on he went, with his wounded cousin in his charge, till he had placed him in a place of safety, and then right heroically, with his wife in fullest sympathy with his devotion, he laid down to die.

The letter of the General will be read with the greater interest, as it was the last but one which he wrote his family:

"Lucknow, November 10, 1857.

"You will wonder at not having received a letter by the two last mails. It will be best to begin at the beginning of the story. Sir James Outram brought up my reinforcements on the 18th and 19th September. I threw a noble bridge of boats across the Ganges, and reached the further bank with

two thousand, five hundred men. Sir James announced that I should have the honor of relieving Lucknow, and that he would accompany my force only as Chief Commissioner and as a volunteer. I beat the enemy on the 21st at Munghulvara, and again at Alum Bagh Bhayon on the 23d. . . . . We penetrated through a long suburb, and passed, under the cover of buildings, a fire from the Kaiser Bagh, or King's Palace, under which nothing could have lived. About this time an orderly brought up intelligence that H. was severely wounded. Night was coming on, and Sir James wished to put the troops into a palace and rest them; but I strongly represented the necessity of reinforcing the garrison, lest it should be attacked and surprised in the darkness; so the 78th Highlanders and the Sikh regiment, of Ferozepore, were called to the front. Sir James and I, and two of the staff, put ourselves at their head, and on we charged, through streets of loop-holed houses, fired at perpetually, and over trenches cut in the road, till we reached, in triumph, the beleaguered Residency. Then came three cheers from the troops, and the famished garrison found mock-turtle soup and champagne to regale me with as their deliverer. But the rest of my force and guns could not be brought in till the evening of the 26th, and by that time I had lost five hundred and thirty-five killed, wounded, and missing. Since that night we have been more closely blockaded than in Jellalabad. We eat a reduced ration of artillery bullock beef, chupatties, and rice; but tea, coffee, sugar, soap, and candles are unknown luxuries. . . . . The noble conduct of Mr. Martin Gubbins I must next record. My headquarters were established in the house of the late Mr. Ommaney, who was killed during the siege. Gubbins sent to invite me and all my staff to come and live in his better house. To this I would not consent, but commended to his care my two wounded officers, Colonel Tytler and H., and he has cared for them as if they were his children. I dine with

him once a week, and he keeps me supplied with excellent sherry, without which it would have gone ill with me, for I find it not so easy to starve at sixty-three as at forty-seven. The enemy fire at us perpetually with guns, mortars, and musketry, but our casualties are not very numerous. . . . . I should have told you that Bensley Thornhill volunteered to go out and bring H. in. Alas! he received one bad wound over the eye, which injured the skull, while another ball broke in pieces his right arm. It was amputated. He lingered many days, and then died in the hospital, leaving Mary a young widow. Their only infant had died some time before. We are now daily expecting Sir Colin Campbell. . . . . I visit the whole of my posts, in the palaces and gardens, with my staff, on foot, daily; but my doctor has advised me to take something strengthening till we can get upon good diet again."

Thus was Bensley Thornhill's death announced in the public papers:

"Died at Lucknow, on the 12th of October, 1857, from wounds received on the 26th of September, when nobly heading a party to bring in some wounded men that had been left behind when Generals Outram and Havelock forced their way into the Residency on the previous evening, J. Bensley Thornhill, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, aged twenty-five years and six months. He had got in all the wounded except twelve men, and was taking the eldest son of General Sir Henry Havelock into a place of safety when wounded, and as he entered a gateway a Sepoy from the opposite house sent a ball through his right arm; he tied his handkerchief round his shattered arm, and went on with his noble and humane duty, and when returning the same Sepoy fired at him again, the ball wounding him over the temple, and leaving him insensible. He was taken to the hospital, and his right arm was amputated that night. He lingered sixteen days, and died of exhaustion from loss of

blood, and want of food and nourishment that the place was destitute of. He was previously twice wounded in the heroic defense of the Lucknow garrison, and was honorably named in General Inglis's dispatch of the 25th of September. He will be sincerely lamented by all who were acquainted with his upright and Christian character. He has left a young widow of eighteen—a niece of the brave General Sir Henry Havelock—who has to mourn the loss of both her husband and infant child, after all the privations and sufferings she endured with the heroic garrison at Lucknow. Her husband got his death-wound in doing a brave, humane, and Christian act; and had he lived, the highest honor, that of the Victoria Cross, would have been his. This is some consolation to her, and to his widowed mother."

The sagacity of his medical man had observed for some time that the General's strength was on the wane. No actual surrendering had he evinced, either to any sense of lassitude or to any demand for repose. A dominant will peremptorily insisted on the suppression of any complaint, and on the unfaltering employment of every power both of body and mind. More necessary than ever were his vigilance and his energy both day and night. They must, therefore, be maintained. It was kind of the doctor to put him on his guard, still he had no option.

But he must at his time of life be cautious. The privations of the last few weeks had considerably weakened him, and the extraordinary fatigue which he had undergone rendered it rather urgently incumbent that he should take care. There were symptoms, he was assured, which it would be most unwise to overlook.

He had no desire to overlook them. He would take what care he could. At the same time, even if heart and flesh should fail, he must do his duty to his country, and that demanded from him just now the vigilant protection of the Residency from its ruthless and raging foes.

THE RESCUE ACCOMPLISHED.

Time had been wearing on. October had passed, and November was now dragging its days and weeks anxiously along; the hopes of the garrison meanwhile existing as they best could, upon the scanty intelligence brought in by spies, or communicated to them through a semaphore that had been extemporized upon the Alum Bagh. About the 12th they were made acquainted with the advance of Sir Colin Campbell from Cawnpore, and of his junction with Brigadier Grant's column, then on its way to Lucknow; and on the evening of the same day they heard of his arrival at Alum Bagh. On the morning of the 15th the march of the General to the Residency with a force of 5,000 men was telegraphed, and from that moment every one was on the watch to mark his progress. Regardless of the danger, courageous spirits mounted to the tower of the Residency, while not a few joined the look-out on the top of the Post-office. Here they were able to mark his course, while the smoke and fire indicated plainly his steady advance to their relief.

Instead of crossing the canal at the bridge of the Char Bagh, as Havelock had done, on leaving the Alum Bagh Sir Colin at once diverged to the right, crossing the country to the Dilkoosha, a small palace surrounded by gardens, about three miles from the Residency. The sun was in its strength, and the route lay through meadow land and young sugar canes, but the troops, inspired with the iron energy of their leader, made light of these obstacles. After a running fight of two hours they drove the enemy down the park to the Martiniere, leaving that building, as well as the Dilkoosha, in the hands of Sir Colin Campbell. From this point his course to the Residency was successively disputed by the enemy, intrenched in great force in a series of strongly-fortified buildings.

Early next morning Sir Colin began his march on the Si-

kunder Bagh, a strong square building, surrounded by a wall of solid masonry—as usual, loop-holed all around. It was evident that the enemy was here in great numbers, and that the possession of the place would be hotly contested. A village on the opposite side of the road was also held by them. It was necessary to at once reduce the building, and to drive the enemy from the village. The General saw that to effect this, artillery was wanted in a position that could not be reached without passing between a raking cross-fire from the village and the Sikunder Bagh itself. The necessary orders were given, and in a moment two batteries, one of the Bengal and another of the Royal Artillery, were galloping their guns through a perfect stream of fire. This done, a dazzling line of bayonets, belonging to the 53d and to the Highlanders, closing round the loop-holed village, cleared it at a run. Ahead of these two regiments the mutineers occupied ground on the left of our advance in deep masses; but neither the strength of their ranks nor their numbers were of any avail against our brave soldiers. They swept across the ground without firing till they had faced the enemy; then came the sharp gleams of fire, and the quick rattle, as of a single shot, and the bayonet in its terrible strength concluded the work. The mutineers were dispersed and driven across the plain, the 53d chasing them in skirmishing order; while the 93d seizing the abandoned barracks, turned them into a military post.

"The sight from the Residency," says an eye-witness, "was very fine. We could see the enemy retiring, and our guns advancing, through openings in the trees. Occasionally a staff officer was seen dashing across, and once a group of mounted officers, supposed to be Sir Colin and his staff, appeared and disappeared again. The firing of heavy guns, and the smoke rising in the clear air, with occasional glimpses of the troops, added greatly to the effect of a naturally-beautiful landscape."

Meanwhile the artillery had been battering the walls of the

Sikunder Bagh with little effect. At last a breach was made—a hole of two feet square—and then began a charge which for heroic daring has never been surpassed, and rarely equaled. The Sikhs and Highlanders rushed to the wall, and through that hole—for breach it could not be called—they flung themselves in upon the foe. The entrance once effected, woe to the mutineers! From the prison they had chosen there was no escape, except through barred windows high up in the building, and through the barricaded gate which was within a few yards of the cannon's mouth. What passed within that house of horrors none who survive care to tell. Now and then a plumed bonnet and a tartan plaid were laid upon the grass without the blood-stained entrance. Beneath them lay a stalwart form whose eye will never more gladden the northern cottage from which the dead man came. Hour after hour passed in that awful struggle. As we read of the storming of the Sikunder Bagh, it may seem as if it had been the work of a single hour. It was the work of several hours. Anxious men stood round this crater outside, wondering how the battle sped and when it would be won.

But the volcano within the thick walls still raged like a fiery furnace, and life was its costly fuel. Gradually the sphere of action widened as different parts of the building were carried and allowed the entrance of fresh men; but not more than four hundred soldiers of our army were at any moment inside, and, once in, there was no egress. The mutineers, whose numbers were at first overwhelming, struggled hard for life against the avenging column. At last the struggle closed; the work of death was done; the Sikunder Bagh no more intercepted their march of mercy; and as they looked on the piles of dead, men were constrained to say, "Here surely is retribution for Cawnpore."

Sir Colin's march was next opposed by the Shah Nujjeef, a mosque, surrounded by a garden, protected by a strong wall. "The wall of the inclosure of the mosque," says Sir Colin,

"was loop-holed with great care. The entrance to it had been covered by a regular work in masonry, and the top of the building was crowned with a parapet. From this, and from the defenses in the garden, an unceasing fire of musketry was kept up from the commencement of the attack.

"This position was defended with great resolution against a heavy cannonade of three hours. It was then stormed in the boldest manner by the 93d Highlanders under Brigadier Hope, supported by a battalion of detachments under Major Barnston, who was, I regret to say, severely wounded; Captain Peel leading up his heavy guns with extraordinary gallantry within a few yards of the building, to batter the massive stone walls. The withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the Naval Brigade from great loss; but it was an action almost unexampled in war. Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the Shannon along side an enemy's frigate.

"This brought the day's operations to a close."

No pen can describe the intense interest with which Sir Colin's progress had been watched by the garrison. They could see every step he took, and they marked how every impediment raised by the enemy was overcome, till he reached the Sikunder Bagh and the mosque, while every gun he fired wakened an echo in many an anxious heart among those he was hastening to relieve.

Meanwhile, Generals Outram and Havelock had been making every preparation to aid him when he should approach near enough for them to operate with safety to their own position.

The following extracts from Havelock's last dispatch, narrating these operations, will now be read with melancholy interest:

"The progress of the relieving force under his Excellency the Commander-in-chief was anxiously watched, and it was determined that as soon as he should reach the Sikunder Bagh, about a mile and a half from the Residency, the outer wall of

the advance garden of the palace, in which the enemy had before made several breaches, should be blown in by the mines previously prepared; that two powerful batteries erected in the inclosure should then open on the insurgents' defenses in front, and after the desired effect had been produced, that the troops should storm two buildings known by the names of the Hern-khana, or Deer-house, and the Steam-Engine house. Under these, also, three mines had been driven.

"It was ascertained, about 11 o'clock, A. M., that Sir Colin Campbell was operating against the Sikunder Bagh. The explosion of the mines in the garden was therefore ordered. Their action was, however, comparatively feeble; so the batteries had the double task of completing the demolition of the wall and prostrating and breaching the works and the buildings beyond it. Brigadier Eyre commanded in the left battery, Captain Olpherts in the right; Captain Maude shelled from six mortars in a more retired quadrangle of the palace. The troops were formed in the square of the Chuttur Munzill, and brought up in succession through the approaches, which in every direction intersected the advance garden. At a quarter-past three two of the mines at the Hernkhana exploded with good effect. At half-past three the advance sounded. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this signal was received by the troops. Pent up in inaction for upward of six weeks, and subjected to constant attacks, they felt that the hour of retribution and glorious exertion had returned.

"Their cheers echoed through the courts of the palace, responsive to the bugle sound, and on they rushed to assured victory. The enemy could no where withstand them. In a few minutes the whole of the buildings were in our possession, and have since been armed with cannon and steadily held against all attack."

"On the next day"—we now quote from Sir Colin's dispatch—"communications were opened to the left rear of the

barracks to the canal, after overcoming considerable difficulty. Captain Peel kept up a steady cannonade on the building called the mess-house. This building, of considerable size, was defended by a ditch about twelve feet broad, and scarped with masonry, and beyond that a loop-holed mud wall. I determined to use the guns as much as possible in taking it.

"About 3 o'clock, P. M., when it was considered that men might be sent to storm it without much risk, it was taken by a company of the 90th Foot, under Captain Wolseley, and a picket of Her Majesty's 53d, under Captain Hodkins, supported by Major Barnston's battalion of detachments, under Captain Guise, Her Majesty's 90th Foot, and some of the Punjaub Infantry, under Lieutenant Powlett. The mess-house was carried immediately with a rush.

"The troops then pressed forward with great vigor, and lined the wall separating the mess-house from the Mootee Mahal, which consists of a wide inclosure and many buildings. The enemy here made a last stand, which was overcome after an hour, openings having been broken in the wall, through which the troops poured, with a body of sappers, and accomplished our communications with the Residency.

"I had the inexpressible satisfaction, shortly afterward, of greeting Sir James Outram and Sir Henry Havelock, who came out to meet me before the action was at an end.

"The relief of the besieged garrison had been accomplished."

What a greeting was that! The Iron Chief Sir Colin, with the dust of battle still upon him, the "good Sir James," and the dying Havelock! Meeting, too, while the walls of the palace where they stood were still reverberating with the din of battle—fit atmosphere for that reunion! True knights these three brave hearts! Each had periled his life to rescue the helpless, and one was soon to lay his down worn out in their defense.

"Sir Colin Campbell"—says the author of "The Siege of

Lucknow"—"received the hearty thanks and congratulations of Sir James with evident satisfaction; and General Havelock, not less delighted and proud, harangued the troops who had so gallantly carried out all the Commander-in-chief's brilliant manuevers, in that concise, and yet soul-stirring language for which he was so well known by his soldiers. While yet speaking, his attention was drawn to the place where his eldest son had just fallen, wounded by a musket-ball from the enemy. Though his father's heart must have been then bleeding with anguish, and beating with curiosity to know the nature of the wound, the General, with wonderful self-command, continued his discourse without interruption, and then, only amid the cheers of the men who were unacquainted with the sad event which had just happened, left to visit his wounded son. Fortunately it was only a slight wound, and he soon recovered from the effects of it."

It now became necessary to consider in what way the removal from the Residency could be accomplished. To stay there would have been to insure the recurrence of the hardships and disasters of the last seven weeks. They must depart without delay. It was determined by Sir Colin Campbell to effect his object by a *ruse*. Accordingly he made his dispositions and continued his fire, as if he intended to dislodge the enemy from their position around the Residency. Through several days this was done. At length lines of pickets were arranged, through which the women and children with the wounded were to be conducted to the Alum Bagh. Of this the rebels had no information, so that they kept on their murderous fire, as they deemed it, upon the garrison far into the night. Before midnight the departure had commenced. Leaving behind them many a sad memento of the losses they had suffered and of the calamities they had endured, the rescued ones went forth hardly knowing whither they went. Probabilities were all against the hope that they might elude the observation of their fiendish

and bloodthirsty foes. But greater was He who was for them than all those who were against them. The cavalcade moved silently and slowly onward, unnoticed and unchallenged by any portentous token or any unfriendly voice. Believing that the pickets were faithfully occupying their appointed places, and that the pathways along the many narrow lanes had been well ascertained, hope animated the fugitives, while the continuous fire upon their abandoned prison-house convinced them that the assailants had no idea of their escape. The Generals were as anxious and as vigilant as though they had had their own wives and children beneath their care, evincing the most instinctive solicitude to secure as far as possible the convenience of each wounded soldier, and the comfort of every weakly child. A fine subject for a congenial artist, that strange and extemporaneous grouping of young men and maidens, of old men and children, threading their dubious way from impending danger to a place of safety amidst the darkness of a long November night.

It had been deemed desirable to take from the Residency the treasure which had been accumulated there, and the jewels formerly belonging to the King of Oude; this was following in the train of the cavalcade. Hour after hour passed without the occurrence of a mishap, and as morning drew on the impression deepened and encouraged every heart that they were really safe. Daylight at length revealed to them their position, and they saw the pickets, between whose friendly and effective shelter they had been passing all the night, closing in around them. To the delight of the gallant deliverers, not a soul who had left Lucknow was missing. One of the most sagacious devices with which modern warfare is acquainted was completely successful. The hope that had been so long deferred was realized; thus far the fugitives from the house of bondage were free. A subsequent march under the same truly-patriarchal guardianship brought the rescued ones to the Alum

Bagh. Having obtained what refreshment was available for their manifold need, the wounded and the sick, with the children and women, were escorted on toward Cawnpore, on their way to Allahabad; God still wonderfully preserving them and honoring, as with his special favor, the self-denying and indomitable bravery which twice over had interposed for their relief. Happy had Havelock been beyond expression as he bade the objects of his anxiety and the companions of his privations farewell. They were on their way, he trusted, to scenes at once peaceful and secure; he would remain and fulfill his duty, that in time to come the scenes about Lucknow might be peaceful and secure too. The day would dawn on India when they should beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, when nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither should they learn war any more—when, to adopt his own words, "the evils and horrors of belligerency" would be unknown.

HAVELOCK'S DEATH.

Before the rescue had been accomplished, Havelock had become seriously unwell. The first symptoms which excited immediate apprehension were those of indigestion. These, however, were presently suppressed, and he was pronounced better. There seemed cause for hope; especially as he was not only now relieved from his heavy responsibility, but was provided with the sustenance of which he had for weeks been deprived. His medical attendant was most assiduous; and, from the Commander-in-chief down to the servants in the Residency, all were ready to render to the General any help within their power.

The 20th of November closed upon him with some promise of continuous amendment; but, before midnight, according to a correspondent of "The Englishman," unmistakable signs of dysentery made their appearance, and promptest attention was

necessary, with the best measures which sagacity and science could supply. They were apparently successful; and by the forenoon of the 21st there were again indications of improvement.

With characteristic mindfulness of home, one of the first things which he had done on the relief of the Residency was to write to his family. Other letters had indicated apprehension of what might happen. This letter expresses nothing which gave occasion for alarm.

Prospects were brightening, and he hoped that they should erelong bear away the surviving women and children to a place of safety, and that some of their own most pressing wants would in a measure be supplied. For weeks had they been unable to change any of their clothing. Just as they came into the Residency, so had they continued night and day for forty days; harassed incessantly by the enemy, and beset with disease and death, without even the ordinary conveniences whereby they could be bodily refreshed. It would be better now.

Information, too, had reached him of the estimate in which his country held him for his bravery, and of the first of the series of honors which had been conferred on him by the Queen. This was cheering. He was grateful, but as modest and unostentatious as ever. The children were remembered in a kindly message, and their brother, they were assured, though again wounded, was doing well.

"*November* 19*th*.—Sir Colin has come up with some 5,000 men, and much altered the state of affairs. The papers of the 26th September came with him, announcing my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since. . . . Dear H. has been a second time wounded in the same left arm. This second hit was a musket-ball in the shoulder. He is in good spirits, and is doing well. . . . Love to the children. . . . I do not

after all see my elevation in the 'Gazette,' but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock. . . . Our baggage is at Alum Bagh, four miles off; and we all came into this place with a single suit, which hardly any have put off for forty days."

This was the last letter which Havelock ever wrote. No more would he indite the graver or the pleasanter things for perusal and pleasurable conversation at Bonn. Henceforward the wedding-day and the birthdays would pass uncommemorated by the grateful references of the conjugal and parental pen. The admonitions and encouragements which had been so habitually interspersed with the periodical correspondence of the last seven years had come to a perpetual end. Happily, however, though his communications with his beloved ones had terminated, they would hear that his confidence in God had triumphantly availed as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

It was now generally known that Havelock was getting worse. He was not seen about among his companions-in-arms. They missed him in the places of military resort. There was sorrow lest, after all his self-sacrificing exertions to rescue others, he should himself succumb.

To further the incipient improvement of the 20th, it had been arranged to move him to the Dilkoosha; the change of air being deemed of importance at the crisis which he had just reached.

The change from the Residency had refreshed the invalid. Further improvement was observed, and gladly reported. It might be that, though terribly reduced, he would survive. But only momentary was the probability. Early on the 22d the disease assumed a malignant form; and though it inflicted no severe bodily suffering, yet it was evidently taking away his life.

The confidence of the dying man became more and more pro-

found. To have departed in the midst of his family would have been an alleviation. Thoughts, fond and fatherly, followed one another toward his beloved ones far away on the Rhine. But God had willed that he should not go hence with their prayerful and sustaining utterances falling gently on his ear. He therefore devoutly acquiesced; and, remembering gracious promises about God's inalienable loving-kindness to the fatherless and the widow, he commended them to the Divine care, and then collected himself to enjoy the abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The 23d passed in the calmest submission to the Lord's will. Every faculty was active, and every sensibility of his nature in fullest power. No mere indifference was upon him. It was not because he did not choose to realize his position that he contrived to be at peace. He knew that he was about to make the great transition from the life that now is to that which is to come. He remembered his unworthiness of all God's favors. He was actually conscious, as he was lying there in his prostration, of his personal desert of banishment from God. But then he was in Christ; and, being there, it was impossible he should perish. He must needs have everlasting life.

His illustrious companion, Sir James Outram, having called, he thought it right to say to him what was then upon his mind. "For more than forty years," was his remark to Sir James—"for more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Often had they faced it together, even during that recent memorable advance for the relief of Lucknow. There, however, God had averted it; but here, at the Dilkoosha, it was present in all its power, and must be met. "So be it," was the unperturbed response of Outram's comrade; "I am not in the least afraid to die. To die is gain."

"I die happy and contented," he kept on saying, knowing

whom he had believed, and persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to him till that day.

On the 24th his end was obviously near at hand.

His eldest son was still his loving and faithful nurse—himself, it should be remembered, a wounded man, and specially needing kindly care. Waiting on his father with unflagging and womanly assiduity, he was summoned to hearken to some parting words.

"Come," said the disciple thus faithful unto death; "come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." And Havelock died

REV. MR. POLEHAMPTON,

CHAPLAIN AT LUCKNOW.

The brothers of Mr. Polehampton write the history of his life, from which we make the following sketch. It is the story of an ordinary English clergyman, essentially a University man, with his heart still dwelling on the cricket-field and college boat-race—a man not a whit more learned or more brilliant than a thousand others of his class, doing most unaffectedly what hundreds more would have been glad to do—type, as we feel, of a large class of English gentlemen who can be true heroes when occasion offers. Mr. Polehampton died at the early age of thirty-three. He was a clergyman's son, sent, when eight years old, to Eton; there in good credit among his school-fellows as a fearless, honest boy, a stout swimmer, a good oar, and the first choice out of the Eleven in which he once played in the public school matches, at Lord's cricket ground. He went to Oxford, at the age of eighteen, as scholar of Pembroke College, passed his examination creditably without seeking honors, but was high in honor for his upright life, and for the sincerity of a religious spirit free from cant. He was a sturdy swimmer still, and once received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for having, at peril of his own life, saved a man from drowning in the Lasher. Boating was still his pride; as a child, he had once ridden from Eton in the front boot of a coach to see a boat race. Under his captaincy the college boat was an unconquered one, and in 1846 he was chosen to row in the University boat, in the match

with Cambridge. When he was ordained, the words of the service did not fall as words of form upon his open, honest heart. Afterward, for a little while, he occupied the pulpit in his birthplace, and in 1849 he became assistant curate at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, the parish of which his mother's father had been vicar for more than forty years. In 1852 Mr. Polehampton became engaged to his future wife, Emily, youngest daughter of a barrister in Shrewsbury, but could not marry on his curacy. After three years of waiting, the kind office of a friend secured the Indian appointment. Then he was married at St. Chad's church, by his brother, and, after a round of visits to home places and home friends, to his deceased father's parsonage, to the old school at Eton, to his Oxford friends, he sailed from England. In the old birthplace at Greenford he writes:

"When we got into the village, I showed Emmie where the Randolphs, Huddlestones, etc., lived, and we went down the hill to Sayer's, [the parish clerk in his father's time and since.] He knew me at once, and we then went to the church. Besides its interest to me, there is a great deal to see there in the way of old brasses. I showed Emmie the register-book, with one of our births on every other page. Sayer pointed out the window which my father made, or rather began, with a pick-ax. He wanted the poor, who sat under the gallery, to have more light. The church-wardens said there was enough. My father answered there was not. They said there should not be another window; he said there should. They got peremptory. 'Upon which,' said Sayer, 'Mr. Polehampton says, says he, "Brown, bring me the pick!" and he hits it into the wall, and picks out four or five great stones; and says he, "There, now, my boys, I've made a beginning, you go on; never mind what any body says, and do you make a finish of it."' So there the window is, and the poor of Greenford can see to read their Bibles."

The good blood descends. At Oxford the old student's first thought was to go "straight to the University Barge," and he did not leave till he had a last pull in the scratch four-oar races, and won a pint pewter to take out with him. It was his drinking vessel in the siege, the cup from which he drank in the hour of his death; the cup that his wife used afterward throughout her noble ministrations to the sick and wounded, in hospital, on the march, and on board the Himalaya.

Simple and true as the man himself was are his letters and his diary. The home letters from the young wedded couple, full of natural kindliness and playfulness, and of deep earnestness withal, are sometimes inexpressibly touching. Force of character in them produces an effect missed often when labored for by force of genius alone. The love of boating cleaves to him.

"One day," says a letter, "breakfasted with Captain Corbett, at the 52d mess. At breakfast were two or three of the Eton men, who are in the regiment. One of them—Mr. Crosse—told me that he had just seen my name in Bell's Life. It was in Bell's account of the late match with Cambridge, in which he has given lists of all the former crews. I told him I was not ashamed, as I had two bishops to keep me in countenance, whose names appear in the same paper. I then read the account of the race, which greatly interested me."

And the letter chatters on over its details. He had a pull against tide up the Hoogley, and an early morning pull in a four-oar, on the river at Lucknow, preceded the serious attack of fever brought on by his devotion to the sick after the outbreak of cholera. His account of his illness, in a letter to his mother, contains one of the best descriptions of a mind in delirium that we have read for a long while. Its quiet accuracy sorely discredits many an overcharged elaboration of the novelist.

"On Wednesday night—six days after I was taken ill—

they gave me a sleeping draught. In the course of the night I became delirious. About 3 o'clock, A. M., I fancied I was ordered to get up, shave, and dress; so I got up, summoned the bearer, to his intense astonishment, made him get the things, and then—it was a wonder I did 'nt cut myself—in a second or two, by most desperate slashes, took off my mustache of a week's growth. Then I went back to bed and slept. . . . . At one time I felt some one bathing my head; it was Emmie, and strangely those lines of Marmion came into my head:

> 'Is it the hand of Clare, he said,
> Or injured Constance bathes my head?'

And I suppose, in the connection with these, the following lines, from the same poem:

> 'Above his head
> He shook the fragment of his blade,
> And shouted "victory!"'

And I did shout 'victory,' so loud as to make the house ring again. By and by I got very faint, and thought I was dying. I was perfectly happy; I heard their voices faintly about me, but I could not speak, and did not wish to do so; and then I fainted, or fell asleep. Presently I woke again, and found myself in the same room with the same persons around me. I thought I was dead; that it was the judgment-day, and that I was only waiting for the angels to carry me away to judgment. I felt perfectly safe and secure, 'my iniquities blotted out, and my sins covered.' I prayed for all of you, and inquired if you were safe; and I thought a voice told me to wait God's pleasure and I should know all. Then Hutchinson and Fayrer, every now and then, would come suddenly to me and try to rouse me. I sang, I fancy to myself, for Emmie says she did not hear me, 'Lend, lend your wings,' but I stopped at 'I mount, I fly.' Emmie says, however, that I

chanted part of a chant quite correctly, which I do n't remember doing. I do n 't know how long all this took, but I fancy about two hours. In the mean while the doctors had come to the conclusion that I ought to be taken to some other house; and Mr. Gubbins begged that they would take me to his, and he came with Dr. Fayrer to mine. Presently I was seized upon by four men, and carried into Dr. Fayrer's close carriage, which was at the door. I had an idea that they would take me to the church, and that then I should go to heaven, and I was disappointed when they passed it, and drove to Mr. Gubbins's house. There they took me out and carried me up-stairs, and put me on the bed in the same room in which we slept for three weeks when we first came to Lucknow. I slowly came partially to myself, but I was not quite right for any length of time for nearly a fortnight. What between leeches and blisters I had pain enough; for Bengal leeches are not like English; they are as bad as Bengal tigers. . . . .

"What babies we are when we are recovering from sickness! I used to delight so in flowers. Dear Emmie used to bring two beautiful passion flowers, all wet with dew, and put them on a pillow for me to look at every morning, when I was so weak that I could scarcely lift my head. She used to send me passion flowers from the Crescent before we were married; so her doing so here had the charm of bringing back old memories, and so added beauty to the flowers. Passion flowers are almost the same here as in England. I used to like to get all the jewelry I could on the bed, and Emmie's gold bracelet. Any thing with color in it I delighted in. I fancy it is so with all sick people."

For the indications of character contained in it we may quote also this passage from a home letter:

"*Wednesday, Oct. 22d.*—Yesterday I kept no journal; I'll tell you why. At 6 o'clock I went out for a ride. I had n't gone a hundred yards before I heard horses behind me, and Mr.

Gubbins's voice saying, 'Ah! that's what he calls getting up early.' I turned around, and there were Miss Ommaney, Mr. Gubbins, and Dr. Fayrer. Dr. Fayrer turned off to make a visit; the two others came on with me. We walked our horses through the station, and then, coming to a sandy road, where I had never been before, Mr. Gubbins proposed a gallop; so off we went. We had ridden about three-quarters of a mile, when a native ran right across Miss Ommaney's horse, and got knocked down, but was not hurt, as it was sandy. I remember riding on about a quarter of a mile further, and becoming from some cause or other rather unsteady in my saddle; and then I don't remember any thing else, till I found myself on the ground asking for my spectacles—a requisition natural to all Polehamptons on becoming conscious or first awaking. Then I don't remember any thing else, till I found myself at my own door, and my horse trying to kick Miss Ommaney's. I was supported up the steps and deposited on the sofa. I was conscious that I had had a fall, but I could not remember any thing for a long time; could n't think why my hair was so short, etc. Mr. Gubbins wrote a note for a doctor, and got home as fast as he could with Miss Ommaney. Emmie came in just after he was gone; no one had told her I had had a fall, so you may imagine she was rather frightened to see me lying on the sofa looking somewhat pale. However, she is not given to hysterics, and so she did what was needful very quietly, and I got quite right in about an hour. It seems that Mr. Gubbins heard some natives shouting, 'He has fallen,' and, looking round, saw my horse running away, and me in the arms of two friendly natives. He caught my horse, and somehow or other got me on him, and I rode home; all the way making profuse apologies to Miss Ommaney, of all which I can remember nothing. The back of my head was cut and bleeding, but not badly, Mr. Gubbins says; the horse must have kicked me as I fell, as there were no stones and I fell on the sand. I

suppose my head is too weak after the fever to stand violent exercise, and that I became suddenly giddy and fell off. I ought to be very thankful that my fall was not on the hard road. 'So no more at present' from your affectionate son, 'which' I hope this will find you as it leaves me; not with a sore head though."

In the next letter he asks, "Am I not like a young bear, with all my sorrows to come? I never had a pain till I came here, worse than a flogging at Eton, or a blow on the shin from a cricket-ball. However, I don't put down these to India; they have been such as might have happened any where else."

Then followed a sore trial to the young couple in the death, soon after birth, of their first child. The long letter which tells of this, by its simplicity of detail and because it is the detail of a sorrow borne by brave and tender hearts, is deeply touching. Through what probation in the death of her first-born and in the death of her husband, the chaplain's wife passed, without losing strength to be a helper of other men in their own hours of sorrow, it is well to feel:

"My dearest mother. . . . Edward's letter has just been put into my hands, in which he expressed a wish that there might by this time be three of us, instead of two; and his wish was soon gratified, for at half-past eight in the evening of December 30th, my first-born was ushered into the world, and highly delighted I was to hear Mrs. Pender, the nurse, say, 'It's a little boy.' . . . On Wednesday and Thursday both Emmie and the baby went on as well as possible. . . . As I walked slowly home by moonlight, I was thinking how happy I was to have a son, and was saying to myself, 'I have a son,' in all the languages I know. On my arrival at home I found the nurse looking very blank; she told me the baby had just had a convulsion fit. . . . Not liking the nurse's account, and fearing the result of another fit, if one came on, I baptized the child, call-

ing him Henry Allnatt. We thought it better not to tell Emmie of his illness till the doctor came again. When he did come, he told me for the first time that the child had been very delicate from his birth, and that, though he certainly might get well and live, he thought it very likely he would not. So, by his advice, I then told Emmie he was unwell. She took the alarm at once, and was very much distressed, but soon recovered, and became quite composed. . . . He was in his mother's bed nearly all the time. I nursed him myself for about an hour by the fire. I went to sleep, and when I awoke I found our little darling much quieter, and I thought better ; but Emmie did not think so. . . . The nurse took him away from her, and held him near the fire, and then, after gasping for breath a little while, he died. Poor little boy ! I prayed very earnestly that he might be spared, but it was not to be. Mrs. Pender carried our little dead lamb back to his mother, and it was piteous to see how she folded him to her arms and cried. After a while the nurse carried him away, and laid him out in his little basket-cradle, just below Emmie's bed, where she could look into it. . . . In the evening, Emmie, who had been very quiet up to this time, had been intently watching baby's face as he lay beside her in the cradle, had an alarming hysterical fit. . . . Dr. Partridge desired he might be buried next day, as he said it was of the greatest importance he should be taken away from Emmie, for that hanging over him and gazing intently on him, as she never ceased to do, was having a very bad effect upon her in her weak state. She did not make much objection when I told her. When I awoke in the morning she was still gazing on her child. At 10 o'clock Captain Hayes and Dr. Partridge came. I had asked the former to come, and had also asked for the use of a little close carriage of his, to carry the baby to the cemetery. He brought his brougham too, and he and Dr. Partridge went in it, and I with my dear little boy in the close carriage ; the only ride we shall ever have together ! But first,

there was the cruel task of taking him away from his mother! She begged to have him a little while longer; she had him taken out of his cradle and put on a pillow by her, and then she folded him in her arms, and wept over him in a manner which made me feel more than I ever felt in my life. Then she had the coffin put where the cradle had been, and placed him in it herself, and put some little dark red roses which grow in great luxuriance in our garden, and of which she is very fond, in his hands, and on his breast; and then she bravely covered him up, and I carried him out and fastened down the coffin out of her hearing."

Some time afterward, in a letter to a brother, he writes:

"Yes, I remember, and often think of that last pleasant day's fishing! This time six years I hope to be not very far from just such another. My poor little boy! he will never want that fishing-rod, which you saved in such a marvelous manner. I feel my child's death far more now than I did at first. We go to his grave every now and then. Emmie likes to take flowers there. Last Friday she took some and made them into a cross, and laid them on the flat stone which covers his grave. If we have twenty children, we shall never forget our first-born. But God's will be done; I don't deserve such a blessing."

A brother chaplain, Mr. Harris, arrives:

"He *is* the man I remember at Oxford, pulling in the Brasenose boat. I only remember seeing him once, and that was one night in the year 1845, when the B. N. C. bumped our boat in the races. After the bump, as the two boats lay together while the others passed, he was close by me for ten minutes. I have never seen him since."

We do not dwell upon the perils of the siege, or on the chaplain's manful labor in his calling. His last letter home ends thus:

"Very likely this will be my last letter for some time; it

may be my last altogether. I hope not; but come what may, I am prepared; and whatever you hear of me, it will not be that I have disgraced myself. Emmie sends her best love. God bless you all.

"Ever your affectionate,

"HENRY S. POLEHAMPTON."

Truly they have not been tidings of disgrace. We dwell still on the personal details. Mrs. Polehampton is writing to her husband's mother of his death:

"He had not the least fear of death. He said to those who came to see him on his death-bed, 'I am not in the least frightened, and I know exactly how I am.' And his beautiful, fearless smile must have proved to them how little dread there was for him in the prospect of death. . . . I can not tell you what a strange, unearthly sort of peace I had at the time of his death. Through that last day and night of his life, up to the moment that he died, a marvelous kind of triumphant feeling came over me. I can not explain it, but I felt as if I were watching his entrance *into the joy of his Lord;* and I seemed to *feel the joy myself.* This feeling continued for days after, in a greater or less degree, and only became less radiant as the death-like blank in my own life became more apparent."

Of herself as a laborer, in letters or diary, the true-hearted lady says nothing, except once, in answer to inquiry, this. If we had not heard of her from others, we should hardly give her words their full interpretation.

"My own private life was so unvaried and uniform, that there is nothing in it worth relating. If I give you a sketch of one day you will have an idea of what it was during a great portion of the time—that is to say, after the reinforcements came in; before that, from the time of Henry's death, I had no employment of any sort. We used to pass the day in our gloomy room as well as we could, in reading, and writing, and

working. After this, I used to go to the hospital after breakfast, spend as many hours there as I found necessary, and return to dinner. In the evening I only spent an hour in the hospital, and then, when it got dark, my time of *rest* came; the most precious hour I had in the day; and that I spent at my darling Henry's grave. I often wonder now, in looking back at that time, how I escaped as I did on these occasions, for the bullets were constantly flying thickly, close over my head as I was sitting at the grave, and several times shells burst within a few yards of me there. It seemed so strange that I should be one to escape."

Such is the private story of one Christian gentleman who gave his life up to his country in the siege of Lucknow.

A LADY'S ESCAPE FROM GWALIOR.

The writer of this thrilling episode of the Indian Rebellion is a woman, the wife of a chaplain—Mrs. Coopland, of Thorp Arch Vicarage. We have so abridged her story that its most interesting portions are given in a small part of the space given to it in the original English work.

THE ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

We reached Calcutta on the afternoon of the 17th of November, 1856. The usual bustle and excitement, consequent on the arrival of an overland steamer, ensued. We all gathered on deck to view the rapidly-approaching land. Some who were returning to homes and relations, welcomed this country of their adoption as an old friend. Others, like myself, examined with a critical eye the new and strange land which they believed would be their homes for many years. At last we anchored, and the friends who had been impatiently waiting on shore put off to the vessel. My husband's brother-in-law now appeared, to our surprise, as we did not know he had arrived a fortnight before. Our boarding-house was ready for us, and, getting a boat, we were soon on shore.

We arrived before long at our destination, Miss Wright's boarding-house, one of the quietest and best-conducted establishments of the kind. We much preferred it to the confusion of a great hotel; my husband, too, had been there before. Miss Wright we found a most pleasant and attentive hostess. Our large, airy room reminded me of some in the German hotels. After the luxury of a bath, we waited for dinner in the drawing-

room, which only differed from an English one in the quantity of its lights. By this time the room was filled with hungry people, ready for dinner, an agreeable mixture of civil and military, but no ladies. A native appeared with meekly-folded hands, and, in a sedate voice, said, "Khana mez pur hi"—dinner is on the table. We then proceeded to the dining-room, which we had only been separated from by silken curtains. The table was surrounded by native servants, gayly attired in their winter clothing, of different-colored cloth. I only noticed a few odd things; the one was the want of decanters; the black bottles were clothed in pretty netted covers, and the tumblers had small silver covers to keep out the insects. I remember sitting next to a poor young officer, who gave me an account of fever, ague, and other Indian drawbacks; he looked dreadfully ill, and was on the eve of embarking for England.

The next morning my husband went to call on the Bishop, and report his arrival. . . . I will describe how each day passes in Calcutta.

We rise at daybreak, half-past five o'clock; the morning is heralded by the cawing of myriads of crows, the sharp squealing of kites, and the twittering of sparrows; very different from the awakening in a quiet country-house in England; and instead of thinking and indulging for an extra half hour, we start up, hurry over our bath and dressing, and then go out for a drive of an hour; and woe betide your head if you remain out too long without the buggy-hood up. We then loiter as long as we dare in the garden; return in and partake of bread and butter and tea; bathe, and dress for breakfast at 9 o'clock: after that most ladies occupy themselves with their households and children. My husband went out to the shops to buy things for our journey up the country.

At twelve a dead calm falls on the whole city. The delicate European lady in her lofty chamber, the poor coolie with his head wrapped in his turban, and curled up in some corner, or

basking in the sun, even the animals, are alike slumbering. At two there is tiffin; we read and amuse ourselves till five, when we again drive out, dine at seven, and retire to bed at ten. But the gay inhabitants of Calcutta don't keep such early hours: the cool time of the year is their "season," when they keep as late hours as "Londoners."

We soon heard from the Bishop that my husband's station was to be Gwalior. We asked some friends what sort of a place Gwalior was, and found it was not under the government, being in the Mahratta states of Gwalior and Indore; the rajahs of which are each bound by treaty to maintain a body of troops, officered from the Company's army, and under the sole orders of the British residents at their respective courts. Scindiah's Contingent consists of five corps of artillery, with thirty guns, two regiments of cavalry, seven of infantry—in all, about 7,300 men. This Contingent was called into the field during the disturbances in Bundlecund, and did very good service. We were told Gwalior was considered, though very hot, a healthy station, and the society there very pleasant; for, being a Contingency, the officers and their families did not change so often as at other stations.

We now began to make preparations for our departure from Calcutta. We bought a grand piano, a buggy, a store of glass, etc., and then "laid our dâk,"* which is necessary in order to have relays of horses. The great number of people who were on their way up to the north-west provinces made it necessary to bespeak a dâk carriage. Some ten years ago, when people traveled up in palanquins, they used to have relays of bearers at every stage, and arrangements made. The money is always paid beforehand. I think our journey altogether up the country cost us between £50 and £60. We could only go as far as Agra by dâk carriage; from thence to Gwalior we were to proceed in the old way by bearers' dâk. We then hired a

* Laid our dâk; that is, arranged our relays of bearers.

kitmutghar; but I could not hear of an ayah who would leave Calcutta. We bought a mattress, pillows, lamps, and blankets, to fit up our carriage, as we were told not to depend on the supplies of the dâk bungalows. We then sent all our boxes, except two portmanteaus, by bullock train, as we are only allowed to take a certain weight of luggage on the gharry or carriage.

We started in a palki gharry—palanquin carriage—for the ferry, which we crossed in a small steamer, crowded with people going to the railway station—some, like ourselves, beginning their journey—and hosts of natives. We saw floating down the river many bodies of dead natives, all in that state described in the song of the "White Lady of Avenel," which so terrified the poor Sacristan; only a crow instead of a pike was diligently picking at the fishy, horrid-looking eyes of the dead bodies. The river was crowded with different vessels.

I was quite pleased on arriving at the railway station to see again the engine with its long row of carriages. My husband here met some friends of his, a young officer and his wife, who had been his fellow-passengers to England the year before by the "overland route." They had just returned by the Cape, and were on their way to their station. I now saw, for the first time, some elephants; for they are not allowed to come into Calcutta, as they frighten the horses. The railway carriages were very comfortable, and quite luxurious in their fittings up; you could draw out a board between the seats, and so recline: very different from the narrow, closely-packed carriages in England. We enjoyed ourselves very much talking to our friends. My husband talked to Captain F., and I to his wife: she was very pretty and engaging, and I found her conversation most agreeable. She talked all about Indian society, and seemed to prefer it to what she called the "cold, formal English manners!" She also gave me a great many friendly hints about traveling and station life. About six months afterward I saw her name in the long list of Cawnpore victims.

We passed many small stations; at one we got out, and had some refreshments. If it had not been for the view from the windows, I could have fancied myself traveling from London to York

About five in the evening we reached Raneegunge, 121 miles on our journey, and there bade adieu to all comfortable traveling; not without a strong wish that they would soon continue the railway on to Agra, and so facilitate traveling, and make India as much like home as possible. No one can imagine the benefit it will be when India is traversed by this gigantic system of communication. The hotel was a few yards from the railway station; before it stood several dâk gharries, and a traveling carriage belonging to some officer, who preferred traveling in it to a dâk gharry.

After a bath and dinner, we all commenced packing our gharries. I was much amused to see how our friends packed theirs; they were "up to" all manner of traveling "dodges," and very kindly helped us to arrange our small quarters, where we were to pass the night. At last we all started: about six gharries, one full of young officers, who seemed to enjoy the fun.

I never saw our kind friends again; they reached Agra before us. Captain F. went on to the Punjaub, and his wife first went to stay with some friends at Delhi, and then at Cawnpore, so her poor husband was in uncertainty as to her fate for months. When he at last heard the dreadful news it nearly killed him.

The drivers began to blow their shrill horns, and make the night echo to their wild music. The horses went a tremendous pace at first, but soon relaxed their speed, and required incessant flogging. We changed horses every six miles, and it was rather annoying to be awakened out of a sound sleep by the process of changing. The horses are very troublesome: at times they will rear, kick, plunge, back, and go through a series of gymnastics by no means agreeable to the occupants of the carriage, and disturbing all their little arrangements.

The next morning we stopped and breakfasted at a dâk bungalow. These bungalows have been so often described, that I will only say the first I saw struck me as being very dreary and desolate: near it were two tombstones erected to the memory of two unfortunate travelers, who had, I believe, died of cholera. Our route now lay through a rather more picturesque country. It was very dull work, however, as we could not read on account of the jolting; we did try to make up a few Hindoostanee sentences with the aid of a dictionary, but it was very puzzling: my husband knew very little of the language, as Hindoostanee is not spoken in Burmah, and he had a Portuguese servant there. I always felt inclined to speak to the natives in German or French.

About midnight on the second night we met with an unpleasant accident. When we were both fast asleep we were suddenly awakened by the sensation of falling from a hight, which was followed by a roll over and tremendous crash. Then came sundry ominous bangs, caused by the horse's kicking, and the wails of natives. We, after some difficulty, opened the door, and extricated ourselves, and I mounted the bank we had fallen down, with my husband's help, as it was very steep. It was bitterly cold, and my husband threw up to me some wraps to cover myself with, while he picked up the kitmutghar, who lay groaning on the ground, declaring his leg was broken; he had really hurt himself, having fallen from the top, where he had sat among the boxes. We found out that the cause of the accident was the driver having fallen asleep over his pipe. We then both set to work to scold him in Hindoostanee, and not being sufficiently fluent in that, had recourse to English; which we had been told natives disliked more, as they did not know what it meant. . . . .

We arrived at Benares on the 26th, and left for Agra on the 29th, reaching Allahabad in the evening.

The road from Allahabad to Cawnpore seemed to me the ex-

treme of barrenness. We halted part of the day at Cawnpore, and dined at the hotel. I was much struck with the dreary, depressing look of the place, which seemed fitted for the cruel tragedies so soon to be enacted there. The cantonments extended six miles, in the middle of a sandy plain; and when I saw the long rows of black-looking barracks, the neglected houses, surrounded by bare mud walls, so different from those of Allahabad, I felt thankful that our lot was not cast in such a dreary waste. We met many travelers on our way, and constantly English ladies and children unaccompanied by male Europeans.

We reached Agra, January 3d, and visited the Military Chaplain, to whom we had an introduction. He very kindly asked us to stay with him till we had made arrangements to proceed to Gwalior; for here the dâk gharry stopped, the road to Gwalior and Indore not being quite finished. I must here remark, that the Grand Trunk Road, when it is complete from Calcutta to the Afghan frontier, a distance of 1,500 miles, will be one of the best roads in the world.

Unfortunately it rained heavily all that day, so we could not do any thing. Rain generally falls after Christmas in India, cheering and refreshing every thing, and making a pleasant change in the air.

GWALIOR.

We arrived at Gwalior at twelve o'clock on the 8th of January. I was aroused from my slumbers by the dhooly being suddenly set down before a large white house, and was surprised to see a Sepoy keeping guard, and several more lying on the ground asleep. The door was opened, and a servant appeared, saying our rooms were ready, and he would prepare us some tea; which was very welcome, as we had felt the cold greatly. I had not the comfort of smoking cigars like my husband. Captain and Mrs. Campbell had retired for the night, but

sent their salaam, and hoped we would make ourselves comfortable.

Early next morning I was awakened by the cackling and screaming of poultry, and jumping up to see the cause of the excitement, beheld Mrs. Campbell, who had just returned from her drive, surrounded by about a hundred hens and cocks, fifty or sixty guinea-fowls, and ducks, geese, pigeons, and turkeys in like proportion, which she was feeding. About two o'clock I was amused, at the ringing of a bell, to see about half a dozen horses appear with their syces, to be fed; then the goats and the fowls went through the same process: about three o'clock we dined. At five we drove out in a pretty carriage and pair to see the station. My first view was a pleasing one. The cantonments consisted of a row of large thatched houses in compounds, like pretty, gay gardens, on each side of a wide road bordered with trees, and about a mile long. The road had an English look: the people were driving and riding about, and the pretty, healthy-looking children—so different from those of Calcutta—also riding or driving in little pony-carriages. We passed the church, which looked exactly like an English one, and is very well built.

Early next morning I walked with my husband to have a good survey of the church; it was not surrounded with verandas, nor had it windows down to the ground, or venetians, or a flat roof, like the other churches I had seen. These omissions added to the beauty, but not to the coolness, so important to an Indian church. It was small, with open benches, and the chancel paved with encaustic tiles from England. The windows—though not Waile's or Hardman's—were very prettily painted. The pulpit was of Caen stone, and the reading-desk oak, with velvet cushions. On the communion-table was a velvet cloth, and books bound in Russian leather. There was an organ brought from England five years ago, but quite out of order. The architect was Major Vincent Eyre, of the Engineers.

On Sunday, the 11th, my husband had a very kind note from one of Sir Robert Hamilton's brothers, saying that he and his brother—also a chaplain—would be very glad to assist him in the service; so the three chaplains divided the morning and evening services between them. The church was very well filled.

On Monday, according to an Indian custom, my husband began his round of calls. The inhabitants of the station consisted of the Resident, the Brigadier, the Brigade-Major, about thirty officers and their families, some men belonging to the telegraph office, and a few sergeants and drummers, all Europeans: there were four native regiments of the Gwalior Contingent, the rest being stationed at Jhansi, Sepree, and one or two other small stations. These troops belonged to the Company, and were officered by them, but were paid by the Maharajah of Gwalior, to whom the whole of that part of the country belonged, though under the surveillance of political agents.

The ladies then all called on me, and I returned their calls.

Our first week at Gwalior was very gay, owing to the arrival of Sir Robert Hamilton, Agent to the Governor-General, on a tour; and with him General Havelock and his staff, on their way to Persia.

We went to a large dinner given by the Gwalior officers to Sir R. Hamilton. Though I entered the room not knowing a single person in it—as Mrs. Campbell, being ill, could not go—my Scotch descent soon made me feel among friends; for every one nearly in India is Scotch or Irish: I met many of the former who knew my father's family in Dumfriesshire. I do think there were only half a dozen *genuine* English in the room, including my husband.

The mess-house was a large bungalow, containing a fine dining and drawing-room, a billiard and several smaller rooms.

Of course, the gentlemen outnumbered the ladies; and all the former being in unform, there was nothing to contrast with the

gay dresses of the ladies, except a few black velvet dresses which some of the ladies had wisely attired themselves in. I was struck with the youthful look of the whole party; very few had passed their "*premiere jeunesse*," all were nice-looking, and not many unmarried; there was not one lady unmarried.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted and prettily furnished, and the dinner just like an English one, for what could not be procured in India had been brought from Europe; including hermetically-sealed fruits, fish, and meats, and preserves, with champagne, etc. The evening ended with music, singing, and games.

A few days after my husband went to a dinner in Sir Robert Hamilton's tent, and was introduced to General Havelock. I remember—being uninitiated into such things—asking him, on his return, "if the tent was cold," and was told it was very luxurious, carpeted with thick Mirzapore carpets, and heated by stoves, and that the dinner reminded him somewhat of a Cambridge feast.

Then the Resident gave Sir R. Hamilton a dinner, to which we all went. My husband went to a court levee, held by Sir R. Hamilton and the Maharajah, in the latter's palace. I need not give a description of the levee; such things are well known now: there was the usual amount of natch girls, fire-works, etc., and my husband returned with a wreath of yellow jasmin, with which the natives always adorn their guests, and some packets of sweatmeats, and pawn,* and pieces of fine muslin scented with ottar of roses, all of which I delighted my ayah by giving to her. My husband said he had seen many of the neighboring chiefs, who had come to make their "salaam," and thought them fine-looking men.

Unfortunately the Rajah was a Hindoo; therefore, the cow being sacred in his eyes, we were not allowed any beef, except it was brought occasionally from Agra; but the distance and

* Pawn, a nut wrapped in a betel leaf, and chewed by the natives.

heat not being favorable, we seldom tasted any. We subscribed to "the Mutton Club," however.

I wish the Rajah had known what a grudge I owed him for this troublesome prejudice. These Hindoos are the most inconsistent people: I have frequently seen them starve and ill-treat their sacred animals in the most heartless and cruel manner; and have seen a poor bullock in a dying state, and in such suffering, that it would have been a mercy, to put it out of misery, but no one dared.

My husband found great amusement and occupation for a fortnight in taking to pieces and replacing the church organ, which, as I have before mentioned, was quite out of order; a note could not be struck without the accompaniment of a ludicrous groaning kind of noise. He had studied a book on tuning, and being of a mechanical turn, and finding it hopeless to wait for the "tuner from Calcutta," he set to work, and got on very satisfactorily; till one morning he came to meet me in a great state of perplexity, saying, if I did not come and help him, the organ would not be ready the next day—Sunday. I accordingly accompanied him to the church, and was very much astonished to see the different parts of the organ lying all about; however, as he had marked all the pipes and their corresponding places, I had nothing to do but hand them to him, while he replaced them, and soon all was accomplished to our great satisfaction. The next day one of the ladies played, and we arranged a regular practicing day. Some of the ladies had been members of the Simla choir, which is a very good one. We learned some of the very best chants and hymns, which added much to the beauty of the service, and I flatter myself that our church and service might have been compared with those of *any* small church in England. The officers also were very useful and kind in taking parts and blowing the bellows. At last my husband persuaded the church-bearer, by the promise of extra rupees, to undertake it; who evidently thought it was himself

who played: often, when I was practicing, he would stop suddenly, and peep around the corner grinning, as if to show me how helpless I was without his assistance.

At last the small house was vacated for us by Major Macpherson, who went to Calcutta with the Maharajah. For six weeks we had been lookers-on, but *now* we gradually became initiated into the minutiæ of life at a small station. Most people kept from twenty to thirty servants; those who had children kept a bearer or ayah for each child. We kept about twenty; they cost from £100 to £200 a year, even in a station—and in the large towns like Calcutta they cost more—and we were told we should require more coolies in the hot season, to pull the punkahs.* We were obliged to keep a great number, as they will do only their own particular work; it required three to cook the dinner, one to wash, one to sweep, one to attend to the rooms, one to sew, one for the bullocks, one for the fowls, one to carry water for the animals, one for the goats and cows, two for each horse. Besides those I mentioned we required in Calcutta, and a gardener, my husband had a bearer and I two ayahs: a high-caste woman for a lady's maid, and a low-caste one to do the under work. This is to gratify another absurd prejudice; for the natives think you are not "correct" if you employ a low-caste woman about your person: a high-caste native won't stay in the same room with a low-caste, or touch or take any thing from him. A lady told me she once sent her matrane† with a note to a Sepoy, when he commanded her to throw it down, as he would not "defile himself by taking it from her." Many people keep chuprassees and others, to perform what one man would do in England, but in Madras and Bombay so many are not required.

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* Punkah, a large wooden board and curtain suspended from the ceiling, and pulled by ropes.

† Matrane, a woman of the sweeper caste.

We bought a share in "the Mutton Club," which is managed by an officer and hosts of satellites. The arrangements are as follows: A flock of sheep is kept, and separated into three divisions; No. 1 is a lot of fresh sheep to be added to the others, called jungle-wallahs;* No. 2 are grass-wallahs; No. 3 are grass and gram-wallahs, or those given both grass and gram daily, ready for killing; so we had a plentiful supply of mutton—a shoulder one day, and leg the next: it was "mutton hot and mutton cold, mutton young and mutton old, mutton tough and mutton tender" every day, occasionally varied by fowls, fish, and game.

It was now the middle of February, and very cool in the morning and evening, and not oppressively hot in the middle of the day; indeed, we made all our calls from 12 o'clock to 3.

Some of the ladies walked a great deal: I knew one or two who used constantly to walk quite around the "Course," four miles long, either morning or evening. We all wore warm shawls and cloth dresses, and kept good fires in our rooms.

The station looked its best, and a walk down the road was very pleasant, with the fresh, fragrant gardens on each side, filled with sweet-scented flowers; the magnolia, with their rich fragrance, and the bright scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate contrasting with its glossy green leaves, the soft, puffy, golden-colored flowers of the barbul—the "wax flower," as it is called, from the waxy look of its dark green leaves and white flowers—the Indian-scented jasmin, various sorts of roses, and a large flower with petals like scarlet leaves, besides mignonette, larkspur, and other English flowers. The native flowers have either an overpowering scent, or none at all. The vegetables were all kinds of melons, potatoes, yams, cucumbers, and many others, the names of which I have forgotten. The trees were the neem, different species of acacia, mango, guava,

* Wallahs, fellows.

orange, and lime, a few bamboos—but no palms, as they do not grow so far north—and a tree which blossoms like a laburnum. These gardens were divided by green hedges. The bungalows were either whitewashed outside, or colored according to the inmates' taste; they had no doors, as at Calcutta, but gates, and gravel walks: most of them were occupied by pet animals of some kind, deer, doves, etc.

Captain and Lieutenant Cockbourn improved their regiments greatly; the Meades and the Murrays went into the country to live in tents, and we removed to a large bungalow, surrounded by a gravel walk to keep off the snakes.

Coming events now begin to cast their shadows, though the Sepoys, as yet, were quiet. We dine with the Meades, go to a musical party at Captain Reason's, and begin to hear, in April, of unpleasant reports from other parts of India.

THE MUTINY.

The heat now began to be overpowering. I was awakened one morning by the most stifling sensation in the air, and felt quite ill. The ayah and bearer said the hot winds had commenced. Really, I did think it was very "*arg ke mâfick*"—like fire—it made your brain feel on fire, and all the blood in your body throb and burn like liquid fire. We drove out for a short time, and I was struck with the gray, lurid look of the sky; the trees looked dry and withered.

We could no longer drive round the "Course;" the only bearable place was the well-watered road between the houses. Gwalior cantonments are situated in a hollow, therefore the hot winds sweep over them unimpeded.

We felt languid and weary, and every precaution was taken to mitigate the intense heat. We bathed many times in the day, and drank cooling drinks, particularly soda-water. Indeed, so much of this do the Europeans drink, the natives think it is the only water we have at home, and call it "*beta-thee árnee*"—foreign water.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierson arrived during the hot weather. It seems strange that in the mutiny, though Mr. Pierson was not so well known or so much liked by his men as Major Blake, Captain Stuart, and Dr. Kirke, yet they not only spared him and his wife, but assisted them to escape. A little before this, a man from Calcutta arrived to take photographs, and staid some time. Some of these photographs were actually recovered after the mutinies, and sent into Agra. The Stuarts were taken in groups, and made very pretty pictures, which were sent home, and, I believe, arrived there safely. What a comfort they must have been! I saw several groups of Sepoys taken also. Many photographs were found in the room of horrors at Cawnpore!

The tempest had been brewing at Meerut for some time; bungalows and houses were burnt, and no one knew who had perpetrated these flagrant acts of revolt. At last eighty-five troopers, having refused to fire with the cartridges supplied them, were sentenced to six and ten years' imprisonment. In spite of the sullen, defiant looks of the Sepoys, they were carried to a prison two miles off, in the native city, instead of being under an English guard. But for this, the terrible plot would have remained concealed till the day fixed for a simultaneous rising, when, doubtless, the consequences would have been much more terrible than they were. All went on as usual till Sunday—the fatal day—the 10th of May.

The news, by means of the telegraph, was all over India by the 13th; but we then hoped it was not known to the natives, precautions having been taken to prevent them corresponding. It burst on us at Gwalior like a thunder-clap, and paralyzed us with horror. We could not help wondering how a plot, known to so many thousands, could so long remain secret, and all things go on quietly as ever. We did not see the terrible details till a day or two afterward, when we were dining with the Stuarts; I remember our gloomy forebodings,

and how we talked of what had happened. Little more than a month after, out of the nine people assembled together that night, there were only three survivors. Captain Stuart sent to the dâk office, at the Lushkur, for the papers, that we might see the list of killed and escaped, as many of us were in anxious suspense about friends at Meerut. O, what a number of people have been cut off in the full pride and vigor of youth in these fearful mutinies! What happy homes have been desolated and hearts broken! The particulars of the Delhi and Meerut mutinies are now too well known; I will not dwell on them; but *think* how we must have heard of them at Gwalior!

Martial law was now proclaimed in the Meerut district, and Sir Henry Lawrence sent the following telegraphic message to the Governor-General: "All is quiet here, but affairs are critical. Get every European you can from China, Ceylon, and elsewhere; also all the Goorkas from the hills; time is every thing."

On the 17th, the whole Contingent was paraded to hear the Government proclamation, which was read by Brigadier Ramsey, who also addressed them. This he could do very well, as he knew the language perfectly. Captain Pearson and Lieutenant Cockbourn left Gwalior with half the cavalry and artillery regiments. Captain Campbell left also for Agra in command of the Rajah's body-guard.

Major Macpherson now took up his abode in the cantonments. We went one day to dine with him, and I was introduced to the Maharajah Scindiah, who happened to be there. I have a distinct recollection, when he shook hands with me, of his limp cold hand—just like all natives. From that time the Rajah used frequently to come to the cantonments to see Major Macpherson.

I can never forget the fearful gloom of that month; but as

our feelings are better described in my own and my husband's letters home, I will here insert some of them.

"GWALIOR, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

"I write to you to-day, although the mail does not leave Bombay till the 28th, because there is no knowing now how long the road between this and Bombay will be open for the passage of the mails. The country north of Agra is in a dreadful state. You will probably have heard of mutiny and disaffection having shown itself in some native regiments near Calcutta, in consequence of which some men were hung, and one whole native regiment and part of another were disbanded—apparently the severest punishment the Government dared to inflict. Well, it appears now that there has been an attempt at conspiracy for a general rising throughout the country. It is known that it was intended to rise upon all the Europeans and murder them. And now the insurrection has broken out at Lucknow, Meerut, and Delhi, and other places, where there are no European regiments, the English are, of course, entirely at the mercy of the brutal, treacherous native soldiers; and, as you see, it has been only the presence of two English regiments at Meerut that has saved *any* of the Europeans. Of course we are alarmed here. There are only about twenty English officers, with their wives and children, in the station, and about five thousand native troops, so that we are entirely at their mercy. Already half of our native cavalry and half of the artillery have been sent to Agra, and these were far more to be trusted than the infantry who remain. Even the Rajah's body-guard has gone to Agra. There is an English regiment at Agra, but there are many native regiments, three thousand cut-throats in the gaol, and a hostile population; so that they would have little chance against so many enemies. And, positively, the Governor has called up all the native regiments, and told them if they do not like the

service, they are at liberty to leave it without molestation. Fancy such a course as this when a rising is feared throughout the country.

"I do not think that our lives are safe for a moment. O, how gladly would I send off my wife to England, or even to Agra, this moment, if I could! The insurgents, of course, will be increasing every day, and, if they come here, the native soldiers have as good as told their officers that they will not resist them—'they will not fight against their brethren;' and it would not be simply death to fall into their hands.

"This is God's punishment upon all the weak tampering with idolatry and flattering vile superstitions. The Sepoys have been allowed to have their own way as to this and that thing which they pretended was part of their religion, and so have been spoiled and allowed to see that we were frightened of them. And now no one can tell what will be the end of it. There is no great general to put things right by a bold stroke. We shall all be cut up piecemeal. Instead of remaining to have our throats cut, we ought to have gone to Agra long ago, or toward Bombay; and all the European regiments should have been drawn together, and every native regiment that showed the least sign of disaffection at once destroyed, or at least driven away: for, as a leading article in the Agra paper of this morning observes, what native regiment can now be trusted? I would leave for Bombay at once, but it would be death to be exposed even for an hour to the sun. What to do I know not. The officers, of course, dare not stir one step, but I wonder they do not contrive some plan for sending the ladies and children up to Agra, or to some place where there are English troops. There is gloom on the few English faces and a scowl upon the face of every native already. This letter will certainly make you very anxious about us. Sarah happily is all safe, being near Calcutta; but I hope you will get a more favorable account from me inclosed with this, or, at least, hear

that we are in some place of safety. I would send my wife off at once if I had the chance. The possibility even of our falling into the hands of these demons is horrible. . . . .

"G. W. Coopland.

"P. S. It is dreadfully hot here; every thing is like fire."

"Gwalior, May 19, 1857.

"I shall write to you some time before the mail will leave Bombay, but in the very unsettled state of the country, and the dâk being stopped, it is better not to lose any time. You will know what dreadful times we live in, when we can not be sure of our lives for a day, and live in a state of constant anxiety and dread. You will perhaps have seen in the papers that there have been riots in India. The insurgents are now spreading themselves all over. Nothing has yet been heard of the officers, their wives, and families, at Delhi. The rebels have set up a king and a judge there. They seem to have chosen the best time for rebelling, when the hot weather is commencing, and it would be dangerous for the European troops to be exposed to it. All the regiments from the Hills are being ordered down to reinforce Delhi, Meerut, and other important stations; but it will be long before any thing can be done, as no reliance can be placed on the native troops.

"Here the troops say they won't fight against their brethren. The artillery and cavalry have left here for Agra, together with the Maharajah's body-guard, which Captain Campbell has the temporary command of. There are only about thirty Englishmen in this station, and the native troops are not the least to be depended upon. They would most likely take part with the insurgents, of whom there must now be a great number; and they will soon be joined by all who hate the English. The insubordination in our own servants is most remarkable. They look as if they would like to cut our throats. The life we lead is quite miserable; the heat before was bad enough to

bear, but now it is dreadful, when you live in fear of your life. Here we are in the midst of a lot of savages—for most of them are nothing better—seventy miles from any European regiment, and the insurgents are not far from us. They attacked a small station between here and Agra, and nearly murdered an officer. They murder people in the most cold-blooded way. At Agra there are 3,000 cut-throats in the gaol, very badly guarded, and if they were let out, what would be the consequences ?

"I wish we were safe at home. George has his rifle in readiness. All night long we are only separated by a thin piece of wood from our coolies who pull the punkahs, and who would not hesitate to cut our throats if they had the chance.

"We do not know from day to day what will happen. Captain Campbell gave his wife a brace of loaded pistols before he left her, so you may fancy the state we live in. I hope we shall soon hear better news when the English troops meet the rebels; but they will never be able to stand the heat, as they are only invalided troops from the hills. Poor Sarah Money—formerly Menteath—had to part from her husband not a month after their marriage, as his regiment was ordered against the rebels. R. M. Coopland."

"Gwalior, May 22, 1857.

"I have already sent off a letter for you, for the mail which is to leave Bombay on May 28th, giving you an account of the dreadful rebellion that has broken out in India. I am very sorry that I have no better news to give you now; we are still in great uncertainty and danger. Nothing of course is heard from Delhi, which is still in the hands of the rebels; and it is to be feared that many of the Europeans who were there when the rebellion broke out have been massacred. I gave you before the names of some that have been murdered there, and nothing further has been heard.

"It is a dreadful time for Europeans to have to move down into the plains; but, of course, it was necessary to strike a blow at once.

"We hear that the Commander-in-chief is already on his way to Delhi with three European regiments, cavalry and artillery, and two or three native regiments that are supposed to be yet faithful; and it is said that native troops will be found sufficiently trustworthy from stations near Delhi to help in surrounding and investing it. It will be long even before they reach it, so we shall have to wait to know our fate, and the fate, apparently, of English empire in India. It seems that the massacre at Meerut was frightful; and though there were two English regiments in the station, the natives succeeded in murdering a large number of their officers, and many women and children. But we have heard nothing certain. The mutineers from Meerut and other places have already spread themselves over the country, and just now something terrible has happened at Etawah, a small station only about forty miles to the east of this place, for a whole regiment has been hurried away thither from here this morning. It is to be hoped that they will be faithful. They are all natives, and have only three English officers.

"We get no newspapers, and as I, of course, am not admitted to military consultations here, the only news we get is by chance conversation, or by my writing to the Brigade-Major, or some other officer, and asking what is going on.

"You know that we are not in English dominions, but in those of the Rajah of Gwalior. Happily he remains faithful to the English, at least so far, and in appearance, though now no one can tell what native is to be trusted.

"The weather is now dreadfully close and hot, though they say that the extreme heat has not yet set in.

"The change in the behavior of all servants and natives is wonderful, since the disturbances broke out. All are insolent,

no longer like submissive slaves, but as if they were very forbearing in not at once murdering you; and the people eye us, when we drive out, in the most sinister and malicious way.

"G. W. Coopland."

"Gwalior, May 23.

"I write again, as I think you may be anxious to know how things go on.

"We are all in a very anxious and dreadful position; for what must be a decisive blow to this dreadful conspiracy, is now going on at Delhi. A large force of English troops have reached Delhi, and are to commence operations to-day. The last mail from Agra, which came in to-day, brought word that the rebels had taken Allyghur, where there is a treasury, and so had got possession of a large amount of money, and had stopped the communication with the Punjaub; so that now we can know nothing certain of the state of things there, and can only hope that the Sepoys will remain faithful there; for if they join the rebels, all is lost. The fate of India will be decided in two or three days—perhaps is deciding now. There are supposed to be seven thousand Sepoys, all trained by the English, in possession of Delhi; and it is now believed they have a large number of English officers prisoners, whom they have not yet murdered. Our fate depends upon the result at Delhi; the slightest failure will be the signal for revolt and massacre among all the native troops throughout the country. Of course here, as every-where else, there is the most anxious expectation. There are now only ten English officers in the station, with many ladies and children, and in the midst of native troops ready to break out at a moment's notice, and are only waiting to see what happens at Delhi. We hope that Agra is safe, as our own lot depends, in a great measure, upon it. There is great fear, if Delhi is not taken, of the insurgents coming here, as Gwalior is on their way, and the atrocities they

commit are fearful to think of. The insurgents have burned down a railway station-house not very far from Calcutta, so it will be very difficult to get there now; they have also burned down a large hospital at Agra. The rebels intend to make terms, by means of the prisoners, with the English who are now besieging Delhi. One young officer did a very brave thing—he blew up a place containing firearms of all sorts. It is supposed he blew himself up with it, as nothing has been since heard of him. You have no idea of the gloom here; people seldom go out of their houses, and all look as if they expected some dreadful calamity. We dined last night with the Stuarts. Several officers were there, and they all spoke most doubtfully of things, and said, if a decisive blow was not struck at Delhi, it would be all over with the English.

"It will be dreadful work for the regiments to have forced marches in these scorching winds. We have no news from the Punjaub, as the dâk is stopped. Things have been in a very unsettled state at Peshawur for some time; they killed an officer who was out of cantonments lately. This is worse than the Santal rebellion, as it is among the Company's own troops. Some of the native regiments that left here are now at Delhi. Some of the officers I met last night said they had observed the insolent manner of the Sepoys here for some time.

"R. M. Coopland.

"P. S. Before I write again, I hope to have better news for you; if not, there is no knowing if we shall be alive."

"Gwâlior, June 2.

"I am very sorry to say that the aspect of things is not at all more favorable now, and we ourselves have been during the last few days in the midst of the greatest alarm and trouble.

"The rebellion continues to spread all around us, and has broken out, it is to be feared, even in the Punjaub; but we do not hear much, and that very irregularly, since, in many places,

the post roads and telegraphs are in the possession of the rebels, and where it is open the Government keep it to themselves, and seem to hide the real state of things as much as possible from the people. But we know that at Etawah—perhaps sixty or seventy miles from us—the houses of the officers have been pillaged and burned down, and the treasury carried off; the same has been done at Mynpoorie, a considerable station between Agra and Cawnpore. The insurgents are all over the country, plundering and murdering as they please. Nothing has yet been heard from Delhi, every thing being in the hands of many thousands of rebels, who have got possession of treasure, it is said, to the amount of between half a million and a million of rupees, besides the property that they have got in Delhi, which was a very wealthy city. It was expected that the Commander-in-chief would have made an attack upon Delhi a week ago, and now that nothing is heard of him, we are almost in despair; either he is panic-struck, or the native troops we trusted have turned traitors, or he has been defeated, or cholera has broken out among his troops. And every thing depends upon his success; if he is defeated, we shall all go at once. It is terrible to watch how fear has gradually come over the Government. First, there was a proclamation promising speedy extermination to all rebels, saying that English troops were gathering from all quarters, and that vengeance would soon overtake their enemies. Now, to our shame and humiliation, a proclamation has appeared, declaring that every Sepoy who has taken part in this rebellion will be allowed to go to his home in peace on giving up his arms at the nearest station; that is, offering entire impunity to the wretches that have murdered and treated with every outrage our women and children, and devastated every thing with fire and sword.

"But now to come to ourselves. Two regiments and the cavalry having been lately sent off to other places, there are now here two regiments of infantry, two companies of artil-

lery, and perhaps a hundred cavalry. The English community consists now of eleven officers, mostly with wives and children, three surgeons, the wives and families of four officers that have been sent off with their regiments, and four sergeants with wives and children. Well, it seems that on Wednesday last, and during Thursday, the most dreadful reports kept coming in to the brigadier, the political agent, and some other officers secretly, that the whole of the troops here were to rise simultaneously on Thursday evening, at eleven o'clock, and burn down all our houses and murder us; of course none of these reports ever reached us, and about half-past five on Thursday evening Captain Murray came rushing into our house, and asked to see me alone. He told me that he had been sent by the Brigade-Major to inform me that the troops were going to rise at eleven o'clock that night, and make wholesale burning and slaughtering; that every woman and child either had fled, or must at once make off to the Residency—a large house between seven and eight miles off, where the political agent at the Court of Gwalior lives; and that I must drive my wife over there in our buggy, since arrangements had been made for the occupation of all carriages in the station. It was of the utmost importance that our flight should be made unobserved; we must wait till the usual time of our evening drive, and pretending that we were going out as usual, must slip off on the road to the Residency; we must not take any thing with us, for fear of exciting suspicion.

"This was all said in a few moments, and the officer hurried away. You may imagine our feelings, not knowing how many had escaped, nor whether we should succeed in doing so, or should be stopped on the road. We hastily dressed, and ordered our buggy to be ready, not without many fears that perhaps the groom had run away, or the horse would be found lame; we took each a night-dress, gave a last look at our nice drawing-room, favorite books, etc., and my wife played on her

piano, probably for the last time, and then about half-past six we got into our buggy and drove off, leaving our money and every thing we had, just as if we were going out for our customary evening drive. I first drove down the station, thinking to avoid suspicion, and then drove into Mrs. Campbell's compound, to ask if she had gone. We found that she had gone early that morning, and so, thinking there was no time to lose, turned down the road toward our place of refuge. We had at once to pass a long bridge guarded by soldiers, and there feared we should be stopped ; but happily they let us pass, and we got clear out upon the road. The road was frightfully bad, in some places covered by gullies, and I had never been that way before, so that as darkness came on, and we were obliged to depend on the directions of any passing natives, we were not a little uncomfortable, and began at last to think—such was the wild, desolate look of the surrounding country—that we were being entrapped. At last we reached a large encampment of Mahratta horse and infantry surrounding a large stone house, which we were glad to find was to be our place of refuge.

"I have not time to give you a minute description of all that occurred here. You must imagine thirteen ladies, almost all with one or two children, and four sergeants' wives with their children, crowded together, having just left their husbands, as they supposed, in the greatest danger, and expecting that their houses, and all that they had, would in a few hours be in flames, and a birth and death both expected to happen any time; no beds, no change of dress, and suffocatingly hot; and then an order that every one should be ready to start at a moment's notice, for perhaps we might have to hurry off toward Agra. The political agent, a son of one of our officers, and an invalid soldier, were the only white men present. You must imagine what a night we passed, entirely in the hands of the Rajah's troops, and expecting to hear the officers that might have survived come galloping in with news that all was over.

"But news came at last that the officers had gone among their men, and that the dreadful hour was passed, and no outbreak had been made; and then that the officers were sleeping among the lines, and the artillery officers and the Brigadier before the guns, so that it was supposed that the storm had passed for the present—to burst out on another opportunity. Early in the morning we were told that the Rajah had intimated that he could not afford troops to guard us at that distance; we must come down to one of his palaces. Of course we were obliged to submit; and before long the natives of Gwalior crowded to a sight such as never had been seen in their streets before—fifteen or sixteen carriages dashing through, surrounded by hundreds of wild Mahratta horsemen, and filled with English ladies and children. A gallop of four or five miles, through the heat and dust, brought us to the Rajah's palace.

"After waiting some time in the court-yard, we were conducted up a long flight of steps to the top of one part of the palace, which we were afterward informed was near the Rajah's harem. Such misery I have seldom seen—poor little children crying, ladies half dead with heat and fatigue, some in tears; nothing to defend us from the heat; one mother weeping over a child supposed to be dying, without medical aid or necessaries of any kind. The Rajah, however, did what he could—sent in some old English chairs and a table which he happened to possess, and two or three native beds; and even had frames, filled with thorns, put in where there were no windows, in order that water might be thrown upon them to keep us cooler. The heat, however, was terrific, and we began to think how many such days it would be possible to survive.

"As night came on, a few native beds were brought in, and, as far as they went, assigned to the different ladies. The excitement in the native city below us was immense—the people crowding round the palace and gathering on the tops

of the neighboring houses to get a glimpse of the English prisoners.

"An immense number of troops was brought up to guard us, and large cannon without end.

"After another miserable night—I never got water to wash my face, or changed my linen—my wife, happily for her, shared a bed with another lady this night—we were told a messenger had arrived from the Brigadier, to the effect that we were to return at once to the station.

"It appeared that the men had determined to remain faithful for the present, and that the native officers had gone to the Brigadier, and explained that they were offended at the departure of the ladies, and at their being placed under the care of the Rajah; that their men would remain faithful, and we had nothing to fear.

"About 6 o'clock, A. M., we bade farewell to the Rajah's palace, and reached our houses again about seven, finding all just as we had left it. This was Saturday morning, and here we are still, Tuesday morning; but our condition is very pitiable. We are here only on sufferance; our masters are always around us: we have to be obliged to them for not burning down our houses and massacring us. How can we trust one of them, when we know that regiments just like them have been guilty of every enormity? How gladly should I find myself with my wife on board an English steamer! but we can not escape now, the roads are unsafe, even if the climate spared us. If a great blow is not struck soon at Delhi, all will go. The Governor of Agra is most anxious that the news of our alarm here should not reach Agra, fearing the effects of it there, though they have one English regiment. Where this will end no one can tell.

"The country is no longer ours, but in the hands of Sepoys; and our lives, and all we have, too. I hope you will all compassionate us, and think about us; and if it is not *too late*, I

hope England will not leave us to be massacred with impunity, but send troops to save us: though, perhaps, all will be over before they reach us. G. W. Coopland.

"P. S. *Wednesday morning, June 3d.*—Worse news still. We depended upon Agra, and now we hear that the European regiment there has had to set upon the two native regiments, and disarm them: what the 1,600 villains let loose will do, we can not tell. No news from Delhi; every one asks what the Commander-in-chief can be about? There are also fears about the native troops at Allahabad; and if they took the fort there, they would get, it is said, 30,000 or 40,000 stand of arms. Enough to arm the whole country against us."

"Gwalior, June 11.

. . . "You will be anxious to hear how things are going on. Well, first of all, I must tell you that the good news of the fall of Delhi has just now come to us by telegraph from Agra. We have heard no particulars, and only know that Delhi was taken on the 8th, and that arrangements were being made for leveling the whole place to the ground. When I wrote to you last, I said that we were all wondering what had become of the Commander-in-chief and his army, and hoping soon to hear of his arrival before Delhi. Well, next morning news came that he had died of cholera at Kurnaul. Since then, up to this morning, each day has brought us intelligence of some additional disaster. First, we heard that at Lucknow, where encomiums had been delivered by the authorities on the loyalty of the troops, every thing was in disorder, the city burnt down, the troops in open mutiny. Next, that the same was occurring throughout the Punjaub, at Mean Meer, Ferozepore, and other places; that even in Peshawur it had become necessary to disarm the native troops; that at Umballa all the native troops had mutinied, and been cut up by the Europeans coming down from the hills. Next came news of an alarm from Simla,

where invalids, ladies, and children are assembled in multitudes, having gone up to escape the heat of the plains. The native troops had proposed terms to these poor creatures, on which they were to be spared. Hundreds had been crowded for safety into some magazine, or building of the kind, without beds or any other comfort. Several ladies had lost their intellects through terror; some had escaped on foot into the jungles; many had fled into Dugshai and Kussowlie, and there cholera had broken out among them. Another day informed us that all the native troops at Bareilly had mutinied, and that the whole district of Rohilcund was up in arms. Then came word that in our own neighborhood, at Ajmere and Nusseerabad, the whole of the native troops had risen and carried off the artillery toward Delhi, though there was a European regiment present, and that several officers of this regiment had fallen in a fight with them.

"Then we heard worse news, that at Neemuch the same tragedy had been enacted, and that all the troops there had mutinied, including even one regiment of this Gwalior Contingent.

"This last news has been carefully kept secret, since it was feared that the troops here might be shaken when they heard of the defection of one of their own regiments; this Contingent having, up to this time, remained sound.

"On Sunday night last we were alarmed by loud shouting, and on going out I found the roads full of artillery and native troops, making off toward Jhansi, a neighboring station, where the troops had risen and carried off the treasury, the officers and their families having fled into the fort. They went out some distance, but were recalled the same evening, it being feared that they would not face the rebels at Jhansi.

"Since then we have been in great doubt and uncertainty, not knowing that the next hour might not bring a like calamity on ourselves. As yet the men here remain quiet, but we

are altogether at their mercy. They do almost what they like; lie down while on guard, laugh at us, and seem to enjoy the consternation and looks of constraint and uneasiness that are plainly visible among us. The least hope of success at Delhi would have set all into a flame. You may imagine our peace of mind has not been very great, receiving, as we have done, every day fresh details of horrible outrages and massacres.

"Some time ago we heard very bad news from Calcutta. The fort there—Fort William—the bulwark of India, with all its stores, arsenals, and magazines, was within a hair's breadth of falling into the hands of the traitors. If it had not been for the loyalty of one native officer, who divulged the plot, the fort would have been seized by mutineers, and the whole capital of India would have fallen into their hands. We afterward heard that there had been a panic in Calcutta. Multitudes had fled on board the shipping in the river, arms had been served out to all Europeans, volunteers were being enrolled, and even the French were preparing to assist against the enemy. But now we can not hear what may be the fate of Calcutta, or even Allahabad and Cawnpore; all the country toward Calcutta and the trunk road being in the possession of the traitors, and every dâk and telegraph being destroyed, even as far as Mynpoorie, near Agra. I hope you will have good news from Benares. I think they are as safe there as any where. English troops have been sent up there, and as this is completely a Mohammedan rising, there is not much to be feared from the Hindoos of Benares—who are, moreover, cowardly, unwarlike Bengalese. However, I believe, we are all in the greatest danger. The European troops in India are very few, and almost incapable of acting in weather like this, and the worst season is coming. If cholera becomes general at Delhi, no one can tell what will befall them, and it will be six months before an army can be sent out from England. There are, I

think, seventy-one native Bengal regiments, forming an army of between fifty thousand and sixty thousand men.

"Between twenty and thirty regiments have already mutinied, and every-where the natives are ready to rise against us. In fact, it is the villagers that, in many places, have committed the worst outrages. The English officers and their families are scattered all over the country, at innumerable little stations. In this weather it is almost impossible to move, and if they could move they must abandon all their houses and property. Probably, too, they are afraid to move, because, on the least appearance of their abandoning the country, the whole population would rise behind them. They can not move either without the orders of their superiors. Even though Delhi is taken, I do not see how the small European force that we have will be able to stand against the daily-increasing hordes of rebels. Even at Seepree, the next station to this, the regiment is insubordinate or disaffected. This, with Jhansi and Neemuch, which I spoke of before, are out-stations which I have to visit.

"The detailed accounts of the massacres at Meerut and Delhi are most horrible. At Delhi a large number of gentlemen—including some civilians and the chaplain—and ladies had taken refuge in the palace of the old native king. The rebels, raving like demons, tore them out, one after another, and murdered them deliberately, and then dragged their bodies about the streets. The escapes of some, after wandering in the jungles and hiding there for days, are most wonderful. One family escaped in a carriage, having shot down several times the rebels who tried to stop them. In many places the regiments have first murdered their officers; in some cases not one has survived. In one instance the commanding officer committed suicide.

"I hope, now Delhi is taken, things will take a turn for the better. The mail does not leave Bombay, I believe, till the

27th, so that I shall be able, all well, to send you another letter about the 20th. . . . . G. W. COOPLAND."

THE ESCAPE.

The day after my husband wrote this letter—the last he ever wrote—the news came that *Delhi had not been taken;* it was a mistake in the telegram. What it cost us to bear this dreadful reverse, and give up this last hope, I can not tell. We were again plunged into uncertainty as to our fate; for we felt that the Sepoys would no longer keep quiet when they heard of failure. Our last hope of escape was now cut off, as a telegram arrived from Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra, to say that the ladies and children were *not* to be sent into Agra till the mutiny really broke out at Gwalior. Before this my husband had often wished to send me to Agra; but he would not desert his post, and I would not leave him. I have often thought since that had I done so, he might have escaped by riding off unimpeded by me, many unmarried officers having escaped in this way. When the mutinies first began, if all the ladies and children at the numerous small stations had been instantly sent away to Calcutta, or some place of safety, before the roads were obstructed, their husbands and fathers would, probably, have had a better chance of escape—instead of which, the lives of men, women, and children were sacrificed through the efforts to avoid arousing the suspicions of the troops.

Gwalior was one of the worst places in India to effect an escape from. The houses were in rows, on each side of a long road, a mile in length; behind them, on one side, were the lines of the cavalry and artillery, and branching off from them were the lines of the infantry regiments. On the other side, behind the houses, was the nullah.* The only people who

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*Nullah, a river stream.

escaped on the night of the 14th lived on this side. On the first alarm they instantly rushed across the Nullah. Had the guards of their houses resisted their escape, nothing could have saved them; had soldiers been placed there to stop them, it would have been useless to attempt it; but for the first ten minutes the nullah was left unguarded. Our house was some distance from the nullah, and we had not been long enough in Gwalior to know the locality exactly. Besides, almost immediately after the alarm, the banks of the nullah were lined with Sepoys, hunting for those who had already crossed. I believe the Brigadier lay hidden under the bridge while they were passing over it and searching for him.

At one end of the long street was a small bazar, the natives of which were instantly up in arms. Our house was near this end of the street, and at the opposite end was a cemetery, a parade-ground, and gaol. At the back of the houses and lines were the cavalry-stacks, the course, the magazine, and a small place where elephants were kept.

I got a letter from one of my cousins, saying that they had all been obliged to escape by riding from Simla to Kussowlie; it was a long distance; and my uncle, who had been very ill, was greatly exhausted by riding so far in the sun. They were also very much alarmed about their brother at Peshawur, the Punjaub being in such an unsettled state.

I was much struck with the conduct of our servants—they grew so impertinent. My ayah evidently looked on all my property as her share of the plunder. When I opened my dressing-case, she would ask me questions about the ornaments, and inquire if the tops of the scent-bottles were real silver; and she always watched where I put my things. One evening, on returning from our drive, we heard a tremendous quarreling going on between the Sepoys of our guard and the ayah and kitmutghar. They were evidently disputing about the spoil; and it afterward turned out that the Sepoys got quite masters,

and would not let the servants share any of the plunder, but kept them prisoners, and starved and ill-treated them. They had much better have remained faithful to us, and have helped us to escape; instead of which, at the first shot, they vanished, and began to plunder what they could. My husband overheard the punkah coolies outside talking about us, and saying that these Feringhis* would soon have a different home, and *they* would then be masters; and that the Feringhis were quite different in the cool weather, but were now such poor creatures as to require to be punkahed and kept cool. I could not help fancying they might have made us punkah and fan *them*, so completely were we in their power.

During this week the bunian,† who supplied us with grain for the cattle and other things, the church-bearer, and the school-master, all came to be paid at once; they said they were going to take all their property to the Lushkur. This looked as if mischief was brewing.

Letters came from home full of news about the Manchester Exhibition, tours in Scotland, and all sorts of pleasures. Of course, our friends knew nothing then of the state of misery we were in.

Our last consolation was now taken away, for the telegraph between us and Agra was destroyed, and we were dependent upon rumor for intelligence. We heard dreadful reports from Jhansi, but could not ascertain the extent of the calamity there. An order appeared for a regiment to hold itself in readiness for marching, and the guard returned from the Residency, for the Rajah gave Major Macpherson a guard.

Major Blake was constantly consulting with the Brigadier as to what was to be done. We went to call on the Blakes, and heard from Mrs. Raikes, who was staying there—her husband

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* Feringhis, English—Europeans.

† Bunian, shopkeeper, trader in grain, etc.

being at Agra—that their house had been burned down, at one of the out-stations; though it was thought not by the Sepoys.

On Friday and Saturday we heard nothing; and we lived in a state of dread uncertainty. My husband seldom undressed at night, and I had a dress always ready to escape in. My husband's rifle was kept loaded—I learned to load and fire it—as we were determined not to die without a struggle. O! the misery of those days! None but the condemned criminal can know what it is to wait death passively; and even he is not kept in suspense, and knows he will be put to a merciful end.

I well remember one Saturday night—the last night we spent in our own house—we were kept awake by the ominous sound of the maistree* making a coffin for a poor little child that was to be buried early the following morning. My husband rose at half-past four, as the funeral was at five. The ayah was particularly attentive in her manner to me, and began pitying the poor "mem sahib," saying, "How she will grieve now her baby is dead!" She stood at the window watching, and telling me all that was going on.

When the buggy returned for me, I drove to church, and found service had begun. I passed many Sepoys idling about the road—as is usual on Sunday. They all saluted me; but I thought I observed a treacherous look on their faces. I wondered they did not attack us when we were in church, and heard afterward that they were very sorry they did not. The church was well attended, and we afterward received the holy communion. Singular that we should all meet for the last time at such a solemn service!

While walking in the garden, before going to church, when my husband was at the funeral of Captain Murray's little baby, I saw about a hundred sowars ride past the back of our house; they rode quietly in, all wrapped in long cloaks. I can not

* Maistree, carpenter.

help thinking they were the mutinous sowars of Captain Alexander's party, returned to join in the outbreak.

After breakfast we bathed and dressed, and while my husband was resting, and I playing one of Mozart's "Masses," we heard a tremendous noise in our garden. After waiting a little time to see if it would cease, my husband went out, and found one or two Sepoys again disputing with our servants. He ordered them to be quiet; but it was of no use; they did not now care even to keep up appearances. At last they settled the dispute among themselves; and for two hours we had perfect silence—not a sound was heard; it was a dread, foreboding stillness. I read the lines, "While drooping sadness infolds us here like mist," in the "Christian Year," and felt comforted. I afterward recovered that very book.

My husband laid down, and tried to get a little sleep, he was so worn-out. He had just before been telling me the particulars of the Jhansi massacre, too frightful to be repeated; and we did not know how soon we might meet the same fate ourselves.

I hope few will know how awful it is to wait quietly for death. There was now *no* escape; and we waited for our death-stroke. The dread calm of apprehension was awful. We indeed drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. The words "O death in life, the days that are no more," kept recurring to my memory like a dirge. But God helps us in all our woes; otherwise we could not have borne the horrible suspense.

Silence still reigned, and I was again reading home letters—one from my sister on her wedding tour—when in rushed some of the servants, calling out that the little bungalow where we had formerly lived was on fire, and that the wind was blowing the flames in our direction. Something must be done, as the sparks were being blown all about: the "1st" N. I. were very active in either putting out—or increasing—the flames. All

the residents began to take the furniture out of their houses and pour water on the roofs; and my husband, at the head of our servants, instantly took similar precautions with our house. The heat was dreadful, the wind high, and the mess-house was soon also a mass of flames. Every one who has seen a great fire in a village may imagine what a sight it was. The road was crowded, the air filled with smoke, and I heard the crackling and roaring of the flames: it was a great contrast to the dead calm that had reigned before; but scarcely more awful. While my husband was busily assisting the men, who were running about with water, and using the fire-engine, to my astonishment I found the ayah making bundles of my clothes, which she had taken out of the wardrobes and spread over the floor: she came to me for my keys, saying I had better have my things packed up, and she would take care of them. I ordered her to replace them in the drawers and come and punkah me, as it was fearfully hot; I wished to keep her quiet, but she was constantly running off. At last the wind fell, and the fire was extinguished; but not till the mess-house, the large bath-house adjoining, and little bungalow were burnt to the ground: my husband came in, greatly exhausted with his exertions.

After dinner the poor clerk, Collins, came in to know about service: he was dreadfully agitated, and my husband had to wait some time before he was sufficiently composed to speak. He said he was quite sure the Sepoys intended to rise that night and murder us all. Poor man! I shall never forget his look of distress: he was the first to be shot that night. My husband advised me to put on a plain dark dress and jacket, and not to wear any ornaments or hide any thing about me, that the Sepoys might not kill me for the sake of my dress or trinkets; we then selected one or two trifles that we prized and some valuable papers, which we made into small packets, and again sat down in silent suspense.

Meanwhile my husband wrote to Captain Meade—the Brigade-

Major—to ask if we were to have service in the church that evening, as the mess-house was destroyed; and also to inquire what he thought of things. Captain Meade replied that under present circumstances no one would be prepared to go to church, and we must expect "such things" to happen in these times. I then finished a letter for home; which never went, as it was burnt in our house.

After coffee we received a note from Major Sherriff, saying he wished to see my husband; at 5 o'clock he came, and they had a long talk together. He said it was a hard thing that we should stay to be butchered like sheep; for now there was no doubt but that such would be our fate. He also told us Mrs. Hawkins had come in from Sepree, to join her husband, and that she had been confined on Saturday. "It is dreadful," he added, "that women and children should be exposed to such horrors: they will receive no mercy I fear." We wished him to dine with us, but he was engaged to the Brigadier; and after walking some time in the garden he went away, having first left some money which he had forgotten to give at the holy communion that morning. A few hours after he was shot, when at the lines of his regiment.

My husband now sent for all the servants and gave them each handsome presents in money: to his bearer and my ayah he gave double; he also rewarded the guard of six Sepoys, who had come to guard our house when the fire broke out. We then drove out. We saw scarcely any one about, every thing looked as it had done for days past; but as we were returning we passed several parties of Sepoys, none of whom saluted us. We met the Brigadier and Major Blake, who were just going to pass a party of Sepoys, and I remember saying to my husband, "If the Sepoys do n't salute the Brigadier the storm is nigh at hand." *They did not.* The Brigadier and Major Blake turned and looked at them. We found our guard still at our house, but they also took no notice of us. We then had tea, and sat

reading till gun-fire ; and at 9 we retired to rest, as my husband was much exhausted.

I hope no one will think me unfeeling in writing what follows : it *must* be obvious to all that I can not do so without great pain ; but I think that Englishmen ought to know what their own countrywomen have endured at the hands of the Sepoys ; and what we went through that night and the following week, hundreds of ladies suffered all over India. Only a few survived to tell the tale ; which can only be *faithfully* told by one who has experienced the misery.

Some men may think that women are weak and only fitted to do trivial things, and endure petty troubles : and there are women who deserve no higher opinion ; such as faint at the sight of blood, are terrified at a harmless cow, or make themselves miserable by imagining terrors and unreal sorrows ; but there are many who can endure with fortitude and patience what even soldiers shrink from. Men are fitted by education and constitution to dare and to do ; yet they have been surpassed, in presence of mind and in the power of endurance, by weak women.

My husband went into his dressing-room, and I, after undressing and dismissing my ayah, arranged my dress for flight, and lay down. A single lamp shed a ghostly glimmer in the room. Soon afterward the gun fired—instantly the alarm bugle rang out its shrill warning on the still night. Our guard loaded their muskets, and I felt that our death-knell had sounded when the buts went down with a muffled sound. My husband opened his door and said, "All is over with us ! dress immediately." The ayah and bearer rushed in, calling out, "Fly ! the Sepoys have risen, and will kill you." The ayah then quickly helped me to dress. I put on a morning wrapper, cloth jacket, and bonnet, and snatched up a bottle of aromatic vinegar and another of opium from the dressing-table, but left my watch and rings. My husband then came in, and we opened

my bath-room door, which led into the garden, and rushed out. Fortunately it was very dark. I said, "Let us go to the Stuarts, and see what they are doing." We soon reached their house, and found Mrs. Stuart in great distress, as her husband had just ridden off to the lines. Poor Mrs. Hawkins lay in the next room, with a sergeant's wife attending to the little baby, only a few hours old. Mrs. Hawkins's children and the little Stuarts were crying, and the servants sobbing, thus adding to the confusion. While my husband tried to soothe Mrs. Stuart, I went in to talk to Mrs. Hawkins, whose husband had also gone to the lines.

Suddenly a horse dashed into the compound, and Mrs. Stuart cried out, "O, they have killed my husband!" I returned to her, as my husband went out to speak to the syce.* I held her hand, and never can I forget her agonized clasp! The syce told my husband that the Sepoys had shot Captain Stuart; that he thought the Captain was not dead, but had been taken to the artillery lines: he also brought a message from Major Hawkins, directing his wife and children to go to the lines. So Mrs. Hawkins was carried out on a bed, followed by the nurse with the infant, and a large party of servants carrying the other four children. They all went to the artillery lines, as the artillery had promised to remain faithful. Mrs. Stuart also set off in her carriage with her children; my husband helped her in, and tried to comfort her. Mrs. Stuart had before told me that when she returned from her former flight to the Residency, a Sepoy had said to her, "Why did you leave your husband, Mem-sahib? That was not brave; but you women are so weak and faint-hearted, you take flight at nothing. See! the Sahib trusted us; we will always be faithful, whatever happens."

Our syce now appeared with the buggy, accompanied by our

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* Syce, groom.

kitmutghar; the latter appeared very much excited, and had a tulwah* in each hand. He advised us to cross the bridge leading to the Lushkur; but the syce said it was guarded with guns and sentries. At first we thought we would follow Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Hawkins to the artillery lines, as the artillery were thought to be better inclined toward us; it was the 4th we dreaded, for they had often let fall suspicious and mutinous words. It is believed that they committed that night and the following morning, most of the murders at the station.

Just as were going to turn toward the artillery lines, a young Sepoy came running from them toward us, weeping and sobbing. He called out, "They have shot the Sahib," and though my husband spoke to him, he ran past without answering. All this time we heard volleys of musketry, bugles, shots, and terrible shrieks, and saw some of the houses burning. We drove to the Blakes' bungalow, where we found Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, and Dr. and Mrs. Kirke; none of them knowing what to do. Major Blake had ridden off to the lines the instant the alarm bugle had sounded; and things were rather quieter here.

It was now 10 o'clock. Dr. Kirke said the guard had promised to stay by us, and that now it was utterly impossible to escape, as every road was guarded and planted with guns, and cavalry were riding about. After a short time, passed in terrible suspense, the guard of the house suggested that we had better hide in the garden, as the Sepoys would soon be coming to "loot"† the house, and would kill us. It was only postponing our deaths, as we knew that escape was now hopeless; but as life is dear to all, we did what we could to save it.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings; but leave readers to imagine them—*if they can.* I will only relate the simple facts.

We followed the advice of the guard, and went into the

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* Tulwah, sword, cimeter.

† Loot, to rob, to plunder.

garden, where we remained for some time. Mrs. Raikes, with her baby, was taken by her servant to hide elsewhere, and the Kirkes, with their little boy, went back to their own house. My husband had his rifle, which was afterward lost. I was told afterward by several natives that he killed two Sepoys with it: I know not if he did.

Mrs. Blake's kitmutghar, Muza, who remained faithful, now took us to a shady place in the garden, where we lay concealed behind a bank, well covered with trees. He told us to lie down and not to move, and then brought a large dark shawl for my husband, who was in a white suit. It was now about eleven. The guard—composed of men of the 1st—still remained faithful; though they took no active part in helping us. They kept coming to us with reports that Mrs. Campbell was lying dead in her compound; that the Brigadier was shot on the bridge, and Dr. Mackeller near one of the hospitals, and—worst of all—that poor Major Blake was killed. This last report was only too true.

At last about a hundred Sepoys came to attack Mrs. Campbell's house, which was close to our hiding-place. We heard them tearing down the doors and windows, and smashing the glass and furniture; they even brought carts into the garden to carry off the plunder; then they set fire to it, and the flames shot up into the clear night air. They seemed to take pleasure in their mad work, for their wild shouts of laughter mingled with the crackling of the flames. The moon—which had now risen—looked calmly down on our misery, and lighted the heavens, which were flecked with myriads of stars, only occasionally obscured by the smoke of the burning houses. O the sight of that moon! how I longed that she would hide her brightness behind some cloud, and not seem to look so serenely down upon our misery!

At last, when the mutineers had wreaked their vengeance on Mrs. Campbell's house, and only a heap of smoldering and

blackened ruins remained, they commenced their attack on the Blakes' house. We heard them looking for us; but not finding their victims there, they came into the garden and made a diligent search for us. I saw the moonlight glancing on their bayonets, as they thrust aside the bushes, and they passed so close by us that we might have touched them. But God baffled their malice for a time; though they sought us with a deadly hatred, they were unsuccessful, and we were again left to wait a little longer in bitter suspense. When they were burning the Blakes' house, the flames and smoke swept over us. Gradually the fury of the Sepoys died away, and they seemed to be gone in search of fresh plunder, or other victims; for we heard them shouting and firing in the distance.

Our faithful Muza now crept to us, and said we were no longer safe where we were, but that he might hide us in his house, and perhaps get us some native dresses to disguise ourselves in; and gratefully we hurried after him during a lull in the storm. His house was a low, small hut, close to the garden, where the other houses of the Blakes' servants were; and we rushed past so quickly that, though we saw a number of Sepoys, yet they, in the excitement, did not see us. Mrs. Blake, in her hurry, fell, and hurt her head and shoulder. We crouched down in the hut, not daring to move, and scarcely to breathe. I remember asking Mrs. Blake to take off her silk cape, as it rustled, which she did. In the dark I fell backward over a small bed and hurt myself. Muza then barred the door, and fastened it with a chain. After half an hour the Sepoys returned, more furious than before; they evidently knew we were somewhere about. We heard them disputing, and the clang of their guns sounded as though they were loading them.

They entered the kitchen of the house, which was only separated from the room we were in by a thin wooden partition. Muza then went out; we did not know what for. Had he deserted us? The Sepoys talked and argued with him; we heard

them count over the cooking-vessels and dishes, and distinctly say, "do, tien, char, awr eck nai hai?"* After dividing the spoil, we heard them again ask Muza if we were in his house, and say they must search; but he replied that his mother was ill, and that they might frighten her. They asked him, "Have you no Feringhis concealed?" and he swore the most sacred oath on the Koran, that there were none in his house: but this did not appear to satisfy them, and we heard them coming in; they forced open the door with the buts of their muskets, the chain fell with a clang, and as the door burst open, we saw the moon glistening on their fixed bayonets. We thought they were going to charge in upon us: but no; the hut was so dark that they could not see us. They called for a light; but Muza stopped them and said, "You see they are not here: come, and I will show you where they are." He then shut and fastened the door, and they again went away.

There was again a dead silence, followed by the dying shrieks of a horse, as it rushed past our hiding-place; so we supposed they had gone to the stables. After a time Muza returned and said: "They will be here again soon, and will kill me for concealing you, when I swore you were not here; so I will take you to the bearer's hut: he will not betray you." He then opened the door and we went out. Day was beginning to dawn, and the air felt cool, after the close atmosphere of the house we had been in for so many hours; it was the bearer's hut we were taken to; one of a cluster of huts built of mud, and very low and small. I again fell and hurt myself, as it was not yet light, and we again lay on the ground, quite worn-out with watching and terror; our lips were parched, and we listened intently to hear the least sound; but a brooding silence prevailed. We were soon joined by Mrs. Raikes, with her baby and ayah; the poor baby crying and fretting.

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* Two, three, four; is there not another?

It was now nearly six o'clock, and grew gradually lighter, when the Sepoys again returned, howling and raging like wild beasts. They came round the hut, the baby cried, and we heard them ask, "Whose child is that?" One of the women replied they did not know; they called, "Bring it out;" when Mrs. Raikes exclaimed in an agony of fear, "O, they will kill my child!" When the woman carried it out, the Sepoys yelled, "Feringhi, hi:* kill them!" and I saw through the doorway a great number of them loading their muskets. They then ordered the woman to bring out a large quantity of plunder that lay on the floor of the hut, pictures, plate, etc.; she took them out slowly, *one by one*, and gave them to the Sepoys.

We all stood up close together in a corner of the hut; each of us took up one of the logs of wood that lay on the ground, as some means of defense. I did not know if my husband had his gun, as it was too dark in the hut to see even our faces. The Sepoys then began to pull off the roof; the cowardly wretches dared not come in, as they thought we had weapons. When they had unroofed the hut, they fired in upon us. At the first shot, we dropped our pieces of wood, and my husband said, "We will not die here; let us go outside." We all rushed out; and Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, and I, clasped our hands and cried, "Mut maro, mut maro"—do not kill us. The Sepoys said, "We will not kill the mem-sahibs, only the sahib." We were surrounded by a crowd of them, and as soon as they distinguished my husband, they fired at him. Instantly they dragged Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, and me back; but not into the bearer's hut; the mehter's† was good enough for us, they said. I saw no more; but volley after volley soon told me that all was over.

Here we again lay crouched on the ground; and the stillness

* Feringhi, hi, there are English there. † Mehter, sweeper.

was such, that a little mouse crept out and looked at us with its bright eyes, and was not afraid. Mrs. Campbell came rushing in with her hair hanging about; she wore a native's dress, her own having been torn off her: she had been left alone the whole night. Then poor Mrs. Kirke, with her little boy, joined us: she had that instant seen her husband shot before her eyes; and on her crying "Kill me too!" they answered, "No, we have killed you in killing him." Her arms were bruised and swollen; they had torn off her bracelets so roughly; even her wedding-ring was gone. They spared her little boy; saying, "Don't kill the bûtcha;* it is a missie bâbâ."† Poor child! his long curls and girlish face saved his life. He was only four years of age.

I was very thankful to see Mrs. Campbell, after the frightful report we had heard; for till then we had thought her to be safe under Major Macpherson's protection. The Sepoys soon returned, and crowded in to stare at us. They made the most insulting remarks, and then said, "Let us carry them to our lines;" whereupon they seized our hands, and dragged us along very fast. It was a beautiful morning, and the birds were singing. O, how could the bright sun and clear blue sky look on such a scene of cruelty! It seemed as if God had forgotten us, and that hell reigned on earth. No words can describe the hellish looks of these human fiends, or picture their horrid appearance; they had rifled all the stores, and drank brandy and beer to excess, besides being intoxicated with bhang.‡ They were all armed, and dressed in their fatigue uniform. I noticed the number on them; it was the 4th—that dreaded regiment. Some were evidently the prisoners who had been let out from the gaol the night before; and they were, if possible, more furious than the rest. Several mounted sowars—the same, I

* Bûtcha, little one, child. † Missie bâbâ, little girl.

‡ Bhang, an intoxicating liquor made of hemp.

believe, whom I had seen ride in the day before—were riding about the roads and keeping guard, and wished to fire at us, but the infantry would not let them. The road was crowded with Sepoys laden with plunder, some of which I recognized as our own.

After they had dragged us to their lines, they took us from house to house, and at last placed us on a charpoy* under some trees. Mrs. Gilbert and her child now arrived, and poor Mrs. Proctor; the latter in a dreadful state, having just seen her husband killed. All our horses and carriages were drawn up in a line under some trees, and I saw a beautiful Arab of Mrs. Raikes's lying shot. Hundreds of Sepoys now came to stare at us, and thronged round us so densely we could scarcely breathe. They mocked and laughed at us, and reviled us with the most bitter language, saying, "Why don't you go home to your houses? Don't you think it is very hot here? Would you like to see your sahibs *now?*" We said we wished to go to Agra; they replied, "O! Agra is burnt to the ground, and all the Feringhis are killed." They then struck the native gong. I think it was about eight o'clock.

After keeping us for some time, as a spectacle on which to wreak their contempt, when they had tired themselves with using insulting language, they said we might go where we liked; but when we asked how? they demurred at giving us one of the carriages till some, more merciful than the rest, at last said we might have one. They gave us Mrs. Blake's—a large landau. The horses were very spirited and plunged a good deal: the morning before, they had broken the traces. How we all got in I can't say: there were Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Raikes, her baby and ayah, Mrs. Kirke and her little boy, Mrs. Campbell, and myself; and some sergeants' wives clung to the carriage; how they hung on I don't know. The Sepoys threw

* Charpoy, native bed.

into the carriage one or two bottles of beer, and a bottle of camphor-water. The first thing the horses did was to run down a bank and across a small nullah.

Muza drove; and a syce went with us a little way, but soon grew tired and fell back. When we got a little way from the station, we came up with some more sergeants' wives and children, some of them nearly naked and in great distress, having seen their husbands shot and dragged about, and others not knowing the fate of their husbands. Poor things! their distress was very pitiable, their feelings being less under control than ours.

I never can remember how it was we were separated from Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Gilbert, with her nurse and child; but think the Grenadiers carried them off to their lines, as they afterward rejoined us. The horses now grew very restless, and tried to run away, and Muza did not know how to manage them. We came up to a chowki, or stage, and were afraid the mutineers would stop us; they did not, but they told us that Mrs. Hennessy and Captain Murray had been killed in escaping.

We here debated where we should go, and at last agreed to go to the Rajah and entreat him for protection.

The Lushkur was five or six miles from the Morâ, and we reached it about noon. We passed crowds of natives, whom we expected to stop us every instant. When we reached the palace we asked to see the Rajah.

The palace was surrounded by a crowd of horsemen, soldiers, and natives, all most insolent in their manner to us, calling out, "Your raj* is over now." The Maharajah refused to see us; though we entreated some of the Rajah's servants to be allowed to speak to him, we were roughly refused. Some say he was looking at us from a balcony all the time.

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* Raj, rule.

Why were we so heartlessly treated by him, when he had been so kind to Major Macpherson and his party, even lending them carriages and a guard, and facilitating their escape in every way? Did he shelter Major Macpherson in his political capacity, and the brigadier as a man of importance? Perhaps he thought that helpless women could never be of any use to him. This is a mystery that no one can explain to the Rajah's credit. We felt it keenly, to be thus driven from his palace gate with contempt.

We proceeded on our way, the people yelling and shouting after us, and we expecting every instant to be stopped and torn out of our carriage, and given up to be killed by them; for nothing could exceed their savage looks and language. At the outskirts of the Lushkur we were obliged to stop, as the horses kept breaking the traces as fast as we tied them together again; moreover, they were much exhausted, having been in harness the whole night before for Mrs. Blake's escape.

A messenger of the Rajah's took the carriage from us, and made us get out and wait by the roadside till he sent us two or three native carts. They were miserable things, without springs, had no covers to protect us from the sun, and were drawn by wretchedly weak bullocks. We got in, and were taken to a large brick house in a garden, where some great bullocks were munching grain in a room; and there we staid. It was now about one o'clock, I think. We here found a European, belonging to the telegraph, and his wife, with her little baby. She was a half-caste, and they were disguised in native dresses. The weak, childish conduct of this man was sickening; he almost cried, and kept saying, "O, we shall all be killed!" Instead of trying to help, he only proved a burden to us.

We had now almost lost the power of thinking and acting, for we had been from nine the preceding evening without food, water, or rest; and our minds were on the rack, tortured by

grief and suspense. Here we were, about eight miserable women, alone and unprotected, without food or proper clothing, exhausted by fatigue, and not knowing what to do; some had no shoes or covering for their heads. At last Muza said we had better get into our carts and push on; for the natives of the Lushkur, hearing we were here, would follow and kill us. The bullocks went very slowly, and we could not make them move faster. The sensation of horror and helplessness oppressed us like a night-mare; for all this time we were only a few miles from Gwalior, and could even hear the shouting and crying there.

Mrs. Campbell having broken one of the bottles of beer, we had each drank a little, which greatly refreshed us.

We toiled slowly onward the whole of that long, hot afternoon—the dust rising in clouds, and the hot wind parching us. The men who drove the bullocks could hardly make them move. We mixed a few drops of the camphor-water with the water Muza occasionally brought us from the wells we passed, and found it support us a little.

The shades of evening were drawing on, and we were as yet only a few miles on our weary way, when Muza said we were pursued by some sowars, who were coming to kill us, and he feared he could not save us, as we were on a flat, sandy plain, with no shelter. We reached, at last, a small chowki by the roadside, where the horses for the mail and the dâk gharries were kept, and the syces who attended to them. There were some wild, savage-looking men cooking food round a fire. Muza spoke to them, and then told us to get out of our carts and hide here. We all sat on the ground, and Muza said, "Only pretend to go to sleep; but I fear I can not save you, as they are bent on killing you." We waited, with our carts drawn up. It was nearly dark, and we heard the horsemen coming quickly on. At last five sowars appeared, armed with matchlocks and tulwahs, and as soon as they saw the carts they

stopped and dismounted. Muza went toward them, and began talking to them. We heard him say, "See how tired they are; they have had no rest. Let them sleep to-night; you can kill them to-morrow; only let them sleep now." This they consented to do, and went a little way from us; but when it grew darker they crept near us, and began loading their matchlocks and unsheathing their tulwahs. Muza came to us, and said he feared they would not spare us. He then asked us for all the ornaments we had. Mrs. Blake was the only one who had any, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Kirke having been stripped of theirs, and I had left mine behind. I instantly took off my wedding ring and tied it round my waist, as I was determined to save it if possible. Mrs. Blake had several valuable rings, other ornaments, and money about her; these she gave to Muza, who handed them to the sowars. We heard them quarreling together, and I believe they held a loaded pistol to his breast and made him swear that we had no more. Muza then said we must speak to them, as they would not believe him. So Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Campbell, who spoke Hindoostanee fluently, spoke to them, and offered them £40 if they would take a note to Captain Campbell, at Agra, asking for a guard. At first they said they would, and went to one of the syces to ask for paper, but presently returned, and said we meant to betray them; and again they threatened to kill us. Just then we heard in the distance the tramp of a large body of horse and the clang of arms; this rather startled the sowars, and gave us some hope. When the cavalry came nearer, we saw that they were part of the Rajah's body-guard, returning from escorting Major Macpherson and his party. They stopped, and we all ran toward them; and Mrs. Campbell, whose husband had had the temporary command of them, entreated their native officer—who was dressed in an English officer's uniform—to guard us, and let some of his men go with us. She offered them a large sum of money if they would. The Maharajah

owed Captain Campbell long arrears of pay, and this also, I believe, she offered them, but to no purpose. She then entreated for the protection of only one or two of his men. As they had escorted Major Macpherson, why could they not escort us? The Rajah might have given orders for them to protect any helpless refugees from Gwalior. They refused, saying they had not the Maharajah's "hukum."* So we had the bitter disappointment of watching them ride off. Whether the sowars were frightened I know not; but, so far as I remember, they did not again molest us. We then lay down, and some of us went to sleep; the poor children did, at least.

Very early next morning we again set out. Muza got us some "gram" for food, like vetch, which the animals live on; it was very dry, and this, with a little water mixed with the camphor-water, was all we had to eat. About noon, on Tuesday, we reached the second dâk bungalow on the way to Agra—when we had before come to Gwalior, we had come by another by-road, this not being then finished. Here we halted for an hour or two, as we heard frightful reports about Major Macpherson and his party; we were told that as soon as they had reached the Chumbul, the Rajah's body-guard had left them, and that they had been attacked by the villagers, who had killed them. They even told us the names of those who had been killed, and so circumstantially that we could not doubt. The Rajah of Dhalpore, they said, had taken possession of the ford, and would not allow any one to cross. We did not know what to do, whether to go on, not crediting what they said, or, believing them, stay where we were. The servants at the bungalow pressed us to stay, saying we should all be killed if we went on; but we thought they wanted to entrap us, and would only wait till they were joined by others, and then kill us.

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* Hukum, order, command.

We sent for the dâk-book, in which travelers write their names, but only saw "Major Macpherson and party;" there was no list of names. This we much regretted, as we were anxious to see who had escaped; and I most earnestly wished to know if Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Hennessy, and several others, had escaped, as we had heard such frightful reports. Mrs. Campbell wrote all our names in the book that others who might escape should see them. We then partook of a little "dâhl"* and rice, the first food we had tasted since Sunday night, excepting the gram. The poor children were very glad of it, but we could eat little, being so weak with exposure to the sun; afterward, however, the doctors told us, it was well we had eaten so little, as our weak state alone saved us from sun-strokes. On looking at my foot, which was very painful and inflamed, I found that I had cut it, as my boots were very thin; so I tied my pocket-handkerchief round it. We were all covered with "prickly heat," a very painful and irritable eruption; and we could not rest, as crowds of natives would continue thronging in to stare at us; even looking through the windows of all the rooms. They all had fire-arms, which they brandished, and they looked so ferocious that we did not feel at all safe. Here we were joined by Mrs. Gilbert, poor Mrs. Proctor, and Mrs. Quick, a sergeant's wife; they had been very ill-treated at Lushkur; Mrs. Proctor had even had a tulwah held to her throat.

In the evening we proceeded on our journey in the carts. Our faithful Muza had procured us some chuddas† in which we wrapped our heads, and disguised ourselves as well as we could, so as to appear like a party of natives traveling. The oxen slowly dragged their weary limbs along, hanging their heads and stopping every instant. When we started we were surrounded by natives; but, strange to say, they let us depart,

* Dâhl, pulse, split peas. † Chuddas, large vails, sheets.

thinking, probably, that we should never reach Agra, and that we should only die a lingering death on the way; or that if we did reach Agra, we should only find it in ruins.

We met five or six large carriages returning from conveying Major Macpherson and his party to Agra. We stopped them and vainly entreated the drivers to take us only as far as the Chumbul; but this they scornfully refused to do, saying they had not the Rajah's "hukum." O, how our hearts swelled with indignation at this second refusal! It was very hard to see them drive past our miserable carts. Mrs. Quick was a very large woman—for corpulency becomes a disease in India—and her weight was such she had already broken down one cart, a small frail one, and now, toiling slowly along on foot, she implored us to take her in or she should die; her expressions and language were violent and dreadful, but we felt for her, and she was at last taken into one of the carts.

At night we reached a large village, but met with no sympathy: when we asked the natives for some water, they said we might get it for ourselves. Muza got us some, at last. We were then obliged to get out of the carts, and lie on the ground, in the middle of a dusty road, huddled together, while the villagers collected to stare at us: they even brought torches to aid their scrutiny, as it was now getting dark. The drivers of the carts made a fire and cooked some food they had got *for themselves*. The natives were very insolent; they looked at us all in succession, and said, "Well, they are not worth a pice* each;" but to Mrs. Campbell they said, "You are worth an anna;"† they said she was—burra kubsoorut—very handsome. She was a very beautiful woman, and had formerly been called the "Rose of Gibraltar," when she was there with her father. They pulled aside her chudda, with which she tried to conceal

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* Pice, copper coin worth about one farthing.

† Anna, copper coin worth three halfpence.

her face, and said, "We will look at you." At last, worn out with fatigue, we slept, and the next morning—Wednesday—continued our journey.

We passed through the town of Dholepore, which is built on each side of the Chumbul. The natives are a rude, fierce set, and when we reached the ford they would not let us cross, and said they would kill us. A large party of men well armed assembled together on a bank, and seemed to watch us. Muza advised us not to stir out of the carts, as they belonged to the Rajah of Gwalior, and as long as they thought we were under his protection they dared not touch us. He then left us, in order to try if he could get a boat for us to cross in; and crowds of natives collected to gaze at us. It will be evident to all, from the behavior of the villagers to us, that the disaffection was not confined to Sepoys, as is sometimes asserted: indeed, the villagers always flocked into the stations after the mutinies to murder and loot. Of course there are some exceptions, like Muza; and some of the Sepoys even remained faithful, and helped their officers to escape.

It was the afternoon, and oppressively hot, when Muza returned, saying he had got a boat for us. We left our carts and descended the hill to the ford, where we saw a sort of raft, or rough native boat, at some distance from the shore; we had to wade the stream before we reached it, and then we scrambled into it wet as we were. Just as the boat began to move, Muza piloting, some natives dashed into the water, and, as if vexed that they had let us depart, tore a piece of wood out of the side, so that the water rushed in. The sergeants' wives and children began shrieking out, "They are going to drown us! they are pulling the boat to pieces!" I do n't know whether this stopped them: but they then gave over; though some of them continued swimming after the boat. The river was very broad, and the boat began to fill with water; so as soon as we neared the opposite shore, we jumped out, and again waded a short dis-

tance. The Chumbul, like all Indian rivers, during the rains, swells, and floods a large space beyond its banks, sweeping all before it; but during the dry season it shrinks up, leaving a large margin of sand and debris: through this we had now to drag ourselves, the sand sticking to our wet dresses. Having left our carts on the other side, we entered a small chowki* near the river bank, into which we were followed by at least twenty horrid, savage-looking men, armed with rusty old matchlocks and tulwahs. I shall never forget the expression of their faces; we could see well now, as it was light, and we were neither agitated nor excited, many of us having almost lost all longing for life. We sat here for more than an hour, surrounded by these men, who every now and then drew out their tulwahs, and slowly polished them with their fingers, seeming to whet and sharpen them. They watched us closely: one man especially, with only one eye, and that had a horrid basilisk expression in it, watched me the whole time. They appeared to consult how they should kill us, and I kept thinking what a dreadful death they would put us to with their rusty weapons: a bullet would have been a merciful death in comparison. They would occasionally leave us, and then return, as if purposely keeping us in suspense.

At last a camel sowar rode up, and gave Mrs. Campbell a note. It was one written by Captain Campbell to the Maharajah, requesting him to have all the bodies of the killed at Gwalior buried, and particularly his own wife. *This she herself read.* The sowar said he would take her to Captain Campbell, who had come a few miles out of Agra, and was at the dâk bungalow at Munnia, not daring to come further, fearing an ambush; but Mrs. Campbell was unwilling to leave us, and, moreover, she did not like to trust herself alone with the sowar, who agreed, instead, to take a note to Captain Campbell.

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* Chowki, stage for horses.

Mrs. Campbell—I think—pricked with a pin on the back of the note, "We are here, more than a dozen women and children: send us help." The sowar departed, and Captain Campbell actually received the note.

Muza now said we had better walk on a little way, till he could procure us some more carts; so we walked on under the burning sun, our wet clothes clinging to us. Some of the women had no shoes or stockings; and one tore off pieces of her dress to wrap round her bleeding feet. Mrs. Kirke and Mrs. Campbell, who had no bonnets, put part of their dresses over their heads, to protect them from the burning rays of the sun. Mrs. Gilbert could hardly walk; but some of the women helped her along, and others carried the children. At last Mrs. Quick fell down in an apoplectic fit, and became black in the face; some of the ladies kindly staid with her, but in a quarter of an hour she died. The natives crowded round, laughing at her immense size, and mocked her. We asked them to bury her; but I don't know whether they did, as we left her body lying on the road.

We sat for a long time waiting for carts, in a lane with high banks on each side, which sheltered us a little from the sun; at last, to our great delight, a native mounted policeman, riding Captain Campbell's own "Blacky," came up and told us that Captain Campbell was at the first dâk bungalow from Agra; not daring to come any further, and uncertain if we had escaped, as Major Macpherson and all who had escaped knew nothing about us. Captain Campbell had sent him with instructions to us to rest at the next dâk bungalow, where he would provide us with food. The man then rode off to ask the Rajah of Dholepore for some carts for us. It seemed strange to see this man, and hear him speak so kindly to us. He alone remained faithful when all the other mounted policemen afterward mutinied at Agra.

The horse, too, was an old friend which we had often driven,

and Mrs. Campbell was delighted to see it again. The man soon returned; and when the carts and an elephant, which the Rajah allowed us to have, came, we went to the bungalow. It was the same at which I had rested on our way to Gwalior nearly six months before; and I shall never forget the feeling with which I now entered that house under such different circumstances.

It was quite dark when we reached the bungalow, and our kind messenger gave us some biscuits, bread, and beer, which Captain Campbell had sent. Then we lay down—some on the floor—and slept. In the morning—Thursday—at about 4 A. M. we set out in our carts, which were very uncomfortable, though drawn by fine, large bullocks. Some of the sergeants' wives had tried the night before to sit on the elephant; but as it had no howdah,* and they were too exhausted to hold on, we took them into our carts. About noon we came in sight of the bungalow at Munnia where Captain Campbell was; he had sent on his buggy for his wife, so she and Mrs. Gilbert preceded us in it. We soon arrived, and never shall I forget Captain Campbell's kindness: he was truly a good Samaritan; he bathed our heads, fanned us, and procured us fowls and rice; for we were by this time utterly worn out with fatigue and exhaustion. Here Mrs. Gilbert's baby was born, and we halted till evening. Captain Campbell had a small charpoy† covered with some carpet belonging to the bungalow, for Mrs. Gilbert and the infant to be carried on. He had twenty horsemen with him, but could not trust them. We started about 4 P. M., and traveled all night, through by lanes; and thus, it being dark, we avoided an ambush, as the rebels were collecting to attack us. Poor Sergeant Quick now joined us, and was told of the death of his wife.

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* Howdah, seat for four people on an elephant.

† Charpoy, a native bedstead.

At 6 the next morning—Friday—we reached Agra. It seemed so strange to see faces not haggard and sorrowful. We went to the house of Captain Stevenson, Captain Campbell's cousin, and were refreshed with tea; afterward Mrs. Blake, accompanied by her ever-faithful Muza, went to her friend Mrs. Griffin; Mrs. Kirke went to another kind friend, and Mrs. Raikes to her uncle, Mr. Raikes; I went to Major Macpherson and Mrs. Innes, who were in a large house appointed for the Gwalior refugees. Mrs. Gilbert now heard that her husband had either arrived or was expected; which must indeed have cheered her. Captain Murray drove me to Major Macpherson's, where Mrs. Innes met me very kindly; she took me to a room, where, after I had bathed, I laid down and fell asleep; never awakening till evening. Mrs. Innes arranged for us to sleep in the garden, as in case of an alarm we might more easily escape to the barracks. Major Macpherson and Dr. Mackeller were also to sleep in the garden with their fire-arms ready. We could now foresee danger, and plan how to avoid it, having been taught by bitter experience.

I lay awake that night, gratefully enjoying the tranquillity and comparative security: all was calm and still; the air gently stirred by a soft breeze, and the silence only broken by the chirp of a cicala. These lines recurred to my memory—

> "Why are we weighed upon with heaviness
> And utterly consumed with sharp distress
> While all things else have rest from weariness?"

AT THE FORT.

Life was a blank to me for many days; therefore I know little of the events that happened between the time of our arrival in Agra and our going into the fort about ten days after. I lay all day in a room with a wet towel wrapped round my head, utterly stunned: every thing seemed like a fearful dream.

I could not believe that what had passed was real. My head felt throbbing and painful: we must all have suffered from partial *coup de soleil*—the exhaustion produced by want of proper food and rest, and distress of mind, left me without the power of doing any thing. The weather was oppressively hot, and we had not the proper appliances to mitigate the heat: there was no one to pull the punkhas, as the servants no longer cared to attend to us. I had nothing in the world but what I had escaped in; and though the Agra ladies sent us a few clothes, there were so many for them to be divided among, that few fell to my share. Mrs. Innes was very kind in getting some clothes made for me; but there was great difficulty in procuring any materials, as the native shopkeepers and bazar people had buried all their property, and no peddlers ventured to sell their goods.

Our beds were placed under the veranda surrounding the barracks. The Campbells, Stevensons, and several others slept here. The crickets, frogs, and jackals kept up a dismal concert all night, and cockroaches, two or three inches long, swarmed all around us. We had a long drive every night; often through pouring rain—for the rainy season was just commencing—the nights were pitch dark, and we were occasionally startled by seeing some native skulking about. We had to pass several sentries, whose challenges Major Macpherson answered; but sometimes he forgot the pass-word, and we had to wait till Mrs. Innes remembered it. The first night it was "Oxford," and the next "Putney." The poor soldiers, many of whom were very young, looked quite worn out with patrolling and extra work.

One night the sentry close to us was fired at; instantly all the gentlemen were up, but it was not found out who had caused the alarm. Several people were thus fired at during that week. Every morning we returned from the barracks, and I again lay in my room. Mrs. Innes borrowed a Bible for me, which

afforded me much consolation. I had £10 given me from Government, which was to last me three months, as I could not get any money from Calcutta.

The weather became daily more oppressive, and affairs looked more gloomy. Life really seemed a burden ; it was only one long struggle to preserve it. No one dared look forward a single day. Rumors were spread that a large force was collecting in the vicinity of Agra, against which our small force could do little good ; but the fort stood us in good stead, and our deepest gratitude is due for its good service. We heard bad news from the surrounding country of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and no tidings of help coming from England then.

Major Macpherson, at my request, sent as trustworthy a native as could *then* be found to Gwalior to find out all particulars. Just afterward my kitmutghar came in from Gwalior on the 24th, the first anniversary of my wedding-day, and from him I learned all, and more than I wished to know ; and thus my last faint hope vanished. He told me that all the bodies of the killed had been thrown into a dry nullah. He also said that the day after the mutiny the Maharajah had come down to cantonments, and been received by the mutinous troops as their king, and had held a parade. I hardly believed this at the time ; but I afterward remembered seeing in the paper that the mutiny of the 34th N. I., at Barrackpore, was to have taken place the very day the Rajah had fixed for his grand fête at Calcutta. His sudden departure put a stop to it. Perhaps he thought thus to avoid suspicion ; but who can find out the motives of "a doubly-dyed traitorous Mahratta ?" Another mysterious matter connected with the Maharajah, and which many people have commented on is, that he in some way prevented the women from being killed at Gwalior. It is said that he knew of the mutiny, and extracted a promise from the Sepoys to spare the women : else why, it is urged, did they not kill us when we were so completely in their power, and they

were drunk with bhang* and brandy? Gwalior is the only station where the women were not killed. If the Rajah could so far protect us, and give a guard and carriages to take some of the fugitives to Agra—thus showing the Sepoys he was not wholly on their side—why did he not warn us, and send the women and children to Agra? We should all have gone on Sunday, the instant the fires broke out. Why did he not, instead of taking us to his palace, let us go to Agra, when we first made our escape to the Residency, and the carriages were all ready waiting, and only wanting a guard from him? for then we were not prohibited from going by Mr. Colvin's order. I am afraid it is impossible to explain these mysterious circumstances. It is also said that the Sepoys at Gwalior were communicating long before the 14th of June—and that the Rajah knew of it—with the regiments of the Contingent which had left—the 1st Grenadiers and the Cavalry—and sending lists of those they particularly wished to kill.

The kitmutghar pretended to be very sorry for what had happened, and "wept crocodile's tears." I found out, as I had anticipated, that he had got our plate and £50 in rupees, left in our house, for his share, and that the ayah had got my dresses, etc.; but he complained that the Sepoys had treated them very badly, and made them give them up the plunder, and that even the villagers, on his way to Agra, had robbed him of the little he had left. The man looked dirty and forlorn; very different to his gay, clean appearance little more than a week before. He, however, brought me my poor little puppy "Jack."

Poor Mrs. Blake now heard of the murder of her brother, Mr. Ricketts, at Shahjehanpore. The mutiny there had taken place before the Gwalior mutiny, while the people were in church. Sunday seems to have been the chosen day for the Sepoys' ris-

* Bhang, an intoxicating liquor made from hemp.

ing: whether they had some idea connected with religion, or whether they thought we were less on our guard on that day, can only be conjectured. I refrain from giving any details of the horrible mutinies, accounts of which daily poured in; for the papers have teemed with graphic accounts of every mutiny, and the massacres of Cawnpore, Jhansi, Delhi, and Meerut are seared on the hearts of many in burning characters.

I was very glad to hear from Mrs. Innes that many had escaped from Gwalior on Sunday night. During the first ten minutes after the alarm bugle sounded, they had all crossed the nullah, which in some places was very shallow, though in others they were obliged to swim: they had then met at the Lushkur, where the Maharajah very kindly received them, and, as I have mentioned, gave them a guard and carriages. They gave up for lost all those left behind. They accomplished their journey to Agra in about two days without much difficulty, excepting once, when they were nearly betrayed into an ambush at Dholepore; this it was which gave rise to the fearful reports we had heard there. Captain Longville Clarke was wounded, and Lieutenant Pierson rejoined his wife, whom the Sepoys actually brought to him, and carried some miles in a horse-cloth, slung between their muskets. It seems very strange that the Sepoys should have treated him with such kindness, when he had only arrived about six weeks before the mutiny broke out: he was adjutant in the same regiment as poor Major Blake.

Mrs. Hennessy lived in a large pucka-house, which, being not so liable to take fire, Mrs. Christison and her child took refuge in before the mutiny broke out. Mrs. Ferris, wife of a commanding officer at one of the out-stations, and her children, were also staying with her. As soon as the alarm bugle sounded, Mrs. Hennessy's son, a youth of about seventeen, urged them to fly: he helped them, and took care of these ladies and children, and of his own little sister, and protected

them all the way to the Lushkur. Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Christison escaped without shoes or bonnets, as they were just going to bed. There were at that time six ladies and eight children at Gwalior, their husbands and fathers having left with their regiments, with no one to protect them, or even to be responsible for their safety. Lieutenant and Mrs. Proctor staid all night with Mrs. Gilbert at her earnest entreaty; she could not ride, and her servants would not let her have her carriage. Perhaps had Mr. Proctor ridden off with his wife, as they had planned, he might have escaped; but he would not leave an unprotected woman.

The Meades' house was on the banks of the nullah. Mrs. Murray, whose child had been buried that morning, had gone to her sister, so they were all together. They were just retiring to rest, I believe, when the alarm bugle sounded; they instantly snatched up their children, and with some servants, ran out and crossed the nullah, which was fortunately shallow there. They hid in a small guard-house for some time, till their husbands joined them. The guard of their own house hid them, and even advised them to go to the Rajah's; so they walked as fast as they could to his palace, where they found Major Macpherson and Mrs. Innes, who had driven from the Residency to the palace, in a great state of alarm about those left behind. Seeing the Sepoys hunting about on the banks of the nullah, hearing the shouts and firing, and seeing the houses blazing, they thought all was over with those left behind. All those who escaped in this manner knew the surrounding country well, and some had been born at Gwalior.

I still was very anxious to know the fate of poor Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Hawkins; and at last heard that Mrs. Hawkins had arrived at Agra with her remaining three children and little Charlotte Stuart. She had seen her husband, her two children, Mrs. Stuart, and her child, and her nurse, a European, all killed! She afterward described to me the horrid scene. On

Monday morning the Sepoys rushed into the hut where they were hiding, and fired at Captain Hawkins; the same bullet killed Mrs. Stuart, who was clinging to his arm; they then killed the nurse, and it was supposed the infant was killed by falling with her. A blow with a tulwah killed Mrs. Stuart's little boy, two years old, and Mrs. Hawkins's other child. It seems very wonderful why they spared Mrs. Hawkins's three remaining children; for two of them were boys, and they had sworn to kill all the sahibs: poor little Kirke was only spared because they thought he was a girl. Mrs. Stuart's bearer remained faithful to Mrs. Hawkins, and hid her three children and Charlotte Stuart on the top of a hut. Mrs. Hawkins was too weak to move, and the Sepoys would not let her have any water; at last she crept down to the nullah to get some water for her children, when one, more merciful than the rest, gave her some. She also got a note conveyed by some means to Colonel Filose, who lived in the Lushkur. He and his brother are descendants of the famous French officer who trained the Mahratta troops in former days; and ever since a descendant of his has had the command of the Rajah's forces. Colonel Filose lived in a handsome house in the Lushkur, and was treated with great respect by the Rajah. He sent a cart for Mrs. Hawkins and her children, to whom the Sepoys at last gave some clothes, which she sadly needed, and let them go, accompanied by the faithful bearer.

Captain Stuart lay all Sunday night in a hut, wounded, but not mortally. The faithful bearer attended to him and gave him some milk and water. In the morning he asked after his wife, and on hearing she was killed, said he no longer cared to live. The Sepoys then took him to the place where the elephants were kept, some distance off, and there shot him. Captain Stuart and his wife were both young; but perhaps it was better they should die together. Poor Mrs. Hawkins was very ill for some time, and as soon as it was safe went up to her

brother in the hills. I shall never forget her patient endurance; though sorely tried, she never murmured.

Little Charlotte Stuart, who was about six years old, remained in the fort under the care of some kind friends; but the poor little thing, from being the merriest child in Gwalior, became quite grave and melancholy. The bearer never deserted her. One day, on meeting Mrs. Blake in the fort, she asked her if she had any pictures of Gwalior.

There was one other woman killed at Gwalior; I forget her name, but she was the widow of the conductor, who had something to do with the commissariat at Gwalior: he had risen from the ranks, and had saved a great deal of money. He died a short time before the mutiny, and his wife buried his boxes of treasure, thinking they would be safe; and on the Sepoys demanding the treasure, she refused to show them where it was hid, whereupon they shot her.

Poor Mrs. Ferris, shortly after her arrival, heard of the death of her husband. He was coming into Gwalior from one of the out-stations, to join his wife, who had been sent there for safety, when he and a young officer who was with him were stopped and dragged out of their carriage by the villagers, tied to a tree, and flogged. Major Ferris soon died; but the young officer survived the flogging: perhaps his youth and good constitution sustained him: at all events, he came into Agra and brought the report of Major Ferris's fate; but he was ill for a long time after. I must now return to the events of the fort.

It was now feared that the Gwalior Contingent, which had all collected at Gwalior, on finding that Agra was not destroyed and all the Feringhees killed, as they had said, would join the Neemuch mutineers, who were collecting in our neighborhood, and march on Agra; but, strange to say, they did not, being too much occupied in plundering and quarreling among themselves to care for further conquest. Had they marched on the fort, they would certainly have taken it, and the same tragedy

might have happened as at Cawnpore ; for they were well disciplined, and had a heavy siege-train. It was thought prudent to issue an order that all the women and children should go into the fort.

The gentlemen remained, and under Lieutenant Greathed became enrolled as militia in defense of the city. Dr. Mackeller took Mrs. Innes and myself to the fort. Our furniture consisted of two narrow soldier's cribs, with very hard mattresses and but scanty bed-clothes, a small camp table, two or three chairs, and boxes to contain our stores and meager wardrobe; and in one corner were the cooking vessels and earthen pots for water. A lamp, a few cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks, completed the *ménage*. This "den" and its furniture I shared with Mrs. Innes ; and it is a sample of all the others.

In these "dens" we performed all the necessary acts of life—cooking and eating, dressing and undressing, sleeping and sitting up ; but occasionally we went into the marble hall.

Fresh and alarming reports now came into the fort. The Gwalior Contingent was expected, and the Neemuch mutineers were close at Agra ; and every man capable of bearing arms was ordered on garrison duty. But few luxuries were allowed inside the fort.

On the fourth of July the Notah Contingent mutinied. A battle followed between the Europeans and the mutineers ; the former were victorious, but could not follow up the victory. I hardly remember any thing of the week following the battle, every one was in such a state of excitement. The heat was frightful, and, in consequence of our servants' desertion, we had to do every thing for ourselves ; this was particularly trying to us, as the climate tends to enervate people, and make them less active and energetic ; and the hosts of servants every one keeps render people dependent on them. A lady's life in India, however, though very luxurious, is not so useless and

frivolous as some imagine. We had to cook, wash our clothes, and clean out our "dens," and those who had children had the double task of attending to them and keeping them inside the "dens," as it was dangerous to let them be outside on the stone-walk alone, the parapet was so low—little Archie Murray did fall over into the court below, a distance of twelve or fourteen feet, but happily escaped uninjured.

We had little food this week—pulse and rice, neither of which were very good, composed our fare; and if we had been besieged, that was all the food we should have had to depend on.

The first case of cholera in the fort was that of an officer. On Sunday, the 12th of July, Captain Burlton, of the Gwalior Contingent, was talking to us just after morning service, discussing the sad events of the last few weeks, the hard life we were leading, and the extra duty he had to perform, and hoping his wife was safe, as he had not heard from her for some time. (She afterward escaped from Goonah with the rest of the fugitives.) After talking for some time, he said, "I must try and get a little sleep; I feel so worn-out with last night's work." As he was wet through, one lady told him he ought to change his clothes, and he replied, "I would, if I had any to change." In the afternoon we heard that he was ill, and later that he was seized with cholera. Several doctors did all they could to save him, and as his quarters were very damp—just beneath the marble hall—they tried to carry him up a narrow flight of steps, but found it impossible. He died shortly after midnight, and was buried the following evening at gun-fire. . . . .

I had now an additional source of care and anxiety in my baby, though it was, of course, a great comfort. Owing to the great difficulty in getting a wet-nurse for him, he suffered very much; and one doctor told me if I did not get a good nurse for him, he would not live twenty-four hours, so Major Mac-

pherson kindly allowed his chuprassis to go out and search in the neighboring villages for one; for the Choudrini, or woman who has the monopoly of hiring out nurses, had set her face against their coming into the fort.

Every one had been very kind to me; a room had been lent me, quieter and more comfortable than my own; Mrs. Longden and Mrs. Fraser also gave me some baby-clothes, otherwise my little boy would have been almost destitute, as few of the Kuppra Wallahs had ventured into the fort till after he was born. Mrs. Innes was most kind to me, and Mrs. Campbell often came from the palace garden to see me, bringing *eau de cologne* and other little luxuries. A soldier's wife attended to the baby; she was a most kind-hearted Irish woman. Her husband had gone with a party to Allyghurh.

My Irish nurse—Mrs. Cameron—was a cheery companion to me; she used to tell me long stories, and, as she could not read, I read the newspapers to her, and gave her all my home papers to send to her husband. One day, after I had been reading some of the particulars of the Cawnpore massacre, which related that the soldiers swore they would kill a Sepoy for every hair of Miss Wheeler's head, she said, "I think hell will be almost full now." I asked, "Why?" She replied, "Because there has been such a lot of them brutes of Sepoys sent there." This conversation took place after hearing of Havelock's victory at Cawnpore, when he captured fifteen guns, and another engagement near Bithoor, making his ninth victory.

Another soldier's wife said to a lady, who had remarked that the Sepoys were like devils, "I think it is a bad compliment to the devil to say the Sepoys are like him." The "Mofussilite" was printed in the fort, the printing-press being now in use, so we received detailed accounts of what was going on. About this time I had given me the great luxury of a bath, in the shape of half a beer barrel.

I used to amuse myself by watching the people going about on the river in boats; people being now permitted to go out of the fort. These boats were like those formerly employed for coming up the river; they had each a "chopper" roof, and were divided into two rooms. The Meades, Murrays, and some others, took the small quantity of furniture that they had recovered, and lived in these boats for change of air. This mode of life was thought by the doctors to be so healthy, that they sent the wounded soldiers to live in boats anchored near the shore. It was a pitiable sight to see the emaciated forms of the poor men, carried in dhoolies down to the boats, then placed on "charpoys," and carried back to the hospital at night. I could also see the road winding toward the Taj, and people driving and riding on it; for now they could safely leave the fort during the day; though sometimes they were fired at. I had also the amusement of watching the encampment of horses and their syces; the latter had their wives and families in small huts, making quite a colony. The horses were picketed in rows, and it was amusing to see the syces, who were most of them tall, fine-looking men, grooming the horses very carefully, and sometimes washing them. They were a very savage set, however, not much incumbered with clothes, having only a "cummerbund" round the waist; some had not even turbans; and they were always fighting and quarreling.

One day I saw a native woman beating her own infant, of about a year old, in the most horrible manner, first with her hands, then with a thick stick, till tired of this, she threw it on the ground and kicked it; the poor child, of course, screamed terribly the whole time, and I felt miserable at being quite powerless to prevent it. When it grew dark I could see no more till the next morning, when I saw the child lying on a charpoy, its father trying to force something down its throat, and its cruel mother lying near asleep. The poor little creature

gave one convulsive shudder and died; its father then washed it, went to the bazar to buy a piece of cloth, wrapped the corpse in it, and then walked off with the still warm body, followed by the other children; then with a spade he dug a hole and cast in the body of his child. The mother in the mean time threw herself on the very charpoy from which her dead child had just been carried, and finished her sleep. I told Captain Campbell and Major Macpherson of the circumstance, but they said nothing could be done, as we dare not now contradict or thwart the natives.

The scene by moonlight had a strange effect; the light shimmering on the ripples of the broad river, and glancing on the groups of natives, rolled up in their white chuddas on the ground; and the horses standing like statues in rows, looked specter-like, or as if turned into stone. On the opposite bank of the river there always glowed a bright fire at night; and I afterward found out it was the natives burning their dead. One of my nurses lost her husband and came crying to me for money to buy wood with to burn her husband's body; and at night she showed me the fire, and said, "Look, mem-sahib, they burn my husband there."

My mother had sent me out a box of clothes from home; but the country was in such a disturbed state, I could get neither them nor my money from Calcutta. Letters from England, however, came regularly now, and I received one addressed to my husband, telling him of the death of his cousin in the Austrian service, who died of consumption at Venice. This brought to my mind the happy days that my husband and I had spent with poor Captain Coopland only the year before at Vienna.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

On the 9th of September Mr. Colvin died. He had been in a bad state of health ever since his coming into the fort; and

seemed utterly powerless to act in such a momentous crisis, being both mentally and physically worn-out. After lingering some days in an almost insensible state, he died, and was buried in the Armory Square. I have before given the reasons why he was buried within the fort walls. We watched his funeral from the "Tower," as his quarters were in the palace near the Dewan-i-khas.

Some time in the middle of September I went out for my first drive; till then, since June 29th, I had never been beyond our square, and my only walk had been on "the tower." I shall never forget my sensations: I felt like one in a dream. Major Macpherson and Mrs. Innes had often been out driving, but I had not been able till now.

This morning I was awoke by the welcome message, "Mrs. Innes's 'salaam' and would I like a drive?" I dressed quickly, and leaving baby to the care of Mrs. Cameron—who was delighted that I should have a change—got into the tonjon, and was borne along through the palace garden—where a number of other people were preparing for walking or driving—down the inclined plane, and out at the Delhi gate. The gateway was crowded with natives carrying in things to sell, bheesties with water, coolies with bags of sand for the fortifications, and people hurrying out for their drives. At last I was fairly outside the gates, and the bearers setting the tonjon down at the other side of the draw-bridge, politely assisted me into Major Macpherson's carriage, which was standing with a lot of others, waiting for their owners, the syces meanwhile driving off the flies with whisks. When the coachman asked me which way I should like to go, I chose the Taj road. O, how delightfully the fresh air blew on my face, when free from the walls of the fort! Quickly we wound by the side of the river, on which was anchored quite a little fleet of boats, awaiting the rising of the river to continue their journey to Allahabad; and there were large boats, gay with flags, and occupied by people wearied

of fort life. We passed under a hill which the coolies were digging away, and by some ruins they were preparing to blast.

The country looked delightfully fresh and blooming after the late rains, the breeze was cool and refreshing, and the air sweet with delicious scents. At last I passed the Taj, its white marble and golden-tipped minarets sparkling in the bright sun against the blue sky. It was a painful contrast on approaching the cantonments, utterly destroyed and desolate; and around their blackened walls and ruined houses seemed yet to linger a sickening smell of burning: I passed the racket court, the mess-house, and other public buildings all more or less ruined; the disgusting vultures, either sitting on the blackened walls, or prowling about among the ruins, were not scared at the approach of the carriage, and even the jackals stopped and looked at me, as if they had a right now to despise us. On my way back I passed a bazar, the natives of which looked so maliciously at me that I felt quite frightened; for had they chosen to drag me out of the carriage, there was nothing to prevent them. This rather took away from the pleasure of the drive, and I was very thankful to return to the protection of the gloomy walls of the fort. I passed many equestrians, some of them grotesquely attired, and soldiers returning from their walk.

I was glad to find myself in my own little room again, and baby all well.

So passed the days away. On the 10th of October the enemy gave battle, and were beaten by our forces.

The Sikhs brought their prisoners into the fort most triumphantly. One Sikh was dragging in a Sepoy, who was struggling. "You won't struggle long," said the Sikh, "for you will soon be hanged." The Sepoy replied, "I do n't care; for I have just killed two of your brothers." "Have you, you pig?" cried the Sikh, "then I will take you no further;" and with that he cut off his head. Captain Meade told us he saw

the head the next morning lying near the Delhi gate, with a ghastly grin of defiance on its face.

It was not till the 12th of September that our final exit from Agra was made. Christmas was spent in Delhi—Mooltan was reached early in February We took the steamer for Bombay on the 16th, and landed in Bombay the 9th of March.

We sailed in the evening of the 18th for England, and the moon, which had just risen, cast a soft flood of light over the clear blue sea, and the white houses and green trees of Bombay sloping down to the water. I had soon taken my last look of India, and its myriads of people—most of whom are black at heart—its burning sun, and all the scenes of horror I had witnessed.

We had a prosperous voyage, but had to wait a week in Egypt; which, however, gave us the pleasure of seeing the pyramids, the bazars, for which Cairo is celebrated, the petrified forest, Heliopolis, and other relics of this interesting land, which never can be surpassed or equaled in beauty, wonders, and grandeur.

At Alexandria I parted with great regret from Mrs. Blake, who had been my kind friend and fellow-sufferer since the 14th of June, 1857. She was going *viâ* Marseilles to Paris.

On the 26th of April, 1858, the "Ripon" arrived at Southampton, where I was met by my father, and I again stood on the shore of dear old England; which, if I did not kiss, I embraced in my heart. Ah! thought I, you who dwell in this land can never value enough the privilege of living in a country where freedom reigns in deed as well as in word, where Christianity is universal, and which is ruled by a sovereign who sets to all her subjects a good and noble example.

THE STORY OF CAWNPORE.

BY CAPTAIN MOWBRAY THOMPSON, ONE OF THE ONLY TWO SURVIVORS FROM THE CAWNPORE GARRISON.

CAWNPORE.

In December, 1856, my regiment, the 53d Native Infantry, was ordered to Cawnpore.

The 53d Native Infantry was a fine regiment, about a thousand strong, almost all of them Oude men, averaging five feet, eight inches in hight; their uniform the old British red, with yellow facings. By far the greater number of them being high-caste men, they were regarded by the native populace as very aristocratic and stylish gentlemen, and yet their pay would sound to English ears as any thing but compatible with the hight of gentility—namely, seven rupees a man per month—out of which exorbitant sum they provided all their own food, and a suit of summer clothing. Be astonished, ye beef-eating Guardsmen! The greater number of these swarthy Sepoys were able to defray all the cost of their food with three rupees each a month. Thoroughly disciplined and martial in appearance, these native troops presented one memorable point of contrast with European forces—drunkenness was altogether unknown among them.

The city of Cawnpore, which has obtained such a painful notoriety in connection with the mutiny of 1857, is distant from Calcutta 628 miles by land, 954 by water, and 266 miles south-east from Delhi; it is the principal town in the district of the Doab formed by the Ganges and the Jumna, and is situated on the

right bank of the queen of the Indian rivers. At the period of the dismemberment of the Mogul empire this district passed into the hands of the Nawaub of Oude.

By the treaty of Fyzabad, in 1775, the East India Company engaged to supply a brigade for the defense of the frontiers of Oude, and Cawnpore was selected as the station for that force; a subsidy being paid by the protected country for the maintenance of the troops. Subsequently, in 1801, Lord Wellesley commuted this payment for the surrender of the district to the Company's territory, and thus gained an important barrier against the threatened invasion of the south, from Cabul and Afghanistan. Cawnpore immediately rose into one of the most important of the Company's garrisons.

The cantonments, which are quite distinct from the native city, are spread over an extent of six miles, in a semicircular form, along the bank of the river, and contain an area of ten square miles. Hundreds of bungalows, the residences of the officers, stand in the midst of gardens, and these interspersed with forest trees, the barracks of the troops, with a separate bazar for each regiment, and the canvas town of the tented regiments, give to the *tout ensemble* a picturesque effect as seen from the river. On the highest ground in the cantonments stand the church and the assembly rooms; in another part a theater, in which amateur performances were occasionally given; and a café supported by public subscription. In the officers' gardens, which were among the best in India, most kinds of European vegetables thrived, while peaches, melons, mangoes, shaddocks, limes, oranges, plantains, guavas, and custard apples were abundant. Fish, flesh, and fowl are always plentiful, and in the season for game, quails, snipes, and wild ducks can be had cheap enough. The ortolan, which in Europe is the gourmand's despair, during the hot winds, is seen in such dense flights that fifty or sixty might be brought down at a shot. In winter the temperature falls low enough to freeze water, which

for this purpose is exposed in shallow earthen pans, and then collected into capacious ice-houses, to furnish the exotic residents with the luxury so indispensable to their comfort during the hot season, when this becomes one of the hottest stations in India. Besides all these indigenous supplies, the far traveling spirit of commerce is not unmindful of the numerous personal wants which John Bull carries with him all the world over. In the cold season, boating and horse-racing were the diversions most patronized by the officers; *au reste*, drill, parade, and regimental orders, varied by an occasional court martial upon some swarthy delinquent, mails home and mails from home, morning calls, and evening dinners, formed the chief avocations of all seasons.

The breadth of the Ganges at Cawnpore, in the dry season, is about five hundred yards, but when the rains have filled up its bed it becomes more than a mile across. Navigable for light craft downward to the sea 1,000 miles, and up the country 300 miles, the scene which the river presents is full of life and variety; at the ghaut, or landing-place, a busy trade is constantly plying. A bridge of boats constructed by the Government, and for the passage of which a toll is charged, serves to conduct a ceaseless throng over into Oude. Merchants, travelers, fakirs, camels, bullocks, horses, go and come incessantly. Moored in-shore are multitudes of vessels, looking with their thatched roofs like a floating village, while down the stream the pinnace with her thin, light masts and tight rigging, the clumsy-looking budgerow with its stern high above the bows, and the country boats like drifting stacks, with their crews rowing, singing, and smoking, give such a diversity to the scene as no other river can boast. The great Trunk Road which passes close by the city, brings up daily relays of travelers and detachments of troops to the northward, all of whom halt at Cawnpore, and the railroad, which is now complete from Allahabad, will yet further enhance the busy traffic at this

station. The cantonments have not unfrequently contained as many as 6,000 troops, and these increased by the crowd of camp-followers, have made the population of the military bazars 50,000 in number.

The native city is densely packed and closely built as all the human hives of the east are, and it contained at the time of the mutiny about 60,000 inhabitants. It has only one good avenue, which may be called its Broadway, the Chandnee-choke. This street is about three hundred yards long and thirty-five yards in breadth, and is filled with the shops of saddlers, silk merchants, and dealers in the fine fabrics and cunning workmanship in gold and silver, that from time immemorial have attracted western barbarians to the splendid commerce of the east. The principal productions of the city are, however, saddlery and shoes, the former of which is especially popular throughout India for its excellence and cheapness; a set of good single-horse driving harness costs from twenty-five to fifty shillings, and the equestrian can equip himself luxuriantly with bridle, saddle, etc., for thirty shillings. Country horses, as they are called, sell for about a hundred rupees, but Arabs brought down the Persian Gulf and across from Bombay are the chief favorites, and command a high price.

At the period with which this narrative commences, the following regiments constituted the force occupying the Cawnpore garrison: the 1st, 53d, and 56th Native Infantry; the 2d Cavalry, and a company of artillerymen—all of these being Sepoys, and about 3,000 in number.

The European residents consisted of the officers attached to the Sepoy regiments; 60 men of the 84th Regiment; 74 men of the 32d Regiment, who were invalided; 15 men of the Madras Fusileers, and 59 men of the Company's Artillery—about 300 combatants in all. In addition to these there were the wives, children, and native servants of the officers; 300 half-caste children belonging to the Cawnpore school; mer-

chants—some Europeans and others Eurasians—shopkeepers, railway officials, and their families. Some of the civilians at the station were permanently located there, others had escaped from disturbances in the surrounding districts; the entire company included considerably more than a thousand Europeans.

General Sir Hugh Wheeler, K. C. B., was the commandant of the division, and Mr. Hillersden the magistrate of the Cawnpore district.

The first intimation that appeared of any disaffection in the minds of the natives was the circulation of chupatties and lotus leaves. Early in March it was reported that a chowkedar, or village policeman, of Cawnpore, had run up to one of his comrades and had given him two chupatties. These are unleavened cakes made of flour, water, and salt; the mode of telegraphing by their means was for the cakes to be eaten in the presence of the giver, and fresh ones made by the newly-initiated one, who in his turn distributed them to new candidates for participation in the mystery. The chupatties were limited to civilians; and lotus leaves, the emblem of war, were in like manner handed about among the soldiery. Various speculations were made by Europeans as to the import of this extreme activity in the circulation of these occult harbingers of the mutiny, but they subsided into an impression that they formed some portion of the native superstitions. And no one dreamed, like the man in Gideon's camp, who saw the barley-cake overturn the tents of Midian, that these farinaceous weapons were aimed at the overthrow of the British rule in India.

Upon the 14th of May intelligence reached us of the revolt at Meerut and the subsequent events at Delhi; but no apprehension was felt of treachery on the part of our own troops. A few Sepoys, who had been for instruction to the school of musketry at Umballa, returned to their respective regiments, and they were amicably received, and allowed to eat with their own caste, although they had been using the Enfield rifle and

the suspected cartridges. One of these men—Mhan Khan—a Mussulman private of the 53d, brought with him specimens of the cartridges, to assure his comrades that no animal fat had been employed in their construction. It may be as well to state that the first installment of these notorious cartridges which were sent out from England, and intended for the use of the Queen's troops, were, without doubt, abundantly offensive to the Feringhees as well as to the faithful, and from the nauseous odor which accompanied them quite equal to breeding a pestilence, if not adequate to the task which has been attributed to them of causing the mutiny.

THE MUTINY.

Two or three days after the arrival of the tidings from Delhi of the massacre which had been perpetrated in the old city of the Moguls, Mrs. Fraser, the wife of an officer in the 27th Native Infantry, reached our cantonments, having traveled dâk from that scene of bloodshed and revolt. The native driver, who had taken her up in the precincts of the city, brought her faithfully to the end of her hazardous journey of two hundred and sixty-six miles. The exposure which she had undergone was evident from a bullet that had pierced the carriage. Her flight from Delhi was but the beginning of the sorrows of this unfortunate lady, though she deserves rather to be commemorated for her virtues than her sufferings. During the horrors of the siege she won the admiration of all our party by her indefatigable attentions to the wounded. Neither danger nor fatigue seemed to have power to suspend her ministry of mercy. Even on the fatal morning of embarkation, although she had escaped to the boats with scarcely any clothing upon her, in the thickest of the deadly volleys poured upon us from the banks, she appeared alike indifferent to danger and to her own scanty covering; while, with perfect equanimity and imperturbed fortitude, she was entirely occupied in the attempt

to soothe and relieve the agonized sufferers around her, whose wounds scarcely made their condition worse than her own. Such rare heroism deserves a far higher tribute than this simple record from my pen; but I feel a mournful satisfaction in publishing a fact which a more experienced scribe would have depicted in language more worthy of the subject, though not with admiration or regret deeper or more sincere than that which I feel. Mrs. Fraser was one of the party recaptured from the boats, and is reported to have died from fever before the terrific butchery that immediately preceded General Havelock's recapture of Cawnpore.

About the 20th of May intelligence came that all communications with Delhi were now entirely suspended. The road northward was infested with dacoits and liberated convicts, and all Europeans traveling in that direction were compelled to tarry in our cantonments. Our parades still continued with their accustomed regularity; no suspicion was uttered, if entertained, of the fidelity of our Sepoys, although serious apprehension began to be felt of the probability of an attack from without, more especially as we were known to be in possession of a considerable amount of Government treasure.

The Mohammedan festival of the Eede passed off quietly, and the Mussulmans gave the salaam to their officers, and assured us that, come what would, they would stand faithfully to their leaders. A fire broke out in the lines of the 1st Native Infantry in the night of the 20th, which was supposed to be the work of an incendiary, and the probable signal for revolt; six guns were accordingly run down to a preconcerted place of rendezvous, and the Sepoys were ordered to extinguish the flames; this was done promptly, and the cause of the fire was found to have been accidental. Day after day news came of the growth of the storm. Etawah and Allyghurh, both towns between Delhi and Cawnpore, were plundered, and the insurgents were reported as *en route* for Cawnpore. The ser-

geant-major's wife of the 53d, an Eurasian by birth, went marketing to the native bazar, when she was accosted by a Sepoy out of regimental dress, "You will none of you come here much oftener; you will not be alive another week." She reported her story at headquarters, but it was thought advisable to discredit the tale. Several of us at this period endeavored to persuade the ladies to leave the station and retreat to Calcutta for safety; but they unanimously declined to remove so long as General Wheeler retained his family with him.

Determined, self-possessed, and fearless of danger, Sir Hugh Wheeler now made arrangements for the protection of the women and children. A mud wall, four feet high, was thrown up round the old dragoon hospital. The buildings thus intrenched were two brick structures, one thatched, the other roofed with masonry. On the 21st of May the women and children were all ordered into these barracks, the officers still sleeping at the quarter-guards in the lines with their respective corps. Around the intrenchments the guns were placed, three on the north-east side commanding the lines, and three on the south to range the plain which separates the cantonments from the city. A small three-pounder, which had been rifled by Lieutenant Fosbury a year or two before, was also brought into use, and placed so as to command the new barracks which were in course of erection; this piece, however, could only be used for grape, as there was no conical shot in store. A few days afterward, Lieutenant Ashe, of the Bengal Artillery, arrived from Lucknow with a half battery, consisting of two nine-pounders and one twenty-four-pounder howitzer. . . . At length the much-dreaded explosion came. On the night of the 6th of June the 2d Cavalry broke out. They first set fire to the riding-master's bungalow, and then fled, carrying off with them horses, arms, colors, and the regimental treasure-chest. The old soubhadar-major of the regiment defended the colors and treasure, which were in the quarter-guard, as long as

he could, and the poor old fellow was found in the morning severely wounded, and lying in his blood at his post. This was the only instance of any native belonging to that regiment who retained his fidelity. The old man remained with us, and was killed by a shell in the intrenchment. An hour or two after the flight of the cavalry, the 1st Native Infantry also bolted, leaving their officers untouched upon the parade-ground. The 56th Native Infantry followed the next morning. The 53d remained, till, by some error of the General, they were fired into. I am at an utter loss to account for this proceeding. The men were peacefully occupied in their lines, cooking; no signs of mutiny had appeared amidst their ranks; they had refused all the solicitations of the deserters to accompany them, and seemed quite steadfast, when Ashe's battery opened upon them by Sir Hugh Wheeler's command, and they were literally driven from us by nine-pounders. The only signal that had preceded this step was the calling in to the intrenchments of the native officers of the regiment. The whole of them cast in their lot with us, besides a hundred and fifty privates, most of them belonging to the Grenadier company. The detachment of the 53d, posted at the treasury, held their ground against the rebels about four hours. We could hear their musketry in the distance, but were not allowed to attempt their relief. The faithful little band that had joined our desperate fortunes was ordered to occupy the military hospital, about six hundred yards to the east of our position, and they held it for nine days, when, in consequence of its being set on fire, they were compelled to evacuate. They applied for admission to the intrenchments, but were told that we had not food sufficient to allow of an increase to our number. Major Hillersden gave them a few rupees each, together with a certificate of their fidelity. Had it been possible to have received these men, they would have constituted a powerful addition to our force, just as the few gallant remnants of the native regiments at Luck-

now did throughout the second edition of the Cawnpore siege, as it was enacted in the Oude capital.

The name most familiarly associated with the events of the mutiny is that borne by a man whose history is almost unknown out of India. And as Nana Sahib will always be identified with the sanguinary proceedings at Cawnpore, it will not be out of place to give the reader some idea of the antecedents of this notorious scoundrel. Seereek Dhoondoo Punth, or, as he is now universally called, the Nana—that is, grandson—and by the majority of newspaper readers Nana Sahib, is the adopted son of the late Bajee Rao, who was Peishaw of Poonah, and the last of the Mahratta kings. Driven by his faithlessness and uncontrollable treachery to dethrone the old man, the British Government assigned him a residence at Bithoor, twelve miles from Cawnpore, where he dwelt till his death in 1851, at a safe distance from all Mahratta associations, but, as to his own personal condition, in most sumptuous and right regal splendor. Bajee Rao was sonless, a deplorable condition in the estimation of a Brahmin prince; he, therefore, had recourse to adoption, and Seereek Dhoondoo Punth was the favored individual of his selection. Some say that the Nana is really the son of a corn-dealer of Poonah; others, that he is the offspring of a poor Konkanee Brahmin, and that he first saw the light at Venn, a miserable little village about thirty miles east of Bombay. Shortly after the death of Bajee Rao, the Nana presented a claim upon the East India Company for a continuance of the pension allowed to the old Mahratta. As the allowance made to the king was purely in the form of an annuity, the demand of the heir to all his private property to enjoy a share of the Indian revenue was most emphatically denied. Hence the vigorous venom which he imparted to the enterprise of the mutineers. It is always a matter of difficulty to decide upon the exact age of an Asiatic, but I should consider the Nana to be about thirty-six years old. With greater confidence I can

add, that he is extremely corpulent, of sallow complexion, of middle hight, with thoroughly-marked features, and, like all Mahrattas, clean shaven on both head and face. He does not speak a word of English.

Bithoor palace, which he inherited from his benefactor, is a well-situated town. It has several Hindoo temples, and ghauts, which give access to the sacred stream. Brahma is specially reverenced here. At the principal ghaut he is said to have offered an aswamedha on completing the act of creation. The pin of his slipper, left behind him on the occasion, is fastened into one of the steps of the ghaut, and is the object of worship. There is an annual gathering to this spot at the full moon of November, which attracts prodigious numbers of devotees, and contributes quite as much to the prosperity of the town as it does to the piety of the pilgrims. The palace was spacious, and though not remarkable for any architectural beauty, was exquisitely furnished in European style. All the reception-rooms were decorated with immense mirrors and massive chandeliers in variegated glass, and of the most recent manufacture : the floor was covered with the finest productions of the Indian looms, and all the appurtenances of eastern splendor were strewed about in prodigious abundance. There were saddles of silver for both horses and camels, guns of every possible construction, shields inlaid with gold, carriages for camel-driving, and the newest turn-outs from Long Acre ; plate, gems, and curiosities in ivory and metal ; while without in the compound might be seen the fleetest horses, the finest dogs, and rare specimens of deer, antelopes, and other animals from all parts of India. It would be quite impossible to lift the vail that must rest on the private life of this man. There were apartments in the Bithoor palace horribly unfit for any human eye ; in which both European and native artists had done their utmost to gratify the corrupt master, from whom they could command any price.

It was frequently the custom of the Nana to entertain the officers of the Cawnpore garrison in the most sumptuous style; although he would accept none of their hospitality in return, because no salute was permitted in his honor. I have been a guest in those halls when costly festivities were provided for the very persons who were at length massacred by their quondam host; and I was there also when Havelock's Ironsides gave their entertainment, shattering to powder all that was fragile, in revenge for the atrocities lying unrequited at those doors. For downright looting commend me to the hirsute Sikh; for destructive aggression, battering, and but-ending, the palm must be awarded to the privates of Her Britannic Majesty's —— Regiment. "Look what I have found!" said a too demonstrative individual of the last-named corps, at the same time holding up a bag-full of rupees for the gaze of his comrades, when an expert Sikh with a blow of his tulwar cut the canvas that held the treasure, and sent the glittering spoil flying among the eager spectators.

A large portion of the Nana's plate was found in the wells around the palace; gold dishes, some of them as much as two feet in diameter; silver jugs; spittoons of both gold and silver, that had been used by the betel-eating Brahmin, were fished up, and proved glorious prizes for somebody. Every cranny in the house was explored, floors were removed, partitions pulled down, and every square foot on the surface of the adjacent grounds pierced and dug in the search after spoil. Brazier's Sikhs have the credit of carrying off Bajee Rao's state sword, which, in consequence of its magnificent setting in jewels, is said to have been worth at least thirty thousand pounds. The most portable of his riches the Nana carried with him in his flight. The natives say that immediately before the insurrection at Meerut he sold out seventy lacs of government paper—£70,000. One ruby of great size and brilliancy he is alleged to have sold recently for ten thousand rupees

to a native banker; the tradition is, that he carried this gem continually about his person, intending, should he be driven to extremities, to destroy himself by swallowing it; a curious mode of suicide, the efficacy of which I am not prepared either to dispute or to defend; my informant told me that the sharp edges of the ruby would cut through the vitals, and speedily destroy life. The Nana's dignity was enhanced by the presence of a few hundred armed retainers, with whom he played the rajah; the pay of each of these men was four rupees a month and a suit of clothes per annum, foraging performed on their own account. It would have been quite a work of supererogation for the Oude and Mahratta princes to have fed their troops, as they always knew where to find copious supplies at a nominal price. Their perpetual rapine made them a curse to the poor ryots, who were never safe from their extortions and pillage.

The only Englishman resident at Bithoor was a Mr. Todd, who had come out in the employment of the Grand Trunk railroad, but for some reason had exchanged his situation for that of teacher of English to the household of his Excellency Seereek Dhoondoo Punth. Mr. Todd was allowed to join us in the intrenchment; when the siege began he was appointed to my picket, and was one of those who perished at the time of embarkation.

The following little incident will serve to show the extreme servility of the most exalted of Hindoo potentates to the despotic sway of their spiritual guides. Once upon a time Seereek Dhondoo Punth had committed some peccadillo which had awakened all the indignation and abhorrence of his pundits and priests. Now it so fell out that at the same time, or sufficiently near about thereto for the object of their holinesses, the capricious Ganges, having formed a sand-bank under the walls of Bithoor, was diverted from its ancient course, so as to threaten the Residency with a scarcity of water. The priests persuaded their

devotee that this was a visitation consequent upon his sin, and implored him, as he valued his own life and that of his peasantry, to propitiate the sacred stream. The offering proposed was to be pecuniary ; the amount, one lac of rupees ; the mode of presentation, casting them into the bed of the river ; the period, an early date chosen by lot. These cautious and speculative gentlemen forthwith proceeded to underlay the waters with some good, stout sail-cloth ; at the appointed time they indicated the precise spot at which only the offering could be efficacious : this also, no doubt, was chosen by lot. The Nana, in great state, made his costly libation, and somebody removed the sail-cloth ; but, alas ! the Ganges did not return.

When Havelock's force paid their first visit to Bithoor, they found the place deserted, but the guns in position and loaded. This is said to have been done by Narrein Rao, the son of the old Mahratta's Commander-in-chief. This man welcomed the English troops on their arrival, and alleged that he had pointed the guns as a feint to make the rebels believe that he was about to attack General Havelock's advancing columns. Certain it is that this man and the Nana had always been in hot water. Narrein Rao very energetically sided with the General ; he found supplies and horses for the police. It seems decidedly more than probable that the lion's share of the Bithoor valuables fell to Narrein, as he was conveniently on the spot when the retreaters evacuated, and had the additional advantage of knowing better where to look for things than the inexperienced fresh arrivals did. I must not, however, speak to the disparagement of this gentleman, because when I left Cawnpore for England, he presented me with a fine pearl ring as a proof of the esteem in which he is pleased to hold me ; some persons might think its intrinsic value increased because it once adorned the Nana's hand.

Less known in England by report, though better known by virtue of personal acquaintance, and a far more remarkable

individual than the Nana, is he who bears the name—Azimoolah Khan. This man's adventures are of the kind, for their numerous transitions and mysterious alternations, that belong only to eastern story. I can easily imagine that the bare mention of his name will have power sufficient to cause some trepidation and alarm to a few of my fair readers; but I will betray no confidences. Read on, my lady, no names shall be divulged, only should some unpleasant recollection of our hero's fascination be called to mind, let them serve as a warning against the too confiding disposition which once betrayed you into a hasty admiration of this swarthy adventurer. Azimoolah was originally a khitmutghar—waiter at table—in some Anglo-Indian family; profiting by the opportunity thus afforded him, he acquired a thorough acquaintance with the English and French languages, so as to be able to read and converse fluently, and write accurately in them both. He afterward became a pupil, and subsequently a teacher, in the Cawnpore government schools, and from the last-named position he was selected to become the vakeel, or prime agent, of the Nana. On account of his numerous qualifications he was deputed to visit England, and press upon the authorities in Leadenhall-street the application for the continuance of Bajee Rao's pension. Azimoolah accordingly reached London in the season of 1854. Passing himself off as an Indian prince, and being thoroughly furnished with ways and means, and having withal a most presentable contour, he obtained admission to distinguished society. In addition to the political business which he had in hand, he was at one time prosecuting a suit of his own of a more delicate character; but, happily for our fair countrywoman, who was the object of his attentions, her friends interfered and saved her from becoming an item in the harem of this Mohammedan polygamist. Foiled in all his attempts to obtain the pension for his employer, he returned to India *viâ* France; and report says that he there renewed his endeavors to form a European

alliance for his own individual benefit. I believe that Azimoolah took the way of Constantinople also on his homeward route. Howbeit this was just at the time when prospects were gloomy in the Crimea, and the opinion was actually promulgated throughout the continental nations that the struggle with Russia had crippled the resources, and humbled the high crest of England; and by some it was thought she would henceforth be scarcely able to hold her own against bolder and abler hands. Doubtless the wish was father to the thought. It is matter of notoriety that such vaticinations as these were at the period in question current from Calais to Cairo, and it is not unlikely that the poor comfort Azimoolah could give the Nana, in reporting on his unsuccessful journey, would be in some measure compensated for, by the tidings that the Feringhees were ruined, and that one decisive blow would destroy their yoke in the east. I believe that the mutiny had its origin in the diffusion of such statements at Delhi, Lucknow, and other teeming cities in India. Subtile, intriguing, politic, unscrupulous, and bloodthirsty, sleek and wary as a tiger, this man betrayed no animosity to us till the outburst of the mutiny, and then he became the presiding genius in the assault on Cawnpore. I regret that his name does not appear, as it certainly ought to have done, upon the list of outlaws published by the Governor-General; for this Azimoolah was the actual murderer of our sisters and their babes. When Havelock's men cleared out Bithoor, they found most expressive traces of the success he had obtained in his ambitious pursuit of distinction in England, in the shape of letters from titled ladies couched in the terms of most courteous friendship. Little could they have suspected the true character of their honored correspondent.

On one occasion, shortly after the report of the *émeute* at Meerut had reached us, Azimoolah met Lieutenant M. G. Daniell, of our garrison, and said to him, pointing toward our intrenched barrack:

"What do you call that place you are making out in the plain?"

"I am sure I do n't know," was the reply. Azimoolah suggested it should be named the fort of despair.

"No," said Daniell; "we will call it the fort of victory."

"Aha! aha!" replied the wily eastern, with a silent sneer that betrayed the lurking mischief.

Lieutenant Daniell had been a great favorite at Bithoor; on one occasion the Nana took off a valuable diamond ring from his own hand, and gave it to him, as a present. Poor Daniell survived the siege, but was wounded in my boat, during the embarkation, by a musket-shot in the temple, but whether he perished in the river, or was carried back to Cawnpore, I can not say; he was quite young, scarcely of age, but brave to admiration, a fearless horseman, foremost in all field sports, and universally beloved for his great amiability. On one occasion during the siege, while we were making a sortie to clear the adjacent barracks of some of our assailants, Daniell and I heard sounds of struggling in a room close at hand; rushing in together, we saw Captain Moore, our second in command, lying on the ground under the grasp of a powerful native, who was on the point of cutting the Captain's throat. A fall from his horse a few days previously, resulting in a broken collar-bone, had disabled Moore, and rendered him unequal to such a rencounter; he would certainly have been killed had not Daniell's bayonet instantly transfixed the Sepoy.

Early on the morning of Sunday the 7th of June, all the officers were called into the intrenchments, in consequence of the reception of a letter by Sir Hugh Wheeler from the Nana, in which he declared his intention of at once attacking us. With such expedition was the summons obeyed, that we were compelled to leave all our goods and chattels to fall a prey to the ravages of the Sepoys; and after they had appropriated all movables of value they set fire to the bungalows. While in

happy England the Sabbath bells were ringing, in the day of peace and rest, we were in suspense peering over our mud wall at the destructive flames that were consuming all our possessions, and expecting the more dreaded fire that was to be aimed at the persons of hundreds of women and children about us. Very few of our number had secured a single change of raiment; some, like myself, were only partially dressed, and even in the beginning of our defense, we were like a band of seafarers who had taken to a raft to escape their burning ship. Upon my asking Brigadier Jack if I might run to the café for some refreshment, he informed me that the General's order was most peremptory that not a soul should be permitted to leave our quarters, as the attack was momentarily expected. In the course of a short time the whole of the men capable of bearing arms were called together, and told off in batches under their respective officers. A reference to the engraved plan of the position, will enable the reader to understand the following details of the defense:

On the north, Major Vibart of the 2d Cavalry, assisted by Captain Jenkins, held the Redan, which was an earth-work defending the whole of the northern side. At the north-east battery, Lieutenant Ashe, of the Oude Irregular Artillery, commanded one twenty-four-pounder howitzer and two nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Sotheby. Captain Kempland, 56th Native Infantry, was posted on the south side. Lieutenant Eckford, of the Artillery, had charge of the south-east battery with three nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Burney, also of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Delafosse, of the 53d Native Infantry. The main-guard, from south to west, was held by Lieutenant Turnbull, 13th Native Infantry. On the west, Lieutenant C. Dempster commanded three nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Martin. Flanking the west battery the little rifled three-pounder was stationed, with a detachment under the command of Major Prout, 56th Native Infantry; and

on the north-west Captain Whiting held the command. The general command of the artillery was given to Colonel Larkins, but in consequence of the shattered state of that officer's health, he was able to take but a small part in the defense. At each of the batteries, infantry were posted fifteen paces apart, under the cover of the mud wall, four feet in hight; this service was shared by combatants and non-combatants alike, without any relief; each man had at least three loaded muskets by his side, with bayonet fixed in case of assault; but in most instances our trained men had as many as seven, and even eight muskets each. The batteries were none of them masked or fortified in any way, and the gunners were in consequence exposed to a most murderous fire. It will be seen in the plan of the siege that a number of barracks running up from the Allahabad Road commanded our intrenchments. On this account a detachment of our limited force was placed in one of them. They consisted chiefly of civil engineers who had been connected with the railway works. The whole of these arrangements for the defense were made by General Wheeler and Captain Moore, of Her Majesty's 32d Foot. As soon as all these positions had been occupied, Lieutenant Ashe, with about twenty or thirty volunteers, took his guns out to reconnoiter, as we heard the sound of the approaching foe. After going out about five hundred yards, they caught sight of the enemy, in possession of one of the canal bridges, close by the lines of the 1st Native Infantry. They came back at a trot into the intrenchment; but Lieutenant Ashburner, who was one of the number, was never seen or heard of again. It was supposed that his horse bolted with him into the Sepoy ranks, and that he was cut up by them instantly. Mr. Murphy, who had been attached to the railway corps, went out of the intrenchments and came back severely wounded by a musket-ball; he died the same day, and was the only one of our slain buried in a coffin, one having been found in the hospital. This gentleman, and Mrs. Wade, who died of fever,

were the only persons interred inside the intrenchment. Shortly after the return of Lieutenant Ashe, the first shot fired by the mutineers came from a nine-pounder, on the north-west; it struck the crest of the mud wall and glided over into the puckah-roofed barrack. This was about 10 o'clock, A. M.; a large party of ladies and children were outside the barrack; the consternation caused among them was indescribable; the bugle-call sent every man of us instantly to his post, many of us carrying in our ears, for the first time, the peculiar whizzing of round shot, with which we were to become so familiar. As the day advanced the enemy's fire grew hotter and more dangerous, in consequence of their getting the guns into position. The first casualty occurred at the west battery; M'Guire, a gunner, being killed by a round shot; the poor fellow was covered with a blanket and left in the trench till nightfall. Several of us saw the ball bounding toward us, and he also evidently saw it, but, like many others whom I saw fall at different times, he seemed fascinated to the spot. All through this first weary day the shrieks of the women and children were terrific; as often as the balls struck the walls of the barracks their wailings were heart-rending, but after the initiation of that first day, they had learned silence, and never uttered a sound except when groaning from the horrible mutilations they had to endure. When night sheltered them, our cowardly assailants closed in upon the intrenchments, and harassed us with incessant volleys of musketry. Waiting the assault that we supposed to be impending, not a man closed his eyes in sleep, and throughout the whole siege, snatches of troubled slumber under the cover of the wall, was all the relief the combatants could obtain. The ping-ping of rifle bullets would break short dreams of home or of approaching relief, pleasant visions made horrible by waking to the state of things around; and if it were so with men of mature years, sustained by the fullness of physical strength, how much more terrific were the

nights passed inside those barracks by our women and children! As often as the shout of our sentinels was heard, each half-hour sounding the "All 's well," the spot from which the voice proceeded became the center for hundreds of bullets. At different degrees of distance, from fifty to four hundred yards and more, they hovered about during the hours of darkness, always measuring the range by daylight, and then pouring in from under the cover of adjacent buildings or ruins of buildings, the fire of their artillery, or rather of our artillery turned against us. The execution committed by the twenty-four-pounders they had was terrific, though they were not always a match for the devices we adopted to divert their aim. When we wanted to create a diversion, we used to pile up some of the muskets behind the mud wall, and mount them with hats and shakos, and then allow the Sepoys to expend their powder on these dummies, while we went elsewhere.

But if the intrenched position was one of peril, that of the out-picket in barrack No. 4 was even more so. The railway gentlemen held this post for three entire days, without any military superintendence whatever, and they distinguished themselves greatly by their skill and courage. I remember particularly Messrs. Heberden, Latouche, and Miller, as prominent in the midst of these undisciplined soldiers for their eminently good service. Their sharp sight and accurate knowledge of distances acquired in surveying, had made these gentlemen invaluable as marksmen, while still higher moral qualities constituted them an addition to our force not to be estimated by their numbers.

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

Our scanty dietary was occasionally improved by the addition of horse soup; a Brahminee bull was shot, but the question was how to get the carcass. Presently a volunteer party was formed to take this bull by the horns—no trifle, since the distance

from the wall was full three hundred yards, and the project involved the certainty of encountering twice three hundred bullets. But beef was scarce, and led on by Captain Moore, eight or ten accordingly went out after the animal. They took with them a strong rope, fastened it round the hind legs and between the horns of the beast, and in the midst of the cheers from behind the mud wall, a sharp fusilade from the rebels, diversified with one or two round shots, they accomplished their object. Two or three ugly wounds were not thought too high a price to pay for this contribution to the commissariat. The costly bull was soon made into soup, but none of it reached us in the outposts more palpably than in its irritating odor. Sometimes, however, we in the outposts had meat when there was none at headquarters. We once saw the Sepoys bring up a nine-pounder to barrack No. 6, and great expectations were entertained that the half dozen artillery-bullocks employed in that piece of service might by a little ingenuity, or at least some of them, be shortly transformed into stew on our behalf. Not a few of my men would have given a right arm for a good cut out of the sides, and not a few of their officers would have bartered a letter of credit on the army agents for the same privilege. But the pandies artfully kept the horned treasure under cover. We watched the ends of the distant walls in vain. Some of our famished Esaus would have made for the cannon's mouth, and have sold their lives, but it might not be; and our hungry disgust had well-nigh sunk into despair, when an old knacker came into range, that had belonged to an Irregular Cavalry-man. He was down by a shot like lightning, brought into the barrack, and hewn up. We did not wait to skin the prey, nor waste any time in consultation upon its anatomical arrangements; no scientific butchery was considered necessary in its subdivision. Lump, thump, whack, went nondescript pieces of flesh into the fire, and, notwithstanding its decided claims to veneration on the score of antiquity, we thought it a more savory meal than

any of the *recherché* culinary curiosities of the lamented Soyer. The two pickets, thirty-four in number, disposed of the horse in two meals. The head, and some mysteries of the body, we stewed into soup, and liberally sent to fair friends in the intrenchment, without designating its nature, or without being required to satisfy any scruples upon that head. Though, alas! death, which marked every event in our career, sealed this also, for Captain Halliday, who had come across to visit my neighbor, Captain Jenkins, was carrying back some of the said soup for his wife, when he was shot dead between the puckah-barrack and the main-guard. Further on in the history of the siege, when our privation was even greater than on the last occasion, a stray dog approached us. The cur had wandered from the Sepoy barrack, and every possible blandishment was employed by my men to tempt the canine adventurer into the soup-kettle. Two or three minutes subsequently to my seeing him doubtfully trotting across the open, I was offered some of his semi-roasted fabric, but that, more scrupulous than others, I was obliged to decline.

Our position behind these unroofed walls was one of intense suffering, in consequence of the unmitigated heat of the sun by day, and the almost perpetual surprises to which we were liable by night.

My sixteen men consisted, in the first instance, of Ensign Henderson, of the 56th Native Infantry, five or six of the Madras Fusileers, two platelayers from the railway works, and some men of the 84th Regiment. This first installment was soon disabled. The Madras Fusileers were armed with the Enfield rifle, and, consequently, they had to bear the brunt of the attack; they were all shot at their posts; several of the 84th also fell; but, in consequence of the importance of the position, as soon as a loss in my little corps was reported, Captain Moore sent me over a reinforcement from the intrenchment. Sometimes a civilian, sometimes a

soldier came. The orders given us were not to surrender with our lives, and we did our best to obey them, though it was only by an amount of fatigue that in the retrospect now seems scarcely possible to have been a fact, and by the perpetration of such wholesale carnage that nothing could have justified in us but the instinct of self-preservation, and I trust the equally-strong determination to shelter the women and children to the latest moment. There was one advantage in the out-picket station, in the fact that we were somewhat removed from the sickening spectacles continually occurring in the intrenchment. Sometimes, when relieved by a brother officer for a few moments, I have run across to the main-guard for a chat with some old chums, or to join in the task of attempting to cheer the spirits of the women; but the sight there was always of a character to make me return to the barrack, relieved by the comparative quiet of its seclusion. We certainly had no diminished share of the conflict in the barracks, but we had not the heaps of wounded sufferers, nor the crowd of helpless ones whose agonies nothing could relieve.

The well in the intrenchment was one of the greatest points of danger, as the enemy invariably fired grape upon that spot as soon as any person made his appearance there to draw water. Even in the dead of night the darkness afforded but little protection, as they could hear the creaking of the tackle, and took the well-known sound as a signal for instantly opening with their artillery upon the suttlers. These were chiefly privates, who were paid as much as eight or ten shillings per bucket. Poor fellows! their earnings were of little avail to them; but to their credit it must be said, that when money had lost its value, by reason of the extremity of our danger, they were not less willing to incur the risk of drawing for the women and the children. The constant riddling of shot soon tore away the wood and brickwork that surrounded the well, and the labor of drawing became much more prolonged and perilous. The

water was between sixty and seventy feet from the surface of the ground, and with mere hand-over-hand labor it was wearisome work. My friend, John M'Killop, of the Civil Service, greatly distinguished himself here; he became self-constituted captain of the well. He jocosely said that he was no fighting man, but would make himself useful where he could, and accordingly he took this post, drawing for the supply of the women and the children as often as he could. It was less than a week after he had undertaken this self-denying service, when his numerous escapes were followed by a grape-shot wound in the groin and speedy death. Disinterested even in death, his last words were an earnest entreaty that somebody would go and draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it. The sufferings of the women and children from thirst were intense, and the men could scarcely endure the cries for drink, which were almost perpetual from the poor little babes; terribly unconscious they were, most of them, of the great, great cost at which only it could be procured. I have seen the children of my brother officers sucking the pieces of old water-bags, putting scraps of canvas and leather straps into the mouth to try and get a single drop of moisture upon their parched lips. Not even a pint of water was to be had for washing from the commencement to the close of the siege; and those only who have lived in India can imagine the calamity of such a privation to delicate women, who had been accustomed to the most frequent and copious ablutions as a necessary of existence. Had the relieving force, which we all thought to have been on its way from Calcutta, ever seen our beleaguered party, strange indeed would the appearance presented by any of us after the first week or ten days have seemed to them.

Tattered in clothing, begrimed with dirt, emaciated in countenance, were all without exception; faces that had been beautiful were now chiseled with deep furrows; haggard despair seated itself where there had been, a month before, only smiles.

Some were sinking into the settled vacancy of look which marked insanity. The old, babbling with confirmed imbecility, and the young raving, in not a few cases, with wild mania; while only the strongest retained the calmness demanded by the occasion. And yet, looking back upon the horrible straits to which the women were driven, the maintenance of modesty and delicate feeling by them to the last, is one of the greatest marvels of the heart-rending memories of those twenty-one days.

Besides the well within the intrenchment, to which reference has been made, there was another close to barrack No. 3, upon which we looked, and to which we often repaired with sorrowing hearts. We drew no water there—it was our cemetery; and in three weeks we buried therein two hundred and fifty of our number.

When General Havelock recovered Cawnpore, he gave orders to fill up this vast grave, AND THE MOUND OF EARTH WHICH MARKS THAT MEMORABLE SPOT WAITS FOR THE MONUMENT WHICH WILL, I HOPE, BEFORE LONG RECORD THEIR SERVICES AND THEIR SUFFERINGS WHO SLEEP BENEATH. The burial of Sir John Moore, which has been taken to be the type of military funerals performed under fire, was elaborate in comparison with our task, who, with stealthy step, had under cover of the night to consign our lost ones in the most hurried manner to the deep, which at least secured their remains from depredation by carnivorous animals, and from the ignominious brutality of more savage men.

As soon as the siege had commenced, both of the barracks inside the intrenchment were set apart for the shelter of women and children, the worst cases of the invalids of the 32d Regiment, together with some of our superior officers. The majority of the male refugees who availed themselves of this shelter, were those who were thoroughly incapacitated by age or disease from enduring the toil and the heat of the trenches. I deeply

regret, however, to have to record the fact that there was one officer of high rank, and in the prime of life, who never showed himself outside the walls of the barrack, nor took even the slightest part in the military operations. This craven-hearted man, whose name I withhold out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving relatives, seemed not to possess a thought beyond that of preserving his own worthless life. Throughout three weeks of skulking, while women and children were daily dying around him, and the little band of combatants was being constantly thinned by wounds and death, not even the perils of his own wife could rouse this man to exertion; and when at length we had embarked at the close of the siege, while our little craft was stuck upon a sand-bank, no expostulation could make him quit the shelter of her bulwarks, though we were adopting every possible expedient to lighten her burden. It was positively a relief to us when we found that his cowardice was unavailing; and a bullet through the boat's side that dispatched him caused the only death that we regarded with complacency.

One of the two barracks in the intrenched position was a strong building, and puckah-roofed—that is, covered in with masonry. It had been originally the old dragoon hospital, and consisted of one long central room, surrounded by others of much smaller dimensions. After a day or two of the sharp cannonading to which we were exposed, all the doors, windows, and framework of this, the best of the two structures, were entirely shot away. Not a few of its occupants were killed by splinters, and a still greater number by the balls and bullets which flew continually through the open spaces, which were soon left without a panel or sash of wood to offer any resistance. Others died from falling bricks, and pieces of timber dislodged by shot. The second barrack had from the commencement excited serious apprehension lest its thatched roof should be set on fire. An imperfect attempt had been made to

cover the thatch with tiles and bricks, and any materials at hand that would preserve the roof from conflagration. But after about a week the dreaded calamity came upon us. A carcass or shell filled with burning materials settled in the thatch, and speedily the whole barrack was in a blaze. As a part of this building had been used for a hospital, it was the object of the greatest solicitude to remove the poor fellows who lay there suffering from wounds and unable to move themselves. From one portion of the barrack the women and the children were running out—from another little parties laden with some heavy burden of suffering brotherhood were seeking the adjacent building. As this fire broke out in the evening, the light of the flames made us conspicuous marks for the guns of our brutal assailants, and without regard to sex or age, or the painful and protracted toil of getting out the sufferers, they did not cease till long after midnight to pour upon us incessant volleys of musketry. By means of indomitable perseverance many a poor agonizing private was rescued from the horrible death that seemed inevitable, but though all was done that ingenuity could suggest, or courage and determination accomplish, two artillerymen unhappily perished in the flames. The livid blaze of that burning barrack lighted up many a terrible picture of silent anguish, while the yells of the advancing Sepoys and the noise of their artillery filled the air with sounds that still echo in the ears of the only two survivors.

That was a night indeed to be long remembered. The enemy, imagining that all our attention was directed to the burning pile, took occasion to plan an assault. They advanced by hundreds under the shelter of the darkness, and without a sound from that side, with the intention of storming Ashe's battery, and they were allowed to come within sixty or eighty yards of the guns, before a piece was fired or a movement made to indicate that they were observed. Just when it must have appeared to them that their success was certain, our nine-pound-

ers opened upon them with a most destructive charge of grape; the men shouldered successive guns which they had by their sides ready loaded; every available piece was discharged right into their midst, and in half an hour they left a hundred corpses in the open.

In the burnt barrack all our medical stores were consumed; not one of the surgical instruments was saved, and from that time the agonies of the wounded became most intense, and, from the utter impossibility of extracting bullets, or dressing mutilations, casualties were increased in their fatality. It was heart-breaking work to see the poor sufferers parched with thirst that could be only most scantily relieved, and sinking from fever and mortification that we had no appliances wherewith to resist.

After the destruction of the thatched barrack, as that which survived the fire would not accommodate the whole party, numbers of women and children were compelled to go out into the trenches, and not less than two hundred of them passed twelve days and nights upon the bare ground. Many of these were wives and daughters of officers, who had never known privation in its mildest form. Efforts were at first made to shelter them from the heat by erecting canvas-stretchers overhead, but as often as the paltry covering was put up, it was fired by the enemy's shells. But our heroic sisters did not give all themselves up to despair even yet; they handed round the ammunition, encouraged the men to the utmost, and in their tender solicitude and unremitting attention to the wounded, though all smeared with powder and covered with dirt, they were more to be admired then than they had often been in far different costume, when arrayed for the glittering ball-room.

Mrs. White, a private's wife, was walking with her husband under cover, as they thought, of the wall, her twin children were one in each arm, when a single bullet passed through her husband; killing him, it passed also through both her arms,

breaking them, and close beside the breathless husband and father fell the widow and her babes; one of the latter being also severely wounded. I saw her afterward in the main-guard lying upon her back, with the two children, twins, laid one at each breast, while the mother's bosom refused not what her arms had no power to administer. Assuredly no imagination or invention ever devised such pictures as this most horrible siege was constantly presenting to our view.

Mrs. Williams, the widow of Colonel Williams, after losing her husband early in the siege, from apoplexy supervening upon a wound, was herself shot in the face; she lingered two days in frightful suffering and disfigurement, all the time attended by her intrepid daughter, who was herself suffering from a bullet-wound right through the shoulder-blade.

An ayah, while nursing the infant child of Lieutenant J. Harris, Bengal Engineers, lost both her legs by a round shot, and the little innocent was picked off the ground suffused in its nurse's blood, but completely free from injury. While we were at Cuttack the mother of this infant had died, and Captain and Mrs. Belson kindly undertook its charge; in what manner the poor little nursling's short but troubled life was terminated I know not.

Miss Brightman, the sister of Mrs. Harris, died of fever consequent upon the fatigue she had incurred in nursing Lieutenant Martin, who was wounded in the lungs. Martin was quite young; he only reached Cawnpore a day or two before the outbreak. He said to me one day soon after his arrival, "I should like to see some practice with these things," pointing to a heap of shells. He soon saw far more of that practice than most soldiers three times his age.

Mrs. Evans, the wife of Major Evans, Bombay Native Infantry, was killed by falling bricks, displaced by round shot. My friend, Major Evans, had to endure the most intense solicitude for his beloved wife, while he was engaged in the defense of Lucknow.

Mrs. Reynolds, the wife of Captain Reynolds, 53d Native Infantry, was wounded in the wrist by a musket-ball, and died of fever in consequence of there being no instruments or materials to alleviate her sufferings. Her husband had been previously killed by a round shot, which took off his arm. A Eurasian and her daughter, crouching behind an empty barrel, were both instantly killed by one shot.

The children were a constant source of solicitude to the intrenched party. Sometimes the little things, not old enough to have the instinct for liberty crushed by the presence of death, would run away from their mothers and play about under the barrack walls, and even on these the incarnate fiends would fire their muskets, and not a few were slain and wounded thus.

One poor woman, a private's wife, ran out from the cover of the barracks with a child in each hand, courting relief from her prolonged anguish by death from the Sepoy guns, but a private nobly went out and dragged them back to a sheltered position.

There were children born as well as dying in these terrible times, and three or four mothers had to undergo the sufferings of maternity in a crisis that left none of that hope and joy which compensate the hour of agony. One of the most painful of these cases was that of Mrs. Darby, the wife of a surgeon in the Company's service. Her husband had been ordered to Lucknow immediately before the mutiny, and was killed there. Mrs. Darby survived her accouchement, and was, I believe, one of those who perished in the boats.

Besides such constantly-occurring and frightful spectacles as these, deaths from sun-stroke and fever were frequently happening. Colonel Williams, 56th Native Infantry, Major Prout, Sir George Parker, and several of the privates died thus. The fatal symptoms were headache and drowsiness, followed by vomiting and gradual insensibility, which terminated in death. Privation, and the influence of the horrible sights which day after day presented, drove some to insanity—such was the case

with one of the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Haycock. He had been accustomed to bring out his aged mother every evening into the veranda, for a short relief from the fetid atmosphere within the barrack walls; the old lady was at length severely wounded, and her acute sufferings overcame the son's reason, and he died a raving maniac. There was also another clergyman connected with the Propagation Society in the intrenchment, the Rev. Mr. Cockey, though I am not aware of the manner in which he met his death. The station chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff, was most indefatigable in the performance of his ministry of mercy with the wounded and the dying. Public worship in any combined form was quite out of the question, but this devoted clergyman went from post to post reading prayers while we stood to arms. Short and interrupted as these services were, they proved an invaluable privilege, and there was a terrible reality about them, since in each such solemnity one or more of the little group gathered about the person of their instructor was sure to be present for the last time. Mr. Moncrieff was held in high estimation by the whole garrison before the mutiny, on account of the zealous manner in which he discharged the duties of his sacred office, but his self-denial and constancy in the thickest of our perils made him yet more greatly beloved by us all. The Romish priest was the only well-fed man in our party, for the Irish privates used to contribute from their scanty rations for his support: he died about the middle of the siege from sun-stroke or apoplexy.

The frequency of our casualties from wounds may be best understood by the history of one short hour. Lieutenant Prole had come to the main-guard to see Armstrong, the Adjutant of the 53d Native Infantry, who was unwell. While engaged in conversation with the invalid, Prole was struck by a musket-ball in the thigh, and fell to the ground. I put his arm upon my shoulder, and holding him round the waist, endeavored to

hobble across the open to the barrack, in order that he might obtain the attention of the surgeons there. While thus employed, a ball hit me under the right shoulder-blade, and we fell to the ground together, and were picked up by some privates, who dragged us both back to the main-guard. While I was lying on the ground, woefully sick from the wound, Gilbert Bax—48th Native Infantry—came to condole with me, when a bullet pierced his shoulder-blade, causing a wound from which he died before the termination of the siege.

Mr. Hillersden, the collecting magistrate of Cawnpore, and brother of Major Hillersden, who commanded the 53d Native Infantry, was standing in the veranda of the puckah-roofed barrack in conversation with his wife, who had only recently recovered from her accouchement, when a round shot from the mess-house of the 56th Native Infantry completely disemboweled him. His wife only survived him two or three days; she was killed by a number of falling bricks dislodged by a shot and causing concussion of the brain. Mrs. Hillersden was a most accomplished lady, and by reason of her cheerfulness, amiability, and piety, universally a favorite at the station.

In the same barrack Lieutenant G. R. Wheeler, son and aiddecamp of the General, was sitting upon a sofa, fainting from a wound he had received in the trenches; his sister was fanning him, when a round shot entered the doorway, and left him a headless trunk; one sister at his feet, and father, mother, and another sister, in different parts of the same room, were witnesses of the appalling spectacle. Three officers, belonging to the same regiment with Lieutenant Wheeler, the 1st Native Infantry—namely, Lieutenants Smith and Redman, and Ensign Supple—had their heads taken off by round shots in the redan.

Lieutenant Dempster, who left a wife and four children, fell mortally wounded between Whiting's battery and the puckah-roofed barrack.

Lieutenant Jervis, of the Engineers, fell in the same locality.

He always scorned to run, and while calmly walking across the open, in the midst of a shower of bullets, some of us cried out to him, "Run, Jervis! run!" but he refused, and was killed by a bullet through his heart.

Mr. Jack, brother of the Brigadier, who was on a visit from Australia, was hit by a round shot, which carried away his left leg. As this occurred before the destruction of the instruments, he underwent amputation, but sank under the operation.

Colonel Ewart, a brave and clever man, was severely wounded in the arm early in the proceedings, and was entirely disabled from any participation in the defense.

Captain Kempland suffered so much from the heat, that, although not wounded, he was also utterly prostrate and non-combatant. His European man-servant made an attempt to get down the river with his master's baggage, but was taken by the Sepoys and murdered.

Lieutenant R. Quin died of fever. His brother, C. Quin, survived the siege, and was left severely wounded in the boat at Soorajpore.

Ensign Dowson suffered severely from sun-stroke, and Ensign Foreman was wounded in the leg. Both of these youths perished at the boats.

Major Lindsay was struck in the face by the splinters caused by a round shot; he lay for a few days in total blindness and extreme pain, when death came to his relief. His disconsolate widow followed him a day or two afterward, slain by grief.

Mr. Heberden, of the railway service, was handing one of the ladies some water, when a charge of grape entered the barrack, and a shot passed through both his hips, leaving an awful wound. He lay for a whole week upon his face, and was carried upon a mattress down to the boats, where he died. The fortitude he had shown in active service did not forsake him during his extraordinary sufferings, for not a murmur escaped his lips.

Lieutenant Eckford, while sitting in the veranda, was struck

by a round shot in the heart, causing instant death. He was an excellent artillery officer, and could ill be spared; besides his high military accomplishments this gentleman was an admirable linguist, and his death was a great loss to his country. To our enfeebled community these bereavements were a deplorable calamity.

Such are some specimens of the horrors endured, but by no means a summary of the long catalogue of lamentation and woe. Many casualties occurred of which I never heard, some probably which I have forgotten. Long and painful as this narrative of suffering may prove to the reader, he will not forget that all this was but on the surface; the agony of mind, the tortures of despair, the memories of home, the yearning after the distant children or parents, the secret prayers, and all the hidden heart-wounds contained in those barracks, were, and must remain, known only to God.

It would be unjust to overlook the fact that a large number of the natives shared with us our sharp and bitter troubles. There were not a few native servants who remained in the intrenchment with their masters. Three of them, in the service of Lieutenant Bridges, were killed by one shell. One, belonging to Lieutenant Goad, 56th Native Infantry, was crossing to barrack No. 2, with some food in his hand, and was shot through the head. Several outlived the siege, and died at the time of embarkation; some two or three escaped after the capitulation, and from these persons the various and conflicting statements of our history have come piecemeal into the Indian and English newspapers.

Soon after the destruction of the hospital, it was determined upon by Captain Moore to make a dash upon the enemy's guns, in the hope of silencing some of these destructive weapons, and thus lessening the severity of the attack. Accordingly a party of fifty, headed by the Captain, sallied out at midnight, toward the church compound, where they spiked two

or three guns. Proceeding thence to the mess-house, they killed several of the native gunners, asleep at their posts, blew up one of the twenty-four-pounders, and spiked another or two; but although it was a most brilliant, daring, and successful exploit, it availed us little, as the next day they brought fresh guns into position, and this piece of service cost us one private killed and four wounded.

Day after day, throughout the whole period of our sufferings, while our numbers were more than decimated by the enemy's fire, and our supply of food was known to be running short, we were buoyed up by expectations of relief. General Wheeler had telegraphed for reinforcements before communication with Calcutta was broken off, and it was reported that the Governor-General had promised to send them up promptly, and we indulged the hope that they must have been expedited for our relief. We ministered all the comfort we could to the women, by the assurance that our desperate condition must be known at headquarters; but so effectually had the Sepoys closed the road all around us, that the tidings of our exact circumstances did not even reach Lucknow, only fifty miles distant, till the siege was nearly concluded. The southern road was entirely shut up, and not a native was allowed to travel in the direction of Allahabad. Pickets of Sepoy infantry were posted fifteen paces apart, so as to form a complete *cordon* around the position, and these were supported by cavalry pickets, forming a second circle, and the whole were relieved every two hours.

All the while that our numbers were rapidly diminishing, those of our antagonists were as constantly increasing. Revolters poured into the ranks from Delhi, Jhansi, Saugor, and Lucknow, and, at last, there were said to be not fewer than eight thousand of them in immediate proximity to us.

Often we imagined that we heard the sounds of distant cannonading. At all hours of the day and night my men have asked me to listen. Their faces would gladden with the delusive

hope of a relieving force close at hand, but only to sink back again presently into the old care-worn aspect. Weariness and want had alike to be forgotten, and the energy of desperation thrown into our unequal conflict. Occasionally moved by such rumors as these into a momentary gleaming of hope, the countenances of the women, for the most part, assumed a stolid apathy and a deadly stillness that nothing could move. Much excitement was caused in our midst, at the expiration of the first fortnight, by the arrival of a native spy, who came into the intrenchment in the garb of a bheestie—a water-carrier. This man declared himself favorable to our cause, and said that he had brought good news, for there were two companies of European soldiers on the other side of the river, with a couple of guns from Lucknow; that they were making arrangements to cross the Ganges, and might be expected in our midst on the morrow. He came in again the next day, and told us that our countrymen were prevented crossing the stream by the rising of the waters, but that they were constructing rafts, and we might look for them in a day or two at the farthest. The tidings spread from man to man, and lighted some flickering rays of hope even in the bosoms of those who had abandoned themselves to despair. But days rolled on, and more terrific nights; and the delusion was dispelled like the mirage. Our pretended friend was, in fact, one of the Nana's spies, and the tidings which he conveyed back of our abject condition must have greatly gratified his sanguinary employer. I have no doubt that the fiction about approaching help was the invention of the wily Azimoolah, and intended to throw us off our guard, and, by the relaxation of our vigilance, prepare the way for an assault. It had not that effect, though it was too successful in bolstering up our vain expectations. It will be remembered by my readers, that no relief reached Cawnpore till three weeks after the capitulation, when the invincible Havelock wrested the cantonments from

the treacherous Nana. Would that his unparalleled feats of valor had met with the reward which, in his large heart, he so much coveted!—the privilege of rescuing some of his countrywomen from the fangs of their brutal murderer. That was the guerdon for which he fought, and it was more cherished by him than all the honors of successful war; but an inscrutable Providence had otherwise ordained it.

The 23d of June, 1857, the centenary of the battle of Plassy, was, no doubt, intended to have been the date of a simultaneous preconcerted effort to break off the British yoke from the Himalayas to the Hoogly. Had not events at Meerut precipitated the outburst in its riper form, it must have proved exceedingly more successful than it actually became.

The Nana and his company evidently intended the celebration of this epoch after their own fashion. In the night of the 22d we were threatened in our barrack No. 2 by a storming party from barrack No. 1. We saw the pandies gathering to this position from all parts, and, fearing that my little band would be altogether overpowered by numbers, I sent to Captain Moore for more men. The answer was not altogether unexpected: "Not one could be spared." Shortly afterward, however, the gallant Captain came across to me, in company with Lieutenant Delafosse, and he said to me:

"Thompson, I think I shall try a new dodge; we are going out into the open, and I shall give the word of command as though our party were about to commence an attack."

Forthwith they sallied out; Moore with a sword—Delafosse with an empty musket.

The Captain vociferated to the winds, "Number one to the front." And hundreds of ammunition-pouches rattled on the bayonet-sheaths as our courageous foes vaulted out from the cover afforded by heaps of rubbish, and rushed into the safer quarters presented by the barrack walls. We followed them with a vigorous salute, and as they did not show fight just then,

we had a hearty laugh at the ingenuity which had devised, and the courage which had executed, this successful feint. The whole of that night witnessed a series of surprises and false charges upon our barracks, and not a man of us left his post for an instant. Toward dawn, when they were a little more quiet, Mr. Mainwaring, a cavalry cadet, who was one of my picket, kindly begged of me to lie down a little while, and he would keep a sharp look-out. It was indeed a little while, for I had scarcely closed my eyes when Mainwaring shouted, "Here they come." They advanced close up to the door-way of our barrack, which, in consequence of the floor not being down, presented brick-work breast high, but had no door. They had never before shown so much pluck. Mainwaring's revolver dispatched two or three; Stirling, with an Enfield rifle, shot one and bayoneted another; both charges of my double-barreled gun were emptied, and not in vain. We were seventeen of us inside that barrack, and they left eighteen corpses lying outside the door-way. An attack on the intrenchment was simultaneous with that on both of our barracks. They surrounded the walls on all sides, and in every style of uniform, regular and irregular, both cavalry and infantry, together with horse and bullock batteries of field artillery, sent out as skirmishers. Their cavalry started upon the charge from the riding-school, and in their impetuosity, or through the ignorance of their leader, came all the way at a hand-gallop, so that when they neared the intrenchment their horses were winded, and a round from our guns threw their ranks into hopeless confusion, and all who were not biting the dust, wheeled round and retired. They had started with the intention of killing us all, or dying in the attempt, and oaths had been administered to the principal men among them to insure their fidelity to that purpose, as well as to stimulate their courage and determination, but all the appliances employed were of none effect, so soon as one of our batteries lodged a

charge of grape in their midst. One very singular expedient that they adopted upon this occasion to cover their skirmishers from our fire, was the following—they rolled before them great bales of cotton, and under the effectual security which it seemed to present from being struck by our shots, they managed to approach ominously near to our walls. The well-directed fire from the batteries presently set light to some of these novel defenses, and panic-struck the skirmishers retreated, before their main had shown signs of advance. During the following night we went out and brought in some of the cotton that had escaped the flames, and it was useful for stopping gaps made in the walls, and similar purposes. During the course of these manifestations I had a memento of the 23d of June, in the shape of a wound in the left thigh from a grape-shot, which plowed up the flesh, but happily, though narrowly, escaped the bone. On the evening of the 23d of June, a party of Sepoys came out unarmed, and having salaamed to us, obtained leave to take away the dead they had left outside our walls. There can be no doubt that the failure of the attack on this occasion was a grievous disappointment to the Nana and his coadjutors.

Seventeen days and nights our little party had resisted all the efforts made by the overwhelming numbers of the foe to storm the position. There remained nothing now for them to do but to starve us out; henceforth they abandoned all attempts to take us by assault. They resumed the whole work of annoyance, by coming every day up the lines and threatening us. Accordingly we had to resume the daily employment of expelling them, lest their unchecked insolence should lead to acts more decisive. After having made one of these charges through the whole tier of buildings, Captain Jenkins and I were returning from barrack to barrack to our pickets, surveying the effects of the sortie we had just concluded. We had sent on our men before us to resume their posts; and while we

were leisurely walking and chatting together between the barracks numbered 4 and 5, a wounded Sepoy, who had feigned death while our men passed him, suddenly raised his musket and shot Captain Jenkins through the jaw. I had the miserable satisfaction of first dismissing the assailant, and then conducted my suffering companion to his barrack. He lived two or three days in excruciating agony, and then died from exhaustion, as it was quite impossible, without the aid of instruments, to get even the wretched nutriment we possessed into his throat.

In Captain Jenkins we lost one of the bravest and one of the best of our party. Captain Moore took the post vacated by this sad event for the remainder of the siege.

On the 24th of June, a private named Blenman, a Eurasian by birth, but so dark in complexion as easily to have been taken for a native, and who had gone out once or twice before to the Nana's camp to report the state of affairs in that direction, was once more sent out with instructions, if possible, to reach Allahabad, and make known our desperate condition. He passed through my outpost disguised as a cook, with only a pistol and fifteen rupees in his possession. He managed to elude the observation of seven troopers who were posted as cavalry pickets, but he was discovered by the eighth, and when he endeavored to pass himself off as a chumar, or leather dresser, from the native city, whether they believed his story or not, they stripped him of rupees and pistol, and told him to return to the place he came from. Blenman was exceedingly courageous, and, when he chose, one of the best men we had, but he was always fitful in temper, and at times difficult to manage. Two or three attempts of the same kind were made to open communications with the down country people, but they all failed; and, with the exception of Blenman, we never saw any of our spies again after they had quitted our walls. One of them, Mr. Shepherd, of the commissariat department, survives,

and has published the account of his adventures, from which it appears that he volunteered his services to General Wheeler, in the hope of being able to provide a retreat for his family in the native city. He says, "With this view I applied to the General, on the 24th of June, for permission to go, at the same time offering to bring all the correct information that I might collect in the city, asking, as a condition, that on my return, if I should wish it, my family might be allowed to leave the intrenchment. This, my request, was granted, as the General wished very much to get such information, and for which purpose he had previously sent out two or three natives at different times, under promises of high reward, but who never returned. He at the same time instructed me to try and negotiate with certain influential parties in the city, so as to bring about a rupture among the rebels, and cause them to leave off annoying us, authorizing me to offer a lac of rupees as a reward, with handsome pensions for life, to any person who would bring about such a thing. This, I have every reason to believe, could have been carried out successfully, had it pleased God to take me out unmolested; but it was not so ordained—it was merely a means, under God's providence, to save me from sharing the fate of the rest—for as I came out of the intrenchment, disguised as a native cook, and passing through the new unfinished barracks, had not gone very far when I was taken a prisoner, and under custody of four Sepoys and a couple of sowars, all well-armed, was escorted to the camp of the Nana, and was ordered to be placed under a guard. Here several questions were put to me concerning our intrenchment, not by the Nana himself, but by some of his people, to all of which I replied as I was previously instructed by our General; for I had taken the precaution of asking him what I should say in case I was taken. My answers were not considered satisfactory, and I was confronted with two women-servants, who three days previously had been caught in making their escape from the

intrenchment, and who gave a version of their own, making it appear that the English were starving, and not able to hold out much longer, as their number was greatly reduced. I, however, stood firm to what I had first mentioned, and they did not know which party to believe. I was kept under custody till the 12th of July, on which date my trial took place, and I was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, with hard labor. They gave me only parched grain to eat daily, and that in small quantities."

The arrival of General Havelock was the means of Mr. Shepherd's release after twenty-five days' captivity. In this gentleman's generally-truthful narrative of the siege, there is one misstatement which requires correction, as it may have caused in some quarters the belief that we could have held out a fortnight longer than we did. Mr. Shepherd says that on the 24th June "there were provisions yet left to keep the people alive on half rations for the next fifteen or twenty days." This is an error, as when the capitulation was projected, we had already been placed several days on half rations, and there were then in stock only supplies sufficient for four more days at the reduced rate.

Many attempts were made to introduce themselves into our midst as spies by emissaries of the Nana, but with the exception of the man who brought us the story of the approaching relief, they failed as conspicuously as our own efforts in that direction. The natives are exceedingly adroit in this kind of occupation; they secrete their brief dispatches in quills most mysteriously concealed about the person; they keep ambush with the most patient self-possession, and creep through the jungles as stealthily as the jackal. Often when our sentries were on the look-out over the wall, they have detected Sepoys creeping on all-fours with their tulwars between the teeth in the attempt to cut down a man without observation, but fortunately none of our force were caught napping in that way.

THE CAPITULATION.

On the twenty-first day of the siege, the firing of my picket having ceased for a short time, the look-out man up in the crow's nest shouted, "There 's a woman coming across." She was supposed to have been a spy, and one of the picket would have shot her, but that I knocked down his arm and saved her life. She had a child at her breast, but was so imperfectly clothed as to be without shoes and stockings. I lifted her over the barricade in a fainting condition, when I recognized her as Mrs. Greenway, a member of a wealthy family who had resided at Cawnpore, and carried on their operations as merchants in the cantonments. Upon the appearance of the mutiny they fled to Nuzzuffghur, where they had a factory, in the belief that their own villagers would be quite able to protect them from any serious injury. These precautions were, however, utterly useless, as they fell into the Nana's hands.

One of the members of this family paid the Nana three lacs of rupees—£30,000—to save the lives of the entire household. The unprincipled monster took the ransom, but numbered all the Greenways among the slain. As soon as she had recovered herself after entering the barrack, Mrs. Greenway handed me a letter with this superscription:

"To THE SUBJECTS OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA."

I took this document to Captain Moore, and he, together with General Wheeler and Captain Whiting, deliberated over its contents—they were as follows:

"All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad."

There was no signature to it, but the handwriting was that of Azimoolah. Sir Hugh Wheeler, still hopeful of relief from Cal-

cutta, and suspicious of treachery on the part of the Nana, for a long time most strenuously opposed the idea of making terms; but upon the representation that there were only three days' rations in store, and after the often-reiterated claims of the women and children, and the most deplorable destitution in which we were placed, he at last succumbed to Captain Moore's expostulations, and consented to the preparation of a treaty of capitulation. All of us who were juniors adopted the views of the brave old General, but we well knew that it was only consideration for the weak and the wounded, that turned the vote against us. Had there been only men there, I am sure we should have made a dash for Allahabad rather than have thought of surrender; and Captain Moore would have been the first to lead the forlorn hope. A braver soul than he never breathed.

It is easy enough, in the comfortable retirement of the club dining-room, for Colonel Pipeclay to call in question the propriety of the surrender; and his cousin, Mr. Scribe, in glowing trisyllabics, can fluently enough discourse of military honor and British heroism of olden times. Only let these gentlemen take into consideration in their wine-and-walnut arguments, the famished sucklings, the woe-worn women, who awaited the issue of those deliberations, and perhaps even they will admit, as all true soldiers and sensible citizens have done, that there remained nothing better for our leaders to do than to hope the best from an honorable capitulation.

The whole of that 26th of June the enemy ceased firing upon us. While the deliberations were going on Mrs. Greenway staid in my picket, though all the time eager to return to her little children, whom her brutal captor had retained as hostages. She was interrogated particularly as to the treatment she had received, and gave distressing details of their cruelty. They had fed her only on a most starving allowance of chupatties and water; stripped her of all her clothing but a

gown, and had pulled her earrings out through the flesh. She cried most bitterly while enumerating her wrongs, though she most explicitly affirmed that no indignities or abuse had molested her honor. She returned at night to the Nana's camp, bearing the message, that the General, Sir Hugh Wheeler, was in deliberation as to the answer that should be sent. Soon after Mrs. Greenway had left, Captain Moore reached my picket with the intelligence that we were about to treat with the enemy. I passed the word to the native officer stationed nearest to us, and presently Azimoolah made his appearance: he was accompanied by Juwallah Pershaud, the brigadier of the Nana's cavalry. These two came to within about two hundred yards of my barrack, and Captains Moore and Whiting, and Mr. Roche, postmaster of Cawnpore, went out to arrange the terms of the capitulation. The conditions for which our representatives stipulated, were honorable surrender of our shattered barracks and free exit under arms, with sixty rounds of ammunition per man; carriages to be provided for the conveyance of the wounded, the women and the children; boats furnished with flour to be ready at the ghaut. Some of the native party added to the remark about supplying us with flour, "We will give you sheep and goats also."

Azimoolah engaged to take these written proposals to the Nana, and the same afternoon they were sent back by a sowar, with the verbal message that the Nana agreed to all the conditions, and that the cantonments were to be evacuated the same night. This was utterly impossible, and the treaty was immediately returned with an intimation that our departure must be delayed till the morrow. The sowar came back to us once more, and Captain Whiting and I went out to meet him, when he informed us that the Nana was inflexible in his determination that we should instantly evacuate, and that if we hesitated his guns would open upon us again; and moreover he bade us remember that he was thoroughly acquainted with our impover-

ished condition ; he knew that our guns were shattered, and if he did renew the bombardment, we must all certainly be killed. To all this Whiting replied we should never be afraid of their entering the intrenchment, as we had repelled their repeated attempts to do this, and even if they should succeed in overpowering us, we had men always ready at the magazines to blow us all up together. The sowar returned to the Nana, and by and by he came out to us again, with the verbal consent that we should delay the embarkation till the morning. Mr. Todd now volunteered to take the document across to the Sevadah Kothi, the Nana's residence, and after about an absence of half an hour, he returned with the treaty of capitulation signed by the Nana. Mr. Todd said that he was courteously received, and that no hesitation was made in giving the signature, which, in point of fact, left the covenant as worthless as it possibly could be. I narrate all these details, to exonerate General Wheeler and Captain Moore from any suspicion of having overlooked precautions that might be supposed to give security to their proceedings. Three men were sent from the hostile camp into our intrenchment to remain there the whole night as hostages for the Nana's good faith. One of them was the before-named Juwallah Pershaud ; there is little doubt that this rogue was in possession of a perfect programme of the projected plans for the morrow. He was one of the Bithoor retainers, and had now become a very considerable personage, having floated on the tide of mutiny to high military command in the ranks of the rebel army. Juwallah condoled in most eloquent language with Sir Hugh Wheeler upon the privations he had undergone, and said that it was a sad affair at his time of life for the General to suffer so much ; and that after he had commanded Sepoy regiments for so many years, it was a shocking thing they should turn their arms against him. He, Juwallah, would take care that no harm should come to any of us on the morrow ; and his companions used language of the

same kind both for its obsequiousness and falsity. Before sunset our shattered guns were formally made over to the Nana, and a company of his artillery stood at them the whole night: some of them men who had been drilled at the same guns in the service of the Honorable East India Company. A committee was next appointed, consisting of Captain Athill Turner and Lieutenants Delafosse and Goad, to go down to the river and see if the boats were in readiness for our reception. An escort of native cavalry was sent to conduct them to the ghaut. They found about forty boats moored and apparently ready for departure, some of them roofed, and others undergoing that process. These were the large up-country boats, so well known to all Indians. The committee saw also the apparent victualing of some of the boats, as in their presence a show of furnishing them with supplies was made, though before the morning there was not left in any of them a sufficient meal for a rat. Our delegates returned to us without the slightest molestation, though I afterward gathered that Captain Turner was made very uneasy by the repetition of the word *kuttle*—massacre—which he overheard passing from man to man by some of the 56th Native Infantry, who were present on the bank of the river.

During the night some sleepy sentry of theirs, in barrack No. 1, dropped his musket, and so caused its discharge. I suppose that at their headquarters this was taken to be firing on our part, for they instantly opened with musketry and artillery all around us, as rapidly as they could load repeating the volley. We did not answer them with a single cartridge, but stood at our posts prepared for an attack. Juwallah sent for one of the Sepoys in barrack No. 1, and upon discovering the cause of the commotion, dispatched a quieting communication to his uneasy principals. Notwithstanding this interruption, that night was by far the best we had had for a month. With a pillow of brickbats, made comfortable by extreme fatigue and

prolonged suspense, and with a comfortable sense of having done all that he could, or that his country could require, many a poor fellow slept that night, only less soundly than he did on the following one. The well had been besieged on the cessation of the enemy's fire, and draught after draught was swallowed; and though the *débris* of mortar and bricks had made the water cloudy, it was more delicious than nectar. It was not given out by thimblefuls that night. Double rations of chupatties and dhâl were served around, though the degree of confidence that was put in each other by the contracting parties will be tolerably evident from the fact that no decent food was begged or bought on our side, nor was it offered or given on the other. There was a slightly-visible change for the better in the countenances of the women, though some of them gave expression to their suspicions with such inquiries as these, "Do you think it will be all right to-morrow?" "Will they really let us go down to Allahabad in safety?" The majority assumed a tone of cheerfulness, and comforted one another with the prospects of rescue. Such, however, was the extreme depression of both mind and body, that any alternative seemed preferable to the prolonged murder of the siege. The children, at least, were cheerful; they had had the wants of the moment more liberally supplied than for a long time past, and at midnight all was silent; men, women, and children, all slept. After such an acclimation of the brain to incessant bombardment, the stillness was actually painful. In that silence the angel of death brooded over many a sleeper there. The jackal took the opportunity offered to him to prowl among the animal remains around the intrenchment, without alarm from the guns; and daybreak disclosed to view hosts of adjutant birds and vultures gloating over their carnivorous breakfast. These are the only parties who have any cause to thank the Sepoys for the rebellion of 1857.

THE DEPARTURE.

It was a truly-strange spectacle which the opening morning of the 27th of June brought within the intrenchment. All the activities of departure were manifest on every side. Men and women were loading themselves with what each thought most precious. Hurried words of sympathy were uttered to the wounded, and many a hearty declaration given that, at all hazards, they should not be left behind. Some had much that they wished to carry away, some had nothing. The time for deliberation was short, and the power to carry limited indeed. Little relics of jewelry were secreted by some, in the tattered fragments of their dress. A few were busily occupied in digging up boxes from the ruins of the building, the said boxes containing plate and other valuables. Some cherished a Bible or a prayer-book; others bestowed all their care upon the heir-looms which the dead had intrusted to their keeping, to be transferred to survivors at home. The able-bodied men packed themselves with all the ammunition which they could carry, till they were walking-magazines.

Not a few looked down that well, and thought of the treasures consigned to its keeping. Some would have fain been among them even there. Here a party paced the outside of the barrack-wall, and gazed at the brick-work, all honeycombed with shot. There a little group lent kindly aid to bind up and secure the clothing that could scarcely be made to hold together. Never, surely, was there such an emaciated, ghostly party of human beings as we. There were women who had been beautiful, now stripped of every personal charm, some with, some without gowns; fragments of finery were made available no longer for decoration, but decorum; officers in tarnished uniforms, rent and wretched, and with nondescript mixtures of apparel, more or less insufficient in all. There were few shoes, fewer stockings, and scarcely any shirts; these

had all gone for bandages to the wounded. After an hour or two of this busy traffic, the elephants and palanquins made their appearance at Ashe's battery. Water was the only cordial we could give to the wounded, but this they eagerly and copiously drank. No rations were served out before starting, nor was any ceremony or religious service of any kind observed. Sixteen elephants and between seventy and eighty palanquins composed the van of the mournful procession, and more than two hundred sufferers had thus to be conveyed down to the river. The advance-guard, consisting of some men of the 32d Regiment, led by Captain Moore, had to return for a second installment of those who were unable to walk the single mile to the ghaut. Not a Sepoy accompanied us; we loaded and unloaded the burdens ourselves; and the most cautious handling caused much agony to our disabled ones. They would have been objects for intense pity, and subjects of great pain, with all the relief that hospital science could have devised for their attention, but our rude and unaided efforts must have caused them greatly-aggravated torture.

The women and children were put on the elephants and into the bullock-carts; the able-bodied walked down indiscriminately after the advance had gone. Immediately after the exit of the first detachment the place was thronged with Sepoys. One of them said to one of our men, "Give me that musket!" placing his hand upon the weapon, as if about to take it. "You shall have its contents, if you please, but not the gun," was the reply; the proposal not having been accepted, the insulted Briton walked off: it was the only semblance of an interruption to our departure.

The Sepoys were loud in their expression of astonishment that we had withstood them so long, and said that it was utterly unaccountable to them. We told them that had it not been for the failure of our food, we should have held the place to the last man. I asked one of them, whom I recognized as

having belonged to my own regiment, how many they had lost, and he told me from eight hundred to a thousand. I believe this estimate to have been under rather than over the mark. Inquiries were made by men after their old officers whom they had missed, and they appeared much distressed at hearing of their death. Such discrepancies of character will, possibly, mystify the northern mind, but they are indigenous to the east. I inquired of another Sepoy of the 53d, "Are we to go to Allahabad without molestation?" He affirmed that such was his firm belief; and I do not suppose that the contemplated massacre had been divulged beyond the councils of its brutal projectors. Poor old Sir Hugh Wheeler, his lady and daughter, walked down to the boats. The rear was brought up by Major Vibart, who was the last officer in the intrenchment. Some of the rebels, who had served in this officer's regiment, insisted on carrying out the property which belonged to him. They loaded a bullock-cart with boxes, and escorted the Major's wife and family down to the boats with the most profuse demonstrations of respect. When we reached the place of embarkation, all of us, men and women, as well as the bearers of the wounded and children, had to wade knee-deep through the water to get into the boats, as not a single plank was provided to serve for a gangway. It was 9 o'clock, A. M., when the last boat received her complement. And now I have to attempt to portray one of the most brutal massacres that the history of the human race has recorded, aggravated, as it was, by the most reckless cruelty and monstrous cowardice.

The boats were about thirty feet long and twelve feet across the thwarts, and overcrowded with their freight. They were flat down on the sand-banks, with about two feet of water rippling around them. We might and ought to have demanded an embarkation in deeper water, but, in the hurry of our departure, this had been overlooked. If the rainy season had come on while we were intrenched, our mud walls would have

been entirely washed away, and grievous epidemic sickness must have been added to the long catalogue of our calamities. While the siege lasted we were daily dreading the approach of the rains—now, alas! we mourned their absence; for the Ganges was at its lowest. Captain Moore had told us that no attempt at any thing like order of progress would be made in the departure; but when all were aboard, we were to push off as quickly as possible, and make for the other side of the river, where orders would be given for our further direction. As soon as Major Vibart had stepped into his boat, "Off!" was the word; but at a signal from the shore, the native boatmen, who numbered eight and a coxswain to each boat, all jumped over and waded to the shore. We fired into them immediately, but the majority of them escaped, and are now plying their old trade in the neighborhood of Cawnpore. Before they quitted us, these men had contrived to secrete burning charcoal in the thatch of most of the boats. Simultaneously with the departure of the boatmen, the identical troopers who had escorted Major Vibart to the ghaut opened upon us with their carbines. As well as the confusion, caused by the burning of the boats, would allow, we returned the fire of these horsemen, who were about fifteen or sixteen in number, but they retired immediately after the volley they had given us.

Those of us who were not disabled by wounds now jumped out of the boats, and endeavored to push them afloat, but, alas! most of them were utterly immovable. Now, from ambush, in which they were concealed all along the banks, it seemed that thousands of men fired upon us; besides four nine-pounders, carefully masked and pointed to the boats, every bush was filled with Sepoys.

There are two or three houses close down by the river in this place, one of them formerly known as the Fusileer mess-house, the second the residence of Captain Jenkins, and a third now in the occupancy of the station chaplain. These

were filled with our murderers, and the last of them held two of the guns. The scene which followed this manifestation of the infernal treachery of our assassins is one that beggars all description. Some of the boats presented a broadside to the guns, others were raked from stem to stern by the shot. Volumes of smoke from the thatch somewhat vailed the full extent of the horrors of that morning. All who could move were speedily expelled from the boats by the heat of the flames! Alas! the wounded were burnt to death; one mitigation only there was to their horrible fate—the flames were terrifically fierce, and their intense sufferings were not protracted. Wretched multitudes of women and children crouched behind the boats, or waded out into deep water and stood up to their chins in the river to lessen the probability of being shot. Meanwhile Major Vibart's boat, being of lighter draught than some, had got off and was drifting down the stream, her thatched roof unburnt. I threw into the Ganges my father's Chuznee medal, and my mother's portrait, all the property I had left, determined they should only have my life for a prey; and with one final shudder at the deviltry enacting upon that bank, and which it was impossible to mitigate by remaining any longer in its reach, I struck out, swimming for the retreating boat. There were a dozen of us beating the water for life; close by my side there were two brothers, Ensign Henderson—56th Native Infantry—and his brother, who had but recently come out to India. They both swam well for some distance, when the younger became weak, and although we encouraged him to the utmost, he went down in our sight, though not within our reach; presently his survivor, J. W. Henderson, was struck on the hand by a grape-shot. He put the disabled arm over my shoulder, and with one arm each, we swam to the boat, which by this time had stranded on a bank close to the Oude side of the river. We were terribly exhausted when Captain Whiting pulled us in; and had it not been for the sand-bank,

we must have perished. All of the other swimmers sank through exhaustion, or were shot in the water, except Lieutenant Harrison, of the 2d Light Cavalry, and private Murphy, 84th regiment. Harrison had left one of the boats in company with a number of passengers, and by wading they reached a small island, about two hundred yards from the shore. While I was swimming past this islet, I saw three sowars of cavalry who had also waded from the Cawnpore bank. One of them cut down one of our women with his tulwar, and then made off for Harrison, who received him with a charge from his revolver, and waited for the second man, whom he dispatched in like manner, whereupon the third took to the water on the shore-side of the ait, and Harrison, plunging in on the river-side, swam to Vibart's boat. While I was swimming, a second boat got away from the ghaut, and while drifting, was struck by a round shot below the water-mark, and was rapidly filling, when she came along side, and we took off the survivors of her party. Now the crowded state of our poor ark left little room for working her. Her rudder was shot away ; we had no oars, for these had all been thrown overboard by the traitorous boatmen, and the only implements that could be brought into use, were a spar or two, and such pieces of wood as we could in safety tear away from the sides. Grape and round shot flew about us from either bank of the river, and shells burst constantly on the sand-banks in our neighborhood. Alternately stranding and drifting, we were often within a hundred yards of the guns on the Oude side of the river, and saw them load, prime, and fire into our midst. Shortly after midday we got out of range of their great guns ; the sandy bed on the river bank had disabled their artillery bullocks, but they chased us the whole day, firing in volleys of musketry incessantly.

On the 27th of June we lost, after the escape of the boat, Captain Moore, Lieutenants Ashe, Bolton, Burney, and Glanville, besides many others, whose names I did not know.

Captain Moore was killed while attempting to push off the boat—a ball pierced him in the region of the heart; Ashe and Bolton died in the same manner. Burney and Glanville were carried off by one round shot, which also shattered Lieutenant Fagan's leg to such an extent, that from the knee downward it was only held together by sinews. His sufferings were frightful, but he behaved with wonderful patience. I had a great regard for him, as he and I were griffs together at Benares. Just after I had been pulled into the boat, Mrs. Swinton, who was a relative of Lieutenant Jervis, of the Engineers, was standing up in the stern, and, having been struck by a round shot, fell overboard and sank immediately. Her poor little boy, six years old, came up to me and said, "Mamma has fallen overboard." I endeavored to comfort him, and told him mamma would not suffer any more pain. The little babe cried out, "O, why are they firing upon us? did not they promise to leave off?" I never saw the child after that, and suspect that he soon shared his mother's death.

The horrors of the lingering hours of that day seemed as if they would never cease; we had no food in the boat, and had nothing before starting. The water of the Ganges was all that passed our lips, save prayers, and shrieks, and groans

The wounded and the dead were often entangled together in the bottom of the boat: to extricate the corpses was a work of extreme difficulty, though imperatively necessary from the dreaded consequences of the intense heat, and the importance of lightening the boat as much as possible.

In the afternoon of that day I saw a Sepoy from behind a tree deliberately taking aim at me: the bullet struck the side of my head, and I fell into the boat stunned by the wound. "We were just going to throw you overboard," was the greeting I had from some of the men when I revived. Six miles was the entire distance that we accomplished in the whole day; at 5 P. M., we stranded, and as all our efforts to move the keel

an inch were in vain, we resolved to stay there at all hazards till nightfall, in the hope that when darkness sheltered us we might be able to get out the women and lighten the craft sufficiently to push her off. They now sent a burning boat down the stream, in the hope that she would fall foul of us—providentially the thing glided past us, though within a yard or two.

At night they let fly arrows with lighted charcoal fastened to them, to ignite, if possible, the thatched roof, and this protection we were, in consequence, obliged to dislodge and throw overboard. When we did succeed in getting adrift, the work of pushing away from the sand-banks was incessant; and we spent as much of the night out, as we did in the boat. There was no moon, however, and although they did not cease firing at us till after midnight, they did us little damage.

When the morning broke upon us, we saw none of our pursuers, and began to indulge the hope that they had given up the chase. We had, however, only made four miles in the entire night, and our prospects of escape can scarcely be said to have improved. About 8 A. M. we saw some natives bathing, and persuaded a native drummer, who was with us, to go and talk with them, and try to induce them to get us some food. The drummer took with him five rupees, and procured from one of the bathers a promise to obtain food, and also, if possible, the assistance of some native boatmen. This man left his *lotah*—a cooking-pot, which the natives carry every-where with them—as a guarantee for his fidelity; but we saw no more of him, and he informed our messenger that orders had been sent down to Nuzzuffghur, two miles further, to seize us, and that Baboo Ram Buksh of Dhownriakera, a powerful zemindar on the Oude side, had engaged that he would not suffer one of us to escape his territory. Captain Whiting now wrote with his pencil a brief statement of our utter abandonment of all hope, put the scrap of paper into a bottle, and cast it into the river. At 2 P. M. we stranded off Nuzzuffghur,

and they opened on us with musketry. Major Vibart had been shot through one arm on the previous day; nevertheless he got out, and while helping to push off the boat was shot through the other arm. Captain Athill Turner had both his legs smashed. Captain Whiting was killed. Lieutenant Quin was shot through the arm; Captain Seppings through the arm; and Mrs. Seppings through the thigh. Lieutenant Harrison was shot dead. I took off his rings and gave them to Mrs. Seppings, as I thought the women might perhaps excite some commiseration, and that if any of our party escaped, it would be some of them. Blenman, our bold spy, was shot here in the groin, and implored some of us to terminate his sufferings with a bullet, but it might not be done. At this place they brought out a gun; but while they were pointing it at us the rain came down in such torrents that they were not able to discharge it more than once. At sunset fifty or sixty natives came down the stream in a boat from Cawnpore, thoroughly armed, and deputed to board and destroy us. But they also grounded on a sand-bank; and instead of waiting for them to attack us, eighteen or twenty of us charged them, and few of their number escaped to tell the story. Their boat was well supplied with ammunition, and we appropriated it to our own use; but there was no food, and death was now staring us in the face from that direction. That night we fell asleep, faint and weary, and expecting never to see the morrow; but a hurricane came on in the night, and set us free again. Some of us woke in the mid-darkness, and found the boat floating; some fresh hopes buoyed us up again; but daylight returned to reveal the painful fact that we had drifted out of the navigable channel into a siding of the river opposite Soorajpore. Our pursuers speedily discovered us, and again opened with musketry on the boat, which was once more settled down deep in a sand-bank.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., Major Vibart directed me, with Lieutenant Delafosse, Sergeant Grady, and eleven privates of the

84th and 32d Regiments, to wade to the shore and drive off the Sepoys, while they attempted to ease off the boat again. It was a forlorn enterprise—that consigned to us—but it mysteriously contributed, by God's goodness, to the escape of four of our number. Maddened by desperation, we charged the crowd of Sepoys and drove them back some distance, till we were thoroughly surrounded by a mingled party of natives, armed and unarmed. We cut our way through these, bearing more wounds, but without the loss of a man ; and reached the spot at which we had landed, but the boat was gone. Our first thought was that they had got loose again, and were farther down the stream ; and we followed in that direction, but never saw either the boat or our doomed companions any more. Our only hope of safety now was in flight ; and, with a burning sun overhead, a rugged raviny ground, and no covering for the feet, it was no easy task for our half-famished party to make head ; but a rabble of ryots and Sepoys at our heels soon put all deliberation upon the course to be pursued, as it did ourselves, to flight. For about three miles we retreated, when I saw a temple in the distance, and gave orders to make for that. To render us less conspicuous as marks for the guns, we had separated to the distance of about twenty paces apart ; from time to time loading and firing as we best could upon the multitude in our rear. As he was entering the temple, Sergeant Grady was shot through the head. I instantly set four of the men crouching down in the doorway with bayonets fixed, and their muskets so placed as to form a *cheval-de-frise* in the narrow entrance. The mob came on helter-skelter in such maddening haste that some of them fell or were pushed on to the bayonets, and their transfixed bodies made the barrier impassable to the rest, upon whom we, from behind our novel defense, poured shot upon shot into the crowd. The situation was the more favorable to us, in consequence of the temple having been built upon a base of brick-work three feet from the ground, and

approached by steps on one side. The brother of Baboo Ram Buksh, who was leading the mob, was slain here; and his bereaved relation was pleased to send word to the Nana that the English were thoroughly invincible. Foiled in their attempts to enter our asylum, they next began to dig at its foundation; but the walls had been well laid, and were not so easily to be moved as they expected. They now fetched fagots, and from the circular construction of the building they were able to place them right in front of the doorway with impunity, there being no window or loop-hole in the place through which we could attack them, nor any means of so doing, without exposing ourselves to the whole mob at the entrance. In the center of the temple there was an altar for the presentation of gifts to the presiding deity; his shrine, however, had not lately been enriched, or it had more recently been visited by his ministering priests, for there were no gifts upon it. There was, however, in a deep hole in the center of the stone which constituted the altar, a hollow with a pint or two of water in it, which, although long since putrid, we bailed out with our hands, and sucked down with great avidity. When the pile of fagots had reached the top of the doorway, or nearly so, they set them on fire, expecting to suffocate us; but a strong breeze kindly sent the great body of the smoke away from the interior of the temple. Fearing that the suffocating, sultry atmosphere would be soon insupportable, I proposed to the men to sell their lives as dearly as possible; but we stood till the wood had sunk down into a pile of embers, and we began to hope that we might brave out their torture till night—apparently the only friend left us—would let us get out for food and attempted escape. But their next expedient compelled an evacuation; for they brought bags of gunpowder, and threw them upon the red-hot ashes. Delay would have been certain suffocation—so out we rushed. The burning wood terribly marred our bare feet, but it was no time to think of trifles. Jumping the para-

pet, we were in the thick of the rabble in an instant; we fired a volley, and ran a-muck with the bayonet. Seven of our number succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, and we first threw in our guns and then ourselves. The weight of ammunition we had in the pouches carried us under the water; while we were thus submerged, we escaped the first volley that they fired. We slipped off the belts, rose again, and swam; and by the time they had loaded a second time, there were only heads for them to aim at. I turned around, and saw the banks of the river thronged with the black multitude, yelling, howling, and firing at us; while others of their party rifled the bodies of the six poor fellows we had left behind. Presently two more were shot in the head; and one private, Ryan, almost sinking from exhaustion, swam into a sand-bank and was knocked on the head by two or three ruffians waiting to receive him. These villains had first promised Lieutenant Delafosse and private Murphy that if they would come to the shore they should be protected, and have food given to them. They were so much inclined to yield that they made toward the bank, but suddenly and wisely altered their determination. Infuriated with disappointment, one of them threw his club at Delafosse; but in the hight of his energy lost his balance and fell into deep water; the other aimed at Murphy, and struck him on the heel. For two or three hours we continued swimming; often changing our position, and the current helping our progress. At length our pursuers gave up the chase; a sowar on horseback was the last we saw of them.

It turned out that we had reached the territory of a rajah who was faithful to Government—Dirigbijah Singh, of Moorar Mhow, in Oude. When no longer pursued, we turned into the shore to get rest, and saw two or three long-nosed alligators basking on a sand-bank. The natives afterward said that it was a miracle we had escaped their bottle-nosed brethren who feed on men.

We were sitting down by the shore, with the water up to our necks, still doubtful of our safety, when we heard voices and approaching footsteps, and again plunged into the stream, like terrified beasts of the waters. Our visitors proved to be retainers of the Rajah Dirigbijah Singh, though their armed aspect, with swords, shields, and matchlocks, and our ignorance of the loyal sanctions under which they lived, made them any thing but comforting in appearance to us. "Sahib! Sahib! why swim away? we are friends!" they shouted. I replied to them, "We have been deceived so often, that we are not inclined to trust any body." They said if we wished it, they would throw their arms into the river to convince us of their sincerity. Partly from the exhaustion which was now beginning to be utterly insupportable, and partly from the hope that they were faithful, we swam to the shore, and when we reached the shallow water, such was our complete prostration that they were obliged to drag us out; we could not walk, our feet were burnt, and our frames famished. We had been swimming, without a moment's intermission, a distance of six miles since we left Soorajpore. They extricated me first; and having laid me down upon the bank, covered me with one of their blankets. The others shortly followed, and, being equally done up, were indulged, for a few minutes, in like manner. I had on me no clothing but a flannel shirt. My coat and trowsers, such as they were, had been taken off in the river to facilitate progress. That flannel shirt I very greatly respect; it went into the siege a bright pink, just as it had come from the hands of Messrs. Thresher and Glenny, who delight in such gayeties; but if these very respectable venders could see it now they would never accredit it as from their establishment. Lieutenant Delafosse had nothing in the shape of clothing but a piece of sheeting round his loins; and his shoulders were so burnt by exposure to the sun, that the skin was raised in huge blisters, as if he had just escaped death by burning. Sullivan

and Murphy were altogether destitute of clothing of any kind, and consequently suffered equally from the sun. Murphy had a cap-pouch, full of rupees, tied round his right knee; but our generous preservers were not proof against the temptation, so they eased him of this load, and also of a ring which he wore, but when they found that this was made of English gold—which, on account of its alloy, the natives greatly despise—they gave it him back again. After we had rested a little, our captors proposed that we should go to the adjacent village; and, supported by a native on each side of us, with his hands under our arm-pits, we partly walked, and were partly carried a distance that seemed to us many miles, though not, in reality, more than three or four furlongs. We were so enfeebled that, in crossing a little current which had to be waded, they were obliged to use great strength to prevent our being washed away. As soon as we reached the village, they took us to the hut of the zemindar, who received us most kindly, commiserated with us upon our horrible condition, and gave us a hearty meal of dhâl, chupatties, and preserves.

THE ESCAPE.

It was the evening of the 29th of June when we reached Moorar Mhow, and since the night of the 26th we had not tasted solid food. We soon asked for some information about the missing boat, and if it had passed down the river. They told us that it had been seized by a party of the Nana's men, and carried back to Cawnpore. While we were taking our food, a great crowd of the villagers surrounded the hut, and gazed with profound astonishment at us. They could scarcely believe that we had eluded all the precautions taken to effect our capture, although we were visibly before them. They said it was "*Khûda-ki-mirzee*"—the will of God—and, I suppose, few will doubt that they were right. The meal being finished,

Delafosse and I lay down upon two charpoys—native beds—and the privates upon the floor, and we were soon fast asleep. They woke us up between five and six o'clock, to say that a retainer of their Rajah had come to conduct us to the fort of Moorar Mhow. No clothing was furnished us, though Delafosse borrowed a blanket from the zemindar to cover his nakedness. The walking was exquisite torture, from the condition of our feet, and our progress was dilatory indeed till about half way, when guides met us with an elephant and pony. Sullivan and Murphy were suffering so much from their wounds that we gave them the elephant, and Delafosse and I bestrode the pony. The relief afforded by the quiet all around us, and by the returning sense of security, no words could describe. We passed through several villages, in which our story had preceded us, and the ryots came out with milk and sweetmeats, of which we thankfully partook. Buffalo's milk and native sweets were truly delicious fare.

Night had set in when we reached the residence of Dirigbijah Singh. The Rajah, a venerable old man, was sitting out of doors, surrounded by his retainers; his vâkeel was at his right; his two sons close at hand, and his body-guard, armed with swords, shields, and matchlocks. The whole group formed a most picturesque scene, as lighted up by the attendant torch-bearers; they were altogether a strictly oriental company of about a hundred and fifty in number. The pony and elephant having been brought into the center, we alighted and salaamed to the Rajah. He had the whole tale of the siege narrated to him by us, asked after our respective rank in the army, and, having expressed great admiration at our doings, ordered us a supper, with abundance of native wine, assured us of our safety, promised hospitality, and had us shown to our apartment. All the domestic arrangements were in strictly native order, so that they had no beds to spare for us; it must be remembered that our touch would have defiled them forever; they provided us

with straw to lie upon, and gave us a sutringee each—a piece of carpet—to cover our bodies. O that night's rest! Thankful, but weary were we: amid many thoughts that chased each other through my distracted brain, I remember one ludicrously vivid; it was this: how excellent an investment that guinea had proved which I spent a year or two before at the baths in Holborn, learning to swim! And then the straw upon which we lay, though only fit for a pauper's bed in the vagrant ward of some English workhouse, it was to us welcome as the choicest down. In the morning a hûkeem—native doctor—was sent to dress our wounds; Sullivan and Murphy were suffering greatly; my back and thigh were comparatively well, but the recent crack in the skull was acutely painful. Marvelous to say, Delafosse had not received a single wound. The doctor applied nîm-leaf poultices, a very favorite recipe with the native leeches, but I found them so desperately irritating that I declined a second application of the kind. The native tailor came, also, by the Rajah's directions, and furnished us with trowsers and coat each of native cut; and when Hindûstani shoes were added to our toilet, we felt quite respectable again. Our host asked us how often we should like our meals. And he kindly arranged for us to have breakfast, luncheon, and a late dinner each day; a great thing for a native house to accomplish, as the Brahmins, to whose company our friend belonged, only cook once a day, and all the feeding for the twenty-four hours is done with them at midday. The supplies they gave us were good, consisting of dhâl, chupatties, rice, and milk; twice during the month we staid at this hospitable residence they gave us kid's meat, the only animal food they touch; and when a Brahmin has performed a pilgrimage to one of their shrines, he eats no animal food at all henceforth. But sweeter than these repasts was the sleep; day after day, and week after week, we indulged in it, as if we had been fed upon opiates. The only interruption we suffered was caused

by the immense number of flies, which, attracted by the wounds, occasioned us considerable annoyance.

We were allowed to walk about any where within the fort, but not beyond its sheltering walls, for the whole neighborhood was swarming with rebels. They frequently came inside the fort, and even into our room, armed to the teeth, but they did not dare to molest us, as some of the Rajah's body-guard were always in attendance upon us when we received company. Many a conversation we had with Sepoys. Some men of the 56th Native Infantry, and others of the 53d Native Infantry, my own regiment, visited us, and talked freely over the state of affairs in general. The most frequent assertion made by them was, that our râj was at an end. I used to tell them they were talking nonsense, for in a short time reinforcements would arrive; seventy or eighty thousand British troops would land in India and turn the tide the old way; "then the muskets you have in your hands," I said, "with the Government mark upon them, will change hands."

"No, no," they said; "the Nana has sent a sowar on a camel to Russia for assistance."

I roared with laughter at the suggestion of such an expedition.

"What are you laughing at, Lord Sahib?"

"O, you are not very well up in your geography to talk in that fashion; a camel might as well be sent to England for help."

"The Nana says he has done so."

"Suppose you gain the country, what shall you do with us?"

"The Nana will send you all down to Calcutta and ship you home, and when he has conquered India, he will embark for England and conquer that country."

"Why, you Brahmins will not go to sea, will you?"

"O yes; only we shall not cook upon the voyage."

With such *canards* as these the Bithoor man has imposed

upon the imbecile hordes around him ; they believe that the Russians are all Mohammedans, and that the armies of the Czar are to liberate the faithful and their land from the yoke of the Feringhees. Another of the Nana's fables is, that certain water-mills which were erected by the Company for grinding grain at a fixed charge for the villagers, were implements in the great work of forcible conversion, and that in the said mills pig-bone dust was mixed with the flour.

The annexation of Oude was always upon their tongues ; they grew energetic in discussing this theme, and said that in consequence of that one act the Company's râj would cease. It is very remarkable that the old prophecy of the Brahmin pundits, current in India ever since the battle of Plassy, that the Company's râj would last only one hundred years, has been verified, though not in the manner nor in the sense predicted. "What is the Company ?" is a question often discussed in the villages, and various and conflicting are the answers that have been promulgated in reply ; the most prevalent opinion among the poor, benighted, swarthy subjects of the far-reaching rule of the potentates of Leadenhall-street, having been that the said Company was a nondescript brute, that swayed their destinies with a resistless scepter ; its species, genus, habitat, all unknown, but only

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

Three times, during our stay at Moorar Mhow, the Nana sent down to our friendly protector, ordering him to surrender our persons. A sowar of the 2d Cavalry, and some Sepoys of the 56th Native Infantry, brought the demand ; the last came into our apartment, had a chat with us, and asked us how we managed to escape. Our generous old host was deaf to all their persuasions and threats, and sent back word that he was a tributary to the King of Oude, and knew nothing of the Nana's râj. If Nana, Azimoolah & Co. had not had more important

business in hand, they would have certainly attacked our refuge, rather than have allowed one relic of the Cawnpore garrison to escape alive; but there is this charm about thâckoor hospitality—once claimed, it is not to be dishonored by a trifle.

News from Lucknow occasionally reached us, though by no means so reliable as the graphic communications of that prince of correspondents, the worthy Mr. Russell; for instance, we were told that the Muchee Bhowan had blown up with two hundred Europeans in it. One day the Punjaub was lost; another day Madras and Bombay were gone into mutiny; then a hundred thousand Sikhs were said to be marching south to exterminate the English. Our informants believed for themselves all these rumors, and, in fact, it was by such fictions that their wily leaders maintained the hold they had upon them.

Every day the Rajah came to pay us a visit and talk with us kindly, and he often told us that as soon as the adjacent country was quiet, he would forward us to Allahabad.

Much amusement was afforded us by seeing the daily performance of the devotions of this rigid Brahmin. A little temple detached from the residence was the sphere of operation. The priest, Khangee Loll by name, used to go first and prepare the offerings; divesting himself of his shoes at the temple door, he walked in, and arranged beautiful flowers which had been plucked with the dew upon them, and deposited at the threshold by attendant Brahmins. All round the offerings these floral decorations were arranged with admirable effect in relation to their various hues.

When the Rajah and his two sons made their entry, the shasters were taken out: all four of the worshipers intoned portions of these writings amid the tinkling of bells by the priest. After this, water from the Ganges was poured upon the flowers, and the daily service was complete.

The Ranee often inquired after us by means of messengers. We never saw her ladyship, but the attendants told us, that the

venetians of her apartments were not impenetrably opaque from within, and that the old lady had seen us, and was concerned for our welfare. Nothing that could contribute to our comfort escaped the kind and minute thoughtfulness of Dirigbijah Singh. I wish he could read English, and peruse my humble effort to express the gratitude I owe to him.

After we had been three weeks at Moorar Mhow, petted in this way by its generous proprietor, the tidings came that a steamer had gone up the Ganges. This was a vessel sent up by General Havelock from Allahabad to explore in the Cawnpore region. In consequence of this, and because a native who had been in the service of the railroad told him that if he did not make arrangements to send us away, our stay might be interpreted into a forcible detention, the Rajah had us conveyed down to a little hamlet within his territory, on the banks of the river. An elephant, escorted by a guard, conveyed us thither at night; the parting was quiet, in order that the attention of the rebels in the neighborhood might not be excited. With abundant expressions of thanks, and some regret, we said farewell to the old brick. I am enabled, with sincere gratification, to add, that Dirigbijah Singh's claims upon the gratitude of the Government of India have not been overlooked; and his loyalty to the Company at a time when almost the whole of Oude was in rebellion, and his generosity to us, poor, friendless refugees, have met with the well-deserved recognition of a handsome pension. "May his shadow never be less!"

Our residence at the little hut on the bank of the river was one of the strictest seclusion. Provisions were brought to us twice a day, and a native guard was posted at the door. One day the sentry told us that all kinds of European furniture and papers were floating down the river, and, at my request, he went to the ghaut to see if he could catch any thing, and presently returned with a volume bearing the well-known inscription, "53*d Regiment, Native Infantry Book Club.*" This was

all he could get of the *débris* of houses, library, and offices, but it was enough to indicate the extent of the destruction effected by the rebels when the recapture of Cawnpore by General Havelock was impending. After remaining five or six days in our retreat, the Rajah came to us, and said, as no more steamers appeared to be going up the river, he had made arrangements to convey us, on the morrow, to a friendly zemindar, who lived in the neighborhood of Futtehpore, and who had engaged to take measures for our safe conduct to the nearest European encampment. Accordingly, the next morning we were ferried across the river, and escorted to our new host. When we approached the zemindar, he held out his hand with a rupee upon the palm, the native intimation of fidelity to the state. We touched the coin, and the covenant of hospitality was thus in simple formality settled. The old Rajah of Moorah Mhow had evidently provided for our safety and comfort, as nothing was omitted in these new quarters that could conduce to either. On the morning of the third day after crossing from Oude, a bullock hackery was drawn up to the zemindar's hut, and, escorted by four of his men, we were driven in the direction of Allahabad. It was a cross-country road, and our vehicle was innocent of all springs; but we were at last on the way to our own flag, and not by any means in a state of mind to indulge in complaints or criticisms. After four or five miles of jolting, the native driver, in great alarm, said there were guns planted in the road; we looked ahead, but for some time saw no troops. In a short time an English sentry appeared in view, and I walked up to him. Upon his giving the challenge, I told him we wished to be taken to his commanding officer. Our bronzed countenances, grim beards, huge turbans, and *tout-ensemble* caused them to take us for a party of Afghans. However, Murphy soon recognized some of his old comrades of the 84th; and they greeted us with a truly British cheer, though for a long time dubious of our statement that we had escaped

from the massacre of Cawnpore. We were speedily introduced to the officers of the party, which proved to be a detachment, consisting of part of the 84th Regiment and half of Olphert's battery, going up to Cawnpore. Lieutenant, now Captain Woolhouse, of the 84th; Captain Young, of the 4th Native Infantry; and Lieutenant Smithett, of Olphert's battery, gave us a hearty reception. The whole camp was impatient for our story, and we equally impatient to partake of English fare. Never was the beer of our country more welcome; and that first meal, interspersed with a fire of cross-questioning about the siege and our subsequent history, inquiries after lost comrades and relatives, and occasional hints at the masquerade style of our accouterment, made a strangely-mingled scene of congratulation, humor, lamentation, and good-will. Our hunger appeased, the best arrangements possible were made for our comfort. Captain Woolhouse gave me a share of his wagon; Captain Young contributed from his wardrobe; Lieutenant Smithett shared his creature comforts with Delafosse. Sullivan and Murphy were dealt with in like manner by the non-commissioned officers and privates, and the exceeding kindness of the whole company was brought to bear upon our forlorn and indigent condition. Captain Woolhouse's servant shaved my head all round the wound, and the surgeon's dresser of the 84th bound it up.

The detachment we had joined was in Havelock's rear, and about thirty miles from Cawnpore, so that we were once more on the road to the center of the war and the site of our old calamities. As we passed along the way, we often saw the bodies of natives hanging to the trees, sometimes two or three, and in one instance seven hanging to one tree, in various stages of destruction from jackals and vultures. These were criminals who had been executed by the General's order; one of them for attempting to sell poisoned liquor to the troops, others in consequence of having been identified as mutinous Sepoys.

The traces of the General's battles were strewn on all sides of our route—pieces of gun carriages, remains of hastily-improvised intrenchments; and in one village there were a couple of the enemy's guns, which had been taken and left behind spiked. While upon the march, letters were received by Captain Woolhouse from General Neill, warning him to keep a good look-out, as the enemy's cavalry were reported to be close to the road on the left side; several alarms were given, but no attack upon us was made.

In one of the villages some of the 84th men had strayed, and while engaged in some expedition which involved their own personal advantage, they caught sight of some horsemen, and panic-stricken they returned, shouting, "The cavalry are coming." The column was halted, further inquiries made, and the formidable foe proved to be some syces on the Government post-horses who had decamped, fearing that the foragers would steal their cattle. In three days after joining Captain Woolhouse, we reëntered Cawnpore. When we came in sight of the old intrenched position, I went off to survey each well-remembered post of anxious observation. Where we had left parched and sunburnt ground, covered with round shot, fragments of shell and grape, the grass was now luxuriantly thick. It seemed as though nature had been anxious to conceal the earth's face, and shut out as far as possible the traces of the sufferings caused by some, and endured by others of her sons. It was early morning when I went alone and pondered over that silent well, and its unutterable memories. Fragments of Sepoy skeletons were kicked up by the feet here and there, while the walls of the barracks were pitted and scored all over with shot marks. There was not a square yard in either of the buildings free from the scars of shot. I went in the same solitude all round the principal posts of the enemy, the mess-house, and the church, where a few weeks before I had seen hundreds of natives swarming around us in the hope of com-

passing the destruction of every European life there. Many times afterward I paced the same position, but never with the emotions of that first lonely retrospect. Coming up again with the column, I entered with them the new intrenchment which had been made by Lieutenant Russell, of the Engineers, under General Neill. As soon as it got wind that we had arrived, General Neill sent for Lieutenant Delafosse and myself, heard the outlines of our story, and honored us with an invitation to dine with him the same evening. The General appointed Delafosse to assist Major Bruce, whose manifold duties of police presented a fair field for constant occupation, as they involved secret service, executions, raising native police, and the sale of plunder. I was appointed by General Havelock assistant field engineer to his force under Colonel Crommelin, in the superintendence of works to resist a second attack upon Cawnpore. Captain Woolhouse, our generous benefactor and friend, went with Havelock to Lucknow, and lost an arm there; he was the only officer who survived amputation in that campaign. One of the earliest casualties after our arrival was the death of Captain Young, who had served under Havelock in Persia, had followed him to Cawnpore as a volunteer, and was now occupied in raising police at Futtehpore, a most hazardous service, as he was alone in the midst of an excited multitude of natives. He dined with General Neill, went to sleep in Colonel Olphert's tent, and died of cholera the next morning. This officer was, as well as a thorough soldier, a most accomplished linguist, and was famous for that rare attainment among Europeans, his most exquisite Persian writing.

My familiarity with the details of the siege introduced me to many an expedition of parties of officers to the melancholy site. I had the honor of pointing out to Generals Neill and Sir Hope Grant, as well as to Captain Layard, of Nineveh celebrity, the chief points of interest, besides accompanying thither brother officers who had lost friends and relatives on that carnage-ground.

THE MASSACRE.

Mr. Sherer, the newly-appointed magistrate of Cawnpore, who had come up with Havelock's force, exerted himself to the utmost to obtain all possible information respecting the fate of those who had not been shot at the time of embarkation, as well as of the party taken back in Major Vibart's boat from Soorajpore. He had prosecuted most extensive inquiries throughout the native city, and the most reliable accounts which he obtained were in purport as follows:

After the men, who had not escaped in the two boats, had all been shot at the ghaut, the women and children were dragged out of the water into the presence of the Nana, who ordered them to be confined in one of the buildings opposite the Assembly rooms; the Nana himself taking up his residence in the hotel which was close at hand. When Major Vibart's boat was brought back from Soorajpore, that party also was taken into the Nana's presence, and he ordered the men and women to be separated; the former to be shot, and the remainder to join the captives in the dwelling or dungeon beside the hotel. Mrs. Boyes, the wife of Dr. Boyes, of the 2d Cavalry, refused to be separated from her husband; other ladies of the party resisted, but were forcibly torn away, a work of not much difficulty when their wounded, famished state is considered. All the efforts, however, of the Sepoys to sever Mrs. Boyes from her husband were unavailing; they were therefore all drawn up in a line just in front of the Assembly rooms. Captain Seppings asked to be allowed to read prayers; this poor indulgence was given; they shook hands with one another, and the Sepoys fired upon them. Those that were not killed by the volley they dispatched with their tulwars. The spy who communicated these facts could not tell what became of the corpses, but there is little doubt they were thrown into the river, that being the

native mode of disposing of them. Captain Seppings, Lieutenant Quin, and Dr. Boyes were all the officers that I know certainly to have been of that unhappy number. As I never could gather that Major Vibart or Lieutenant Masters were there, I suspect they died of their wounds while being taken back. The wretched company of women and children now consisted of 210 ; namely, 163 survivors from the Cawnpore garrison, and 47 refugees from Futtehghur, of whom that Bithoor butcher had murdered all the males except three officers, whose lives he spared for some purpose, but for what it is impossible to say. The captives were fed with only one meal a day of dhâl and chupatties, and these of the meanest sort ; they had to eat out of earthen pans, and the food was served by menials of the lowest caste—mehter—which in itself was the greatest indignity that easterns could cast upon them. They had no furniture, no beds, not even straw to lie down upon, but only coarse bamboo matting of the roughest make. The house in which they were incarcerated had formerly been occupied as the dwelling of a native clerk ; it comprised two principal rooms, each about twenty feet long and ten broad, and besides these a number of dark closets rather than rooms, which had been originally intended for the use of native servants ; in addition to these, a court-yard, about fifteen yards square, presented the only accommodation for these two hundred most wretched victims of a brutality in comparison with which hereafter the black hole of Calcutta and its sharp but short agonies must sink into insignificance. It is said that during the former part of their captivity, several of them went to the Nana imploring some commiseration with their wretched state, but in vain ; and they desisted altogether from such applications in consequence of one of their number having been cruelly ill-treated by the brutal soldiery. Closely guarded by armed Sepoys, many of them suffering from wounds, all of them emaciated with scanty food, and deprived of all means of cleanliness, the deep, dark

horrors of the prisoners in that dungeon must remain to their full extent unknown, and even unimagined.

The spies, all of them, however, persisted in the statement, that no indignities were committed upon their virtue; and as far as the most penetrating investigation into their most horrible fate has proceeded, there is reason to hope that one, and only one exception to the bitterest of anguish was allotted to them—immunity from the brutal violence of their captors' worst passions. Fidelity requires that I should allege what appears to me the only reason of their being thus spared. When the siege had terminated, such was the loathsome condition into which, from long destitution and exposure, the fairest and youngest of our women had sunk, that not a Sepoy would have polluted himself with their touch.

The advance of General Havelock, and his attempt to liberate them, brought the crisis of their fate. Azimoolah persuaded the Nana that the General was only marching upon Cawnpore in the hope of rescuing the women and children, and that if they were killed, the British forces would retire, and leave India.

All accounts agree in the statement, that the fêted, honored guest of the London season of 1854, was the prime instigator in the most foul and bloody massacre of 1857.

On the 13th of July Havelock encountered the Nana's troops at Futtehpore, under Teekah Singh, a resildar of the 2d Cavalry. The valorous chief and his little band totally routed the Sepoys, captured all their guns, and scattered their survivors, in utter confusion, back toward Cawnpore. The marvel of this victory was not so much in success, as in success under such circumstances. Havelock's column had marched twenty-four miles that day, and Major Renaud's nineteen miles, under the heat of a July sun. On the 15th of July the British forces were again engaged, with like results, at Pandoo Nuddy: on that day the Nana put all his captives to death. Havelock was then twenty-

four miles from Cawnpore. On the 16th he fought another action, defeating the Nana in person, after a battle of two hours and a half. On the morning of the 17th General Havelock entered the city, from which the native populace had fled in every direction to the villages adjacent.

Short, but frequent, were the dispatches that marked his triumphant progress along the path of fire. The following is that which he drew breath to pen on the 17th of July :

"By the blessing of God, I recaptured this place yesterday, and totally defeated Nana Sahib in person, taking more than six guns, four of siege caliber. The enemy were strongly posted behind a succession of villages, and obstinately disputed, for the one hundred and forty minutes, every inch of the ground ; but I was enabled, by a flank movement to my right, to turn his left, and this gave us the victory. Nana Sahib had barbarously murdered all the captive women and children before the engagement. He has retired to Bithoor, and blew up this morning, on his retreat, the Cawnpore magazine. He is said to be strongly fortified. I have not yet been able to get in the return of the killed and wounded, but estimate my loss at about seventy, chiefly from the fire of grape."

The explosion of the magazine referred to in this dispatch, we heard at Moorar Mhow, a distance of thirty miles, as distinctly as if it had been the firing of a gun in the Rajah's fort.

When Mr. Sherer entered the house of horrors, in which the slaughter of the women had been perpetrated, the rooms were covered with human gore ; articles of clothing that had belonged to women and children, collars, combs, shoes, caps, and little round hats, were found steeped in blood ; the walls were spattered with blood, the mats on the floor saturated, the plaster sides of the place were scored with sword cuts, and pieces of long hair were all about the room. No writing was upon the walls ; and it is supposed that the inscriptions, which soon became numerous, were put there by the troops, to infuriate each

other in the work of revenging the atrocities that had been perpetrated there. There is no doubt that the death of the unhappy victims was accomplished by the sword, and that their bodies, stripped of all clothing, were thrown into an adjacent well.

A Bible was found that had belonged to Miss Blair, in which she had written:

"27th June. Went to the boats.
29th ——. Taken out of boats.
30th ——. Taken to Sevadah Kothi, fatal day."

One officer who was present, wrote, "I picked up a mutilated prayer-book; it had lost the cover, but on the fly-leaf is written, 'For dearest mamma, from her affectionate Louis, June, 1845.' It appears to me to have been opened on page 36, in the Litany, where I have but little doubt those poor dear creatures sought and found consolation, in that beautiful supplication. It is here sprinkled with blood. The book has lost some pages at the end, and terminates with the 47th Psalm, in which David thanks the Almighty for his signal victories over his enemies."

The only other authentic writings that were left in that den of death were two pieces of paper, bearing the following words. The first was written by one of the Misses Lindsay.

"Mamma died, July 12th, (that is, Mrs. G. Lindsay.)
Alice died, July 9th, (daughter of above.)
George died, June 27th, (Ensign G. Lindsay, 10th N. I.)
Entered the barracks, May 21st.
Cavalry left, June 5th.
First shot fired, June 6th.
Uncle Willy died, June 18th, (Major W. Lindsay.)
Aunt Lilly died, June 17th, (Mrs. W. Lindsay.)
Left barracks, June 27th."

The other, in an unknown hand, ran thus:

"We went into the barracks on the 21st of May. The 2d Cavalry broke out at two o'clock in the morning of the 5th

of June, and the other regiments went off during the day. The next morning, while we were sitting out in front of the barracks, a twenty-four-pounder came flying along and hit the intrenchment, and from that day the firing went on till the 25th of June, when the enemy sent a treaty, which the General agreed to, and on the 27th we all left the B [intrenched barracks] to go down to A [Allahabad] in boats; when we got to the river, the enemy began firing on us, killed all the gentlemen and some of the ladies; set fire to the boats, some were drowned, and we were taken prisoners and taken to a house, put all in one room."

In a native doctor's house there was found a list of the captives, written in Hindee; and from this it appears that a number of the sufferers died from their wounds and from cholera, which broke out in their midst.

Captain Thompson was subsequently appointed to the command of native police in the Cawnpore district. On the 3d of February, 1858, he was severely wounded in an engagement with a body of rebels, on the road to Calpee, and was obliged to submit to hospital life for three weeks, after which he returned on furlough to England.

THE CHAPLAIN'S NARRATIVE

OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

THE OUTBREAK.

On the 10th of May, 1857, the first symptoms of the revolt in India manifested themselves at Meerut. The 3d Regiment of Bengal Light Cavalry was quartered at that station, and the earliest intimation that was received of the seeds of mutiny having been sown, was gathered from the fact of the men of that corps refusing to receive the cartridge which they had previously been in the habit of using, on the ground that it was a new cartridge, containing grease of some kind, which would break their caste if they consented to receive it. This, however, was a mere pretext, used to serve an occasion. This refusal, on the part of the men, was met with promptness by the authorities. Eighty-five troopers were placed under arrest, brought to trial, and sentenced by a court-martial, composed of native officers, to various terms of imprisonment; in no case, however, exceeding ten years. At sunrise, on Saturday, May 9th, the whole of the troops stationed at Meerut, both European and native, were paraded to hear the sentence passed, and to witness its being carried into effect. The prisoners were marched on to the parade-ground, and then made over to the civil authorities, after the convict-irons had been fastened on them. They were then incarcerated by the magistrate in the common jail, as a preliminary step to their being transferred to some of the Government central prisons, such as Agra or Bareilly. Unfortunately, however, the precaution of placing

a European guard over the prisoners was overlooked, and the prison was left to the protection of native soldiers.

No immediate signs of disaffection followed the committal of the prisoners. The whole of Saturday passed off quietly, and no disturbance was reported till late in the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th of May. The first intimation that I received of the outbreak was from a female servant, who came to my wife, and said to her, with very anxious and troubled looks, "O, madam, do n't go to church this afternoon!" The carriage was then at the door, ready to take us to church, and the service was appointed to commence in a quarter of an hour from the time this speech was made. Hearing this singular request addressed to my wife, I naturally enough inquired, "Why should not madam go to church this evening?" The servant replied, "Because there will be a fight." I asked, "Who will fight?" The woman answered, "The Sepoys." Of course, I could not give any credence to such a statement. I had to preach in the evening, and had been in my study all day long in course of preparation. There was nothing for me now to do but to hasten to church; and, to quiet my wife's fears, I consented to both the children accompanying us in the carriage, together with this faithful servant, who was to take charge of them in the church compound, while divine service was being solemnized. This was the only precaution I felt it necessary to take, in connection with our servant's statement; as to weapons, fire-arms, or sword, or any thing more effective than a walking-cane, the same I used at Cambridge, I had none; nor did I much fear that during my whole service in India, I should ever want more, either for the protection of myself or my family. I was soon convinced, however, that there was some credit due to the servant's statement. The sounds of musketry, and the pillars of smoke ascending into the air, and proceeding from the burning bungalows, or houses, in the native lines of cantonment, forced upon me the convic-

tion that mischief had already commenced. By and by I heard the Rifle bugles sound the alarm and assembly. The cantonment was now evidently in motion; troops were assembling, and people congregating; the church parade dispersed, and was converted into a general assembly of troops of the three arms. Amid all this energy, there was one thing which apparently impressed every one—the delay in leading the troops from the grand parade-ground to the scene of mutiny and bloodshed. The native soldiery, and the fellows of baser sort in the bazars, had ample time to commit the greatest outrages in consequence of this simple fact.

Some people affirm that the mutineers' original plan was to have marched up in a large body, and to have first seized the arms of the Rifles, who would have been in church, having their side-arms only with them; they were then to have surrounded the church, and put every soul within its walls to death. But, according to my informants, the church-bells misled the rebels, and thus frustrated their plan; and if there be the least ground for this part of the account, we have another instance of the wonder-working providence of God, who brings about and accomplishes his great works of mercy through the simplest accidents of human life. But, however much truth there may be attaching to this story, one thing is very certain, the outbreak at Meerut was premature. There was a deep-laid scheme; and a simultaneous and universal outburst of popular vengeance was intended. A day was fixed upon in the counsels of the mutineers for the massacre of every European and Christian person in India; some say from Calcutta to Peshawur. That day was drawing near at hand. The mutineers of Meerut simply anticipated it. It was this act of anticipation which brought to light the hidden works of darkness, and made manifest that which would not otherwise have been revealed.

It was utterly impossible to pass any portion of the night

of Sunday, the 10th of May, in sleep. My wife, with the children, returned at a very late hour to our bungalow from the quarter-guard of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, where I had consigned them shortly after leaving our home for church; but while the unsuspecting little ones reposed in profound security beneath the paternal roof, we continued wakeful, and watching their peaceful slumbers with painful interest. The moon was up and shining, and we sat all night beneath its pale and uncertain light, thinking of the probable fate of friends in the native lines, quite at the other extreme of the station, and anticipating what would befall our Christian brethren in Delhi on the coming morn, who, less happy than ourselves, had no faithful and friendly European battalions to shield them from the bloodthirsty rage of the Sepoys.

It was not till sunrise on Monday that any one knew, with any thing like certainty, the extent of the atrocities committed by the savages within the cantonment of Meerut. What spectacles of terror met the eye almost simultaneously with the return of the day! The lifeless and mutilated corpses of men, women, and children were here and there to be seen, some of them so frightfully disfigured, and so shamefully dishonored in death, that the very recollection of such sights chills the blood, and makes one rue the day that ever dawned upon such scenes of merciless carnage. We can even now hardly realize the past—so dreadful was the reality—as within the province of stubborn and substantial fact.

Intelligence reached the Brigadier in command at Delhi, that troopers of the Native Cavalry were on their way from Meerut, murdering all the Europeans in their path. He at once ordered out a regiment of native soldiers, considered loyal, and attacked the rebels. The result was that the European officers were shot down at once. The city was soon in flames in different quarters, and the mutineers from Meerut entered the Palace gates. They soon after, in the name of the King of Delhi, demanded

the magazine, which demand was treated with scorn. They attempted to carry it by storm, and were evidently on the point of succeeding, from the wholesale desertions within our camp, when three heroic officers fired the train, and a tremendous explosion took place, killing hundreds of our assailants.

The officers and ladies were now gathered in the Flag-Staff Tower. Every attempt to bring the men into order revealed new defections; whole regiments turned upon their officers and shot them down.

The company at the Flag-Staff Tower now determined upon falling back, if possible, some on Kurnaul and Umballa, and others on Meerut. Carriages were seen wending their way in the direction of the Kurnaul road. There was a general flight. To remain longer was simply to court certain death. Among those who thus fled, numbers, after the endurance of long exposure, severe hardships, and many an imminent danger, eventually found a city of refuge in Kurnaul, or Meerut, or Umballa; others, again, cruelly perished on the road.

On the 27th of May a small detachment of troops set out from Meerut to take the field, and on the 7th of June joined the main army, under Major-General Barnard, at Alecpore.

The next day at one o'clock the tents were struck for our march on Delhi. On the morning of the succeeding day the enemy fired upon us, and the din of war commenced. The enemy was driven back, and we captured many guns.

The enemy's policy soon peered out. It consisted in harassing and wearing out our men by daily attacks, and constant exposure to the sun. This policy was made manifest on the very day after our camp was pitched on the site where it remained from the night of the 8th of June till the end of September; without exception, the very worst period of the year for life in tents any where in the plains of India, but more particularly on the parade-ground of the Delhi cantonments, which all past experiments of native regiments had proved to be

the most unhealthy station for troops in the north-western provinces.

The ground on which our camp was pitched is bounded in the rear by the canal, which had the advantages of bridges on either extreme, and which the enemy, previously to our approach, tried to destroy, but only partially succeeded in the effort. In the front it was defended by the hights or ridges overlooking cantonments, and which we had taken from the mutineers only the day before. On the extreme right of our position was Subzi Mundi, or the vegetable market; and nearer to camp was what we designated the Mound, where we afterward erected a battery of large guns, named the "Mound Battery;" on the extreme left of the camp flowed the river Jumna.

We had batteries at the "Mosque," at Hindoo Rao's house, and the "Observatory," and some light field-pieces at the Flag-Staff Tower, almost on the spot where Captain De Teissier planted his two guns on the 11th of May, the day of the mutiny at Delhi. These several batteries commanded the approaches from the city. With the deficiency in numbers of our force generally, it was utterly impossible to advance nearer to the walls. The nearest battery must have been at a distance of 1,500 yards, or even upward. Breaching was literally impossible under such circumstances, and with the ordnance we had. The main picket was at Hindoo Rao's house, and was commanded from the very first by Major Reid, of the Sirmoor Battalion, who, it is alleged, never left his post, even to come into camp, from the time he assumed command of it till the 14th of September, the day of the storming operations, when he was severely wounded at Kissen Gunge. It would perhaps be impossible to single out a more devoted or gallant officer than Major Reid, or one more cool under the heaviest fire. His picket was literally his home.

I think it was on the 9th of June that the "Guides Corps" came into camp. This was the first installment of the Punjaub

reinforcements, which Sir John Lawrence, the "Chief Commissioner in the Punjaub," sent to us from time to time. Without such a man, at such a crisis, or in any other place but the one which he fortunately occupied, I dread to think what might have happened to the British cause. Under God, it was Sir John's controlling and master-mind which saved Upper India. Again and again he robbed the province over which he presides of its own legitimate and barely sufficient military stays and supports, to feed the scanty numbers of the Delhi Field Force, growing yet more scanty still, and that daily, from constant engagement with the enemy, and from losses by disease.

Too much can not be said in praise of the "Guides Corps." Of native regiments they are second to none. Their services on the Peshawur frontier, and in various parts of the Punjaub, has gained them a well-earned reputation in India. And it is reported that, upon the occasion of their march toward Delhi, they traveled the entire distance from Murdan, in Eusufzye, to the camp—not much less than 600 British miles—in twenty-two days; a march which General Sir Harry Barnard believed to have no parallel on record. Notwithstanding this fact, the Guides were pronounced, at the end of the march, by the officer commanding the "Field Force," to be in perfect order, and fitted for immediate service in the field; the correctness of which opinion was put to an impartial test, and established beyond doubt, in a *very* short time after their arrival among us. They went directly from the fatigues of a harassing march to actual engagement with the enemy below the hights, bravely led by their Commander-in-chief, Captain Daly.

A very dashing young officer, with whom I had a ministerial interview, the night before he passed away, commanded the cavalry portion of the Guides, that corps being composed of both cavalry and infantry. As I have already said, the enemy engaged us during the day. They attacked our main picket at Hindoo Rao—the key of our position—and attempted to take

our guns. The commandant of the Guides cavalry, young and valiant, the pride of his men, of course, took part in the fight, and was, alas! mortally wounded. His career was brief but full of glory; indeed, it would be difficult to say which was more glorious, his rising or his setting sun. His devotion to his country shone very conspicuously and brilliantly even in anticipation of death. He seems to have been fond of classic quotation; and perchance, from frequent familiarity with the authors of Greece and Rome in his boyhood and school-days, he imbibed the first inspirations of that noble military spirit which afterward so preëminently distinguished him. Upon this sorrowful occasion, as he lay languishing from his wound, in camp, he exclaimed—a smile playing at one and the same time upon his handsome and manly countenance—"*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori.*" Thus died, on the 10th of June, 1857, rejoicing in the cause of his death, Quintin Battye, one of the noblest of England's younger sons, a simple Lieutenant in the 56th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry.

The first appearances of cholera in the camp showed themselves early on the morning of the 9th of June. There had been a few cases along the line of march. Captain Howell, of the 1st European Bengal Fusileers, died of this disease at Aleepore, on the 7th of June. Two of the doctors, the surgeon and assistant-surgeon of Her Majesty's 75th Foot, were simultaneously attacked on the morning of the 9th. The two patients were striking contrasts. The one was a man of Herculean build. His whole appearance indicated great strength; he was tall of stature, of robust and apparently muscular frame; indeed, his *physique* reminded one forcibly of the giants of old, of whom we read in sacred and profane lore. He was a lion of a man. The other was the very reverse, and how different the destiny of each; for one there was life, for the other, death.

But the chief excellency of Surgeon Coghlan did not merely consist in physical greatness; he was as large in heart as in

person, and to this fact the testimony of the regiment was universal. It was in every one's mouth, from the colonel commanding, downward, "Never had regiment such a doctor." It seems he had cholera only a few days before this last attack to which I am referring, and battled successfully against it. The moment, however, he was convalescent, he threw himself heart and soul into his regimental charge. Report says of him, that he was most careful of every one but himself. With his own system he seemed to believe that he might take the greatest liberties. And, alas for himself, his family, and the public service! he did so once too often. His strong frame could not withstand this double attack, and about eleven o'clock on the night of the same day on which he was seized with cholera, he expired.

Nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which the enemy continued their attacks. The earliest days of encampment before Delhi were, unquestionably, the most trying and harassing to our troops. The poor fellows had no proper rest by night, the smallness of the force requiring so many for the ordinary pickets, and admitting scarcely of any relief for any length of time together; while those who were in camp often slept under arms, not knowing the moment when their services might be urgently required. At first, it was literally nothing but fighting by day, and watching and expecting to renew the conflict by night; and in the discharge of both duties you could not fail, from frequent visits to the pickets, to recognize the same hands everlastingly employed in the same work.

We came to besiege Delhi, but we very soon learned that, in reality, *we* were the besieged, and the mutineers the besiegers.

The 12th of June was nearly as important a day as any in the annals of the siege. The enemy had evidently been reserving themselves for a vigorous effort, and the calm which distinguished the 11th was only the prelude to the storm which raged on the 12th. Though apparently idle and listless for

twenty-four hours previously, or at least as long as the sun illumined the heavens during the preceding day, the enemy were up and acting under cover of the succeeding night, making a sneaking advance along the whole front and both the flanks of our position. Up to this date we had no picket further advanced on the left than the Flag-Staff Tower, and at this picket it is universally admitted there was a *partial* surprise at sunrise, or soon after. This surprise is attributed to some trifling oversight, in a somewhat premature removal of the sentries coming off picket, before the arrangements of the ordinary reliefs of the day—which were then in course of taking place—had been completed. In consequence of this the enemy advanced a little too near the guns without being observed; or, perhaps, which is equally likely, the policy of the officer in command was to let them advance within close range of our musketry, and then receive them with a tremendous volley. But which ever way it was, the guns were as nearly as possible captured. The rebels evinced more than ordinary daring, coming up in spite of the steady resistance made against them by the picket; and but for the timely succor of two companies of the Rifles, who had to ascend with all practicable speed the hill leading up from cantonments and camp to the Flag-Staff Tower, the extent of the mischief that might have been committed by the enemy on the camp is easier imagined than described. But the Enfield rifle in the hands of such men as those of Her Majesty's 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, cooled the courage of the assailants, and caused them to retreat somewhat faster than they had advanced; but not before they had inflicted some severe losses on our side.

Upon this occasion Captain Knox, of Her Majesty's 75th Foot, and several men of the same regiment, were killed. That officer had only a moment before shot with his own hand one of the enemy, when his eye caught sight of a Sepoy leveling his musket at him; "See," said he, to one of his men, "that

man pointing at me; take him down." The words had hardly escaped his lips when the fatal shot took effect upon his person. He was on one knee when singled out as a mark by the mutineer, and, I am told, as soon as he received the shot, he rose regularly to "attention," and then fell and expired without word or groan.

This day we established the "Metcalfe Picket," so called, because it occupied some part of the site—near or within the stables—on which stood the family seat of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Baronet; a princely mansion, which, with all its costly furniture and expensive fittings-up, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 11th of May by the mutineers. The loss sustained by this one family alone is very considerable. The ruins show plainly enough the grandeur and magnificence which must have characterized the house in its palmy days. But Ichabod is now inscribed on every wall; and the destruction being so overwhelming and complete, it is a question if attempts at restoration would not result in a larger expenditure of money than the erection of an entirely new building. The present owner, however, escaped with his life, though himself in the city at the time of the outbreak; and proved himself, from his local knowledge, and by the energy of his character, one of the best political officers with the force: he was present in the camp from the very commencement of operations against Delhi; and his services as such deserve the consideration of Government.

On the night of this day I was sleeping outside my tent, because it was more pleasant and refreshing to do so—indeed, it was a custom with every one in camp, and at this season of the year could be done without risk—when my slumbers were disturbed about midnight; why, I can not say; it was not certainly because I was in the secrets of the "council of war," or anticipated that the enemy would attack us, or, still less, that there was any intention on our part to assault them:

though if I had anticipated the latter of these two things, I should for once at least have proved a prophet.

The moon was shining, and, as I lay thinking, my thoughts were interrupted by a comparative stranger, a young engineer officer, with some reputation in his profession, and still greater influence with the Government of the North-West Provinces, and who was not wanting either in influence within camp. He was seeking the tent of the Colonel of the Rifles, to communicate the General's instructions. It was this young officer, who, if report spoke truly, drafted a plan of attack upon the city, and urged the General very strongly to adopt it. Arrangements had been accordingly made, and the attack determined upon; although this determination was kept profoundly secret, except from a privileged few. The plan consisted of all the troops turning out of camp under cover of night, advancing on the city, blowing up one of the gates, and taking the enemy by surprise; even the pickets on the hights were to be withdrawn. The camp was to protect itself the best way it could, with what little remained in it, consisting chiefly of cavalry; and as to reserves and supports in case of a repulse, there were none whatever: the whole affair was manifestly intended to be a *coup de main*. The proposed assault did not, however, take place; although the Rifles advanced gallantly to within 300 yards of the wall, in execution of their instructions, and were then recalled. The other troops had not, I believe, left camp, but were awaiting definite orders.

On the 19th of June the enemy came out in overwhelming numbers, with artillery, cavalry, and infantry. I can not tell what intelligence had reached headquarters from the spies in Delhi, concerning what was known there of the intentions of the enemy against us to-day, but, if I remember rightly, we did not see quite as clearly as usual what the enemy were about. There was some confused idea of a simultaneous attack to be made by them in force, both in front and rear. This would

have been sound wisdom on their part; at least, as far as our judgment extends. We often wondered that such attacks were never made by them, and made systematically and regularly: their effect must have told upon us in the end, if not much sooner than even we ourselves foresaw.

The alarm had no sooner sounded, than the Rifles were ordered to reinforce Hindoo Rao, on the right of our force. This reinforcement shows what was expected there. Soon, however, fears for Hindoo Rao passed away, and its defense was left in the hands of the ordinary picket. The Rifles were recalled, and went, by order, to the right of the General's Mound—the same mound I spoke of as having a battery of heavy guns, called the "Mound Battery." Here the regiment stood for half an hour, then further orders moved them, with some of the 75th and some cavalry, in support of the guns of Tombs's troop and Scott's battery, across the canal, and in the direction of the Ochterlony Gardens. The fire of cannon now opened in earnest. The force extended and advanced, driving the enemy from one spot to another. Presently a further advance was made, till we got in rear of a large mound, at the other side of which the enemy were said to be not less than 1,000 strong. There we remained fighting desperately, for more than an hour, under a very severe and unpleasant fire; the darkness of the night coming on apace, and hampering our operations very materially.

It was near this spot that Captain Williams, second in command of the Rifles at this time, and Lieutenant Humphrys, 20th N. I., doing duty with the same corps, were wounded; the former very severely, endangering for a considerable time the loss of his leg, which loss was, however, eventually averted. Lieutenant Humphrys was struck in the neck, and the wound impeded very considerably the organs of speech: the ball seemed to have traveled, and, in its course, wounded the lung. The wound ultimately proved fatal: the poor young fellow lingered through the greater portion of the night, and his suf-

ferings were very great. I was a witness to them, and to the exemplary patience with which he bore them. I knew little of this young officer in cantonments, but I saw much of him in camp, both before and after his receiving the wound. My recollections of him, especially those which have reference to his last moments, are very pleasant. His conduct had always inspired me with respect, but now I felt a deeper sympathy.

Shortly after these sad accidents a hint was given that the cavalry were upon us. The battery on the left advanced, taking the enemy in flank, and continued blazing away till its ammunition was exhausted; the artillery then retired down the road, where some infantry proceeded to join them. The enemy also commenced retiring about the same time, and the force returned to camp at nine, or even later. The losses, especially in the Royal Rifles, were very severe. Among the killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Yule, commanding Her Majesty's 9th Lancers, must be mentioned. He was unfortunately left on the field all night, and brought into camp some time next day, shamelessly mutilated. Lieutenant Alexander, 3d Regiment Native Infantry, who accompanied the force in the capacity of a volunteer, not being posted to any corps at the time, lost his life likewise. Scarcely any of the dead were collected till daylight. Not only the darkness of the night, but the presence of some of the enemy on the field during the whole of the night, rendered the collection of them very dangerous, if not absolutely impossible. One very serious accident arose upon the occasion of this fight: owing to the increasing darkness, our own guns fired into our own men.

The results of this engagement made a very melancholy impression on most men's minds in camp; not because our success was questionable, though very dearly bought, but rather because it was at first naturally enough regarded as the enemy's significant mode of intimating to us the plan he intended to pursue in future: that his eyes were open to the advantage

he might gain over us, if he only harassed us in the rear. The fact is, knowing our own weakness better than our opponent did, we were not without fears, which luckily, however, proved groundless. I think, too, our modesty induced us to give the enemy too much credit in this engagement, and ourselves too little. It was said, I don't know how truly, that the General conceived misgivings as to the wisdom of the force continuing before Delhi: he thought we would have to retire, unless large reinforcements could be forthwith sent to us. Some go so far as to say that a document was found, after his death, which contained his apology to Government for raising the siege till he should be reinforced in sufficient strength: this, I believe, was entirely mythical, and I only mention the matter to show how intricate, perplexing, and highly dangerous was our position at this time.

I stated that some of the enemy continued in the rear all night. On the morning of the 20th of June they seem to have been reinforced in large numbers, and about half-past nine or ten A. M., as I was sitting in the mess-tent of the 2d European Bengal Fusileers, which was quite close to the General's tent, I heard the report of a gun, and immediately after the clangous noise of broken or bruised metal pots and earthenware plates and dishes. It was the effect of round shot from the enemy in the rear, which had made a nest for itself in the General's kitchen-tent, causing sundry breakages in that department of his establishment, but doing no greater harm. Others, though not very many in number, followed in rapid succession, and the camp presented for the moment a somewhat lively appearance, from the active helter-skelter movements of the camp-followers—I mean the camel-drivers and officers' servants, and such like, than whom none are fleeter of foot when they please, or when pressed by the presence of danger, or affrighted by the loud, unmusical roar of cannon evidently nearer than is safe or agreeable. I remember well the impression made on me by

these sights of scampering natives, with faces never before looking so earnest, though perhaps often equally demure, and have laughed over them again and again: I have even gone so far as to ask myself whether, in the subordinate design of Providence, playful, not destructive round shot, rolling into camp, might not be sent, among other purposes, to stir up the dying energy of human character in the east. It does do it most effectually, whether with or without design, and so does good for the time. I only wish the good were more permanent.

But the enemy having thrown down the gauntlet, there was no choice but to take it up. A detachment of Her Majesty's 75th Foot, and the whole of the 1st or 2d Europeans, with cavalry and guns, marched out of camp for this very purpose. Unhappily our force effected very little; not because of any fault, but simply in consequence of the enemy retiring immediately on being attacked. Nevertheless we captured two guns and three ammunition wagons; on one of which latter were said to be eight native wounded gunners, ready packed to be carried off into Delhi, but whom we left dead in the field, as these were no times either for giving or expecting quarter. As to "prisoners of war," those we ever made, being comparatively few, we subsequently tried and destroyed; so that immediate death on the battle-field must have been an infinitely-better alternative.

I never visited the Ochterlony Gardens, the scene of the conflict, but those who did gave me an ample description of all they saw there on the morning after the battle of the 19th. From all accounts it was a sad sight. Here was to be seen a rampart of slain camels, which the enemy had stolen from us, and made this use of; and there were horses and bodies of natives innumerable, left unburied by their surviving brethren. This havoc of war was the first intimation to us, and likewise most conclusive proof, of the success which had attended our operations in the rear—a success which we were so slow to believe

only the night before, and which nothing, I verily think, but ocular demonstration would have induced us to realize at all.

Shortly after this engagement I renewed my acquaintance with one of my old "Hindun" friends, Assistant-Surgeon Alexander Groves Duff, who, with Assistant-Surgeon T. J. Biddle, of Her Majesty's service, shared a common tent with me on the 30th and 31st May last. It was Mr. Biddle who killed, with his own hand, the native that caused the explosion which cost Captain F. Andrews his life. Dr. Duff had been sent to Meerut from the "Hindun" in charge of sick and wounded, among whom were Ensign Napier and poor Assistant-Surgeon Moore, of the Carabineers. A finer-hearted and more generous Irishman than the last-mentioned officer I never met. I have a distinct and pleasing recollection of his exertions on the night of the 30th of May, on behalf of the wounded of his own regiment, and several of the camp-followers besides. I never think of Moore without a deep sigh of regret. Little did I imagine, when I saw him so full of life on the night of the first battle of the Hindun, and so kind and considerate with his patients, that the next day I should look upon him as a severely-wounded man, who would only be sent from camp to die at Meerut.

Shortly after I had welcomed Doctor Duff, he gave me an account of his last adventures. It appears that early on the morning of the 20th June, the Doctor and his party, consisting of only two Europeans besides himself—namely, Mr. George Campbell, C. S., and Lieutanant Mew, of the 74th N. I.—and 150 sowars, were encamped on the left bank of the Jumna; a site which had been selected to enable them to defend the bridge of boats across the river. Between four and five o'clock the slumbers of the party were disturbed by the announcement of the startling fact that the Goojurs were upon them. In an instant the small force turned out to receive the enemy and watch his movements. There was, however, little time for

reconnoitering, for within a few hundred yards they beheld between four and five thousand Goojurs, headed by the Sepoys, and marching in perfect order After the enemy had fired a few shots, the Europeans, and their 150 sowars, retired upon the bridge, and crossed it, intending to cut away two of the boats, to prevent the rebels from following. Unfortunately, however, no ax could be found, and thus the plan was defeated. The small company then drew up in line on the right bank of the river, close to the bridge, while the enemy followed their example on the opposite side. A tolerably smart fire was kept up for a short time, but, after about a dozen rounds, the sowars attached to the European party declared that their ammunition was exhausted. Considering the superior strength of the enemy, to beat a retreat was, under the circumstances, the only course to pursue; and, after some consultation, the camp before Delhi was fixed upon as the point for which the party were to make. In furtherance of this plan, the small force retired a short distance from the bridge, and the enemy crossed it; whereupon the sowars were ordered to charge, but positively declined to do so. This act of insubordination necessitated an immediate retreat, and the three European gentlemen setting off at a gallop, never but once rested the legs of their steeds till they reached camp. What became of the "brave" Irregulars, I can not say, but in all probability they found a welcome within the walls of the city of Delhi.

The 21st of June was our second Sunday before the stone walls of Delhi. Divine service was solemnized at half-past five A. M., and a sermon preached by me in the ordinary place. I had, besides the headquarters' service, one for the Rifles, at eleven A. M., and another for the cavalry brigade, at six P. M. Sunday was always a very hard day with me, though it would be very difficult to say on what day in the week my labors were lightened; for, if I had regular services for the camp on Sundays, there were the daily services for the hospital,

which required an expenditure of mental and bodily strength equally great. Then, again, not a morning or evening passed without burials, one of the most painful portions of the duties of a chaplain in camp, and by no means an insignificant one either.

As early as five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 23d of June, the enemy tried to the number of six thousand to give us battle.

Very early in the day, and almost immediately after the bugle of alarm had sounded, a reinforcement of field-pieces was sent up from camp. As soon as these appeared, a heavy cannonading fire from Delhi ensued. The enemy came round in the direction of Subzi Mundi, and to the rear of Hindoo Rao, and were distinctly seen spreading themselves behind the low banks and walls extending toward the right of the camp. The Rifles, Guides, and Gorkhas were thrown out in skirmishing order for several hours; during all which time the contest raged with unmitigated fury. At about eleven in the forenoon some fresh reinforcements reached us from parts north of Delhi, consisting of one hundred men of Her Majesty's 75th Foot, under Captain Brookes, four companies of the 2d European Bengal Fusileers, besides some six guns and Sikh troops; and so fierce was the struggle, that the newly-arrived force, without waiting for refreshments or even a moment's rest, had at once to join the fight.

At four in the afternoon the battle was still proceeding with unabated vigor, when another course was taken: an order was issued to the Rifles, Gorkhas, and Guides to carry the Subzi Mundi, which they did in right gallant style, despite their eleven hours of previous labor and exposure to the sun, and want of refreshment. The enemy were driven by them from wall to bank, and from bank to wall. Now, the Sepoys ascended the tops of houses, of which there were many in the immediate neighborhood, but their tenure of these only lasted for the few moments which it took our brave troops to reach them; numbers of the enemy began to fall, and several of our brave fellows

beside them. A touching incident of the day was told me by a young doctor. A rifleman had been mortally wounded; the surgeon ran to his assistance, and gave him his arm to help him along. "Ah! sir," said the wounded man, "I fancy this is my last walk." It was indeed. He died: noble, good man as he was. But through his brave exertions, in coöperation with the rest of our troops, the day was first carried by the British against very frightful odds. The mutineers retired within the walls about six in the evening, finding to their chagrin that their prophets were a living lie, and had woefully deceived them; for in the place of success, fully one-fourth of their army, which had come out in the morning full of pride and of hope, were left either dead or wounded on the field.

The victory of the 23d of June was a cause of great rejoicing within camp. But our joy was not without alloy: our losses were very great; perhaps, relatively, equal to those of the enemy. The Rifles lost twenty-seven men, and the 1st Europeans thirty-one, the Gorkhas twenty-five, the 75th Foot one sergeant and one private; besides the losses in the Artillery, Sikhs, Guides, and men of the 2d European Bengal Fusileers; the statistics of whose casualties during this day I failed to secure. The only officer killed in action was Lieutenant Steuart Hare Jackson, of the 2d European Bengal Fusileers; though several were wounded, among whom I remember Colonel Welchman, of the 1st European Bengal Fusileers and others of the same regiment, and Captain Conyngham Jones, of the 60th Rifles. But as some compensation for this, we had gained an important point; the Subzi Mundi was not only taken, but held henceforward by us, and constituted our extreme right picket.

On the 24th of June there was a slight attack on the right, but not of much consequence, and resulting in little or no loss to either party. An important arrival, however, occurred on this day: Brigadier-General Chamberlain, the newly-appointed Adjutant-General of the army, who was selected to succeed the

late Colonel Chester, reached camp. I had but little intercourse with this officer; he, however, struck me as being a man of purpose, one who thinks before he acts, and acts resolutely when once his plans are formed. I should say, moreover, his actions are guided by that sound and high principle which draws the wide distinction between right and wrong, and detects at once the difference between truth and error.

From the 25th to the 27th of June but little occurred worthy of remark, and the only extra excitement in camp arose from a report which was circulated, and very generally believed, that the enemy had four field-pieces out, and meditated an attack on the night of the 25th. The report, however, proved false, and we were left unmolested.

On the 27th of June the enemy made a determined attack on both flanks. It commenced about 6 o'clock, A. M., and lasted till nearly two in the afternoon. There was evidently some fear that from the right flank the rebels might work around to the rear. Accordingly, two companies of the Rifles were marched to the "rear battery," consisting of heavy guns, eighteen-pounders, which had been erected as a protection to the camp, in case of future attacks in that direction. This was a prudential measure, suggested by the sad results of the action of the evening of the 19th June. The periodical rains set in on this day. The fall was heavy, and the floods evidently coöperated with us in driving the advancing and treacherous foe within his lair. The camp was literally turned into a pool, and became very offensive to the sense of smell, and obliged quartermasters of regiments to busy themselves in the work of drainage.

THE SIEGE.

On the 1st of July we were reinforced by the arrival of four hundred and fifty men of Her Majesty's 61st Foot. The enemy was also strengthened by the arrival of the Bareilly brigade, numbering three thousand men.

The day after their arrival on the banks of the river, the Bareilly Brigade was seen crossing and marching into the city. An additional reinforcement soon after early dawn reached our own camp, consisting of Coke's Rifles; a regiment of Punjaub Infantry bearing a high character, and possessing the advantage of a very able commander, Major Coke. This regiment was a real accession to the force, and did good and distinguished service during the operations before Delhi. Thus strengthened within the last few days, the General again seriously contemplated a second attempt at assault on the city. The intention was kept profoundly secret, as on the previous occasion, but a meeting of regimental field-officers was summoned for nine in the evening, to meet the staff, study the plans, and receive instructions. The force was held in readiness to march out of camp and proceed to the attack the moment warning should be given; but some intelligence reached headquarters which defeated the purposes of the General, and the intention, so far as I could learn, was then deferred *sine die*.

We had long suspected treachery within the camp; not a movement of ours, perhaps not a word, or even a look, but was immediately reported in Delhi. For a long while we had no one in particular upon whom we could fix our suspicion; however, on the 2d of July, a revelation was made, through the fidelity of certain Sikhs, whose regiment had recently come into camp. Unhappily, an entire company of this regiment was composed of Poorbeas, while the main strength was Sikh. The Poorbeas within the British camp had strong leanings and earnest longings for Delhi. "Down with the British rule!" was the secret wish of their treason-working hearts; but before they could openly avow their treachery, they had to perform, by deception, an important mission, which the King of Delhi had intrusted to their execution. This mission was to destroy the loyalty of the Sikhs, if possible, by offers of large bribes, and by a train of subtile reasoning, in which an appeal to the

Divine will formed a very prominent part. Accordingly some leading men of the Poorbea Company of the Sikh Regiment approached one of the leading men of the other companies, and declared that "the will of Heaven was to take away the râj from the English, and to give it over to the descendant of the Great Mogul; and that it could be no benefit to them to continue any longer in the British service, as by so doing they would only incur the displeasure of 'Shah Bahadoor Shah,' which would rest upon the Sikhs and follow them from place to place, till destruction completely overtook and overwhelmed them. If, however, on the other hand, they made choice of the winning side, the King would gladly enroll those of the Sikhs who were officers among his colonels and generals, and would give large pay to one and all."

The Sikh, having listened to the arguments of the mutinous Poorbeas, gave, according to eastern custom, some evasive reply. He then made direct for the tent of his commanding officer, to whom he disclosed the conspiracy; in consequence the ringleaders, who were native officers, and, I think, three in number, were arrested forthwith, brought to trial, and hung shortly before nightfall. The remainder of the attainted company were paid up and sent out of camp, to the great satisfaction alike of Englishmen and of Sikhs.

On the following day the movements of the enemy occasioned no small anxiety. A force, supported by guns, left Delhi, and proceeded in the direction of our rear; whereupon a large force was detached from camp for the purpose of counteracting any designs which the rebels might have against us. But it seems that, upon this occasion, our native allies, the inhabitants of the village of Aleepore, were the object of their attack. The enemy knew that from this village we drew largely for supplies; and that, from the first, the villagers had displayed a very friendly feeling toward us, and manifested the warmest sympathy for our cause; hence they were the object

of implacable hate with the mutineers, and a decision was now formed and put into execution to inflict summary punishment on these natives for their want of loyalty to the Great Mogul. We, however, were wholly ignorant of these designs, and our force accordingly returned to camp without interfering with the mutineers. The inhabitants of Aleepore were, of course, unable to defend themselves against the attack of the rebels, and the village was burnt during the night. A Sikh guard, consisting of some fifty or sixty men, was slain, and the enemy, having satisfied their vengeance, decamped with a large share of plunder.

As soon, however, as we had learned something of the terrible doings of the mutineers, another force was dispatched from the camp to intercept their retreat in its return to Delhi. This occurred on the 4th of July. Our party fell in twice with the Bareilly Brigade during that day, and two successive attacks were made upon them, which resulted in the slaughter of about one hundred rebels, and the capture of two ammunition wagons, filled, I believe, with ammunition.

Thus closed the fourth week of our eventful encampment before Delhi; and little did we suspect what the coming Sabbath was about to bring forth. I remember well the solemn services of that day. I had performed the duties devolving upon me for the Headquarters Camp at the usual hour, and my text seemed, in a measure, prophetical. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and the words are familiar to every Christian mind: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." I noticed the absence of General Sir Harry Barnard, but was ignorant of the cause. The fatigue of harassing camp duties had been pressing heavily upon him and sapping his vital power; and though the decline had not altogether escaped the notice of his friends and staff, no serious apprehensions were entertained: certainly, no fatal result was anticipated. We fully hoped and believed,

and as earnestly desired, that a gracious Providence would spare him to reap all the honors which a grateful country might award for a successful termination of the siege of Delhi. But it was otherwise ordained; and we were constrained to exclaim, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

About nine o'clock in the forenoon of Sunday, July 5th, malignant cholera seized General Sir Harry Barnard. Immediately the medical skill of the camp was put in requisition. Every effort was made, and every appliance resorted to, which humanity could prompt or science suggest, and the results were watched with anxious interest. The General's nurse was his own excellent son, Captain Barnard, an officer of the Guards. Nothing that filial affection could dictate was wanting to relieve the sufferings of the gallant officer, and to soften his dying hour; but, in spite of all that mortals could do, the General languished during a short illness of six hours, and then expired about three in the afternoon, to the inexpressible grief of every soldier and man in the camp. He did not, however, sink to rest till after he had given a solemn and parting charge to Captain Barnard. "Tell them," he said, alluding to his own family in England, "I die happy." And, indeed, what was to hinder his dying happy? He had a Savior to lean upon, and a good conscience told him that he had manfully discharged his duty. To this every one was ready to set the seal of his own testimony. The prevailing feeling in camp was that the melancholy event had been brought about by the extraordinary devotion of our leader to his country's cause. In him we saw another victim to the mutiny prematurely taken to the grave, and the country deprived of the services of one of her most gallant commanders. His own family had indeed lost a father and a friend, and one of whom a son could speak in no fitter or more expressive terms than when, in a voice broken by tears, he exclaimed, as he stood a mourner at the side of the grave which had just received all that was mor-

tal of his parent, "My loss is great indeed. I have lost the very best of parents and the most intimate and endearing of friends."

The eighth of July was one of almost unbroken quietude. Nothing but occasional cannonading disturbed the prevailing calm. Our artillery practice was, however, successful, and we managed during the course of the day to disable a large gun in the enemy's battery at the Lahore gate. This, and the march of a party from camp, at two o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of destroying a bridge over the canal, which afforded the enemy a communication with our rear, and allowed the possibility of their bringing ordnance with them, were the only events of the day deserving a place in this record.

After a nine days' rest, the enemy once more thought that the renewal of the conflict was absolutely necessary. The day set in determinately with rain; but in spite of that we were obliged to fight. Between nine and ten in the forenoon I was sitting writing, in company with a field-officer who was sharing my tent, when the alarm sounded; but that was so ordinary an occurrence, that our ears had grown familiar and tired with the constant repetition of the notes. As I was a non-combatant, and my friend had been for some considerable time on the sick list, we both hastened on with our work, fearful of losing the post. Presently we heard the sounds of flying musketry shot, which seemed to be taking the direction of our own tent, and once or twice startled us both by their close proximity. We thought it now high time to turn out and inquire the meaning of all this; the more so, as we could already distinguish that the shot came from the neighborhood of the church-yard, which was not more than 200 yards from our home. Our surprise may be imagined when we found that the enemy's cavalry were actually in the camp, having been treacherously brought in by a picket of our own, consisting of a portion of the 9th Irregulars.

This act of treachery gave the enemy great advantages,

because on their approaching camp, our guards and their officers recognized our own men, and feared to fire lest they might destroy them. The sudden and unaccountable increase in numbers to the British Native Cavalry picket suggested the first thought of suspicion. The Field Artillery on the spot were ordered to unlimber, and open upon the enemy; but ere this could be done the fellows were within the camp, and had ridden over the guns: they were just on the point of killing an artillery officer named Hills, a very gallant and distinguished Second Lieutenant belonging to that corps, when Major Tombs, his troop captain, came to the rescue, and shot the man who would have otherwise cut down the young subaltern. The rebel's arm was uplifted, ready to strike the blow, which would have cleft the skull of our hero, when he met his own righteous doom from the hand of one of the most gallant, most distinguished, and most popular officers in camp.

So worthy were these actions of the English name and character, that I can not refrain from giving a detailed account of this episode in our camp life. Second Lieutenant Hills, in obedience to the orders which he had received, was straining every effort to get his guns into action, but only succeeded in having one unlimbered, when the enemy were upon him. The thought now occurred to him that by charging the insurgents single-handed he might occasion a commotion, and so give his men time to load the gun. Simultaneously with the thought he made a rush, with all the impetuosity of desperation, at the enemy's front rank, cut down the first man he met with, and had given a second a severe wound in the face, when two sowars or native troopers charged him. At one and the same moment their horses came in contact with young Hills's charger, and the latter with its rider was sent flying. Such was the force of the fall, that Hills escaped two cuts which were made at him; one of which laid open his jacket just below the left arm, without injury, however, to his person. He lay for a moment,

and the enemy passed on; supposing, I presume, that he was slain. Presently he rose and looked about for his sword, which he discovered lying about ten yards from the place where he had fallen.

Scarcely was the lost sword found and secured than three of the enemy again returned to the attack; two on horseback, and the third on foot. The youthful soldier had again to struggle for life; the first man who approached him, he succeeded in wounding and dropping from his horse; the second charged him with a lance, which was cleverly turned aside, and an awful gash in return inflicted on the face and head of the assailant. Lieutenant Hills thought he had dispatched this opponent, but, wounded as he was, the man came up for a second time, but only to have his head completely broken. The third and most formidable foe was yet to come: he was young and active, and unwearied by previous effort; whereas Lieutenant Hills was weak with exertion and panting for breath, and moreover, his cloak by some means, in these successive frays, had fastened tightly round his throat, almost to suffocation. Nothing daunted, he entered afresh upon the conflict, and made a blow with his sword at the enemy—a blow which was unfortunately turned. The rebel now seized the hilt of the artilleryman's sword, and succeeded in twisting it out of the owner's grasp. At this juncture it came to a hand-to-hand fight; the Englishman with his fists, punching the head of the native, and the native trying to wound his gallant foe with the sword, but without success. Somehow young Hills fell; and Major Tombs came up just in time to succor his junior, by dispatching, as he thought, the mutineer with a pistol-shot.

Major Tombs and Lieutenant Hills then went in company to the Mound, but after some time they returned to secure the unlimbered gun, which had been left behind. To their surprise they found the very man whom they both supposed to be "*non est*," walking off with Mr. Hills's pistol, which in extremity

had been driven by that officer at an opponent's head. After some fencing on both sides, young Hills rushed at him with a thrust, which he avoided by an adroit jump, cutting Hills at the same time on the head, but without stunning him. Major Tombs now followed him up, and Lieutenant Hills, taking the opportunity of rising from the ground, succeeded in dealing the fellow another blow, which almost severed the wrist from the arm; the whole business was concluded by Major Tombs, the next moment, running the man through with his sword. Thus ended a conflict which resulted in a recommendation of the officers engaged in it as worthy of the highest honor for distinguished bravery—an honor which, I trust, they may both live to receive, and long live to enjoy.

The trespass in our camp committed by the enemy was soon avenged, and they were quickly dislodged without much damage. Nevertheless, they managed to do some mischief ere they departed. They wounded some of the artillery, and a few of the camp followers; besides which, one or two of the rebels, who were roguishly disposed, deliberately walked off, in one case with an officer's charger, all equipped and ready for mounting; and, in another instance, they carried away an apothecary's horse which was picketed beside the stud of Surgeon Mackinnon, of the 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery.

The guns of the native troop of the 1st Brigade of Artillery seem to have been the object which induced this visit to camp. Immediately on arrival, the mutineers made straight to that quarter of the encampment in which those guns were standing. But the troop, to their credit, manfully refused to obey a single order which was given, although every order was coupled with the name, and—apparently to the men—under the authority of Colonel Murray Mackenzie, commanding the Brigade. But, because there was no absolute certainty, in spite of this refusal on the part of the gunners of the troop, their guns were taken from them, by order of the General, and placed in the park;

the men protesting in their innocence, and weeping like children, and their European officers, whose confidence remained unshaken in them, notwithstanding the General's orders, deeply sympathizing with their sorrow, and complaining as bitterly of the act as the Golundauzes themselves.

No stirring event marked the day of the 21st July. Till one in the afternoon no alarm was given, but about that hour the alarm sounded, and aroused the camp to life and activity. Troops were moving here and there, and reinforcements hurrying off to their destined posts. But this activity quickly subsided into the usual monotony of camp-life; as the alarm proved false, and the reserves and supports speedily returned. I remember the rain in the afternoon made us all prisoners within our tents; and we retired to rest made wiser by the knowledge of the fact, which was published in General Orders of the Commander-in-chief, that Major-General Gowan, C. B., commanding in the Punjaub, as senior officer, had assumed command of all the troops in the Upper Provinces from the 20th July, and till further orders.

As early as three in the morning, and long before the sun had risen, on the 22d of July, buglers sounded the alarm, causing the ordinary commotion in camp. Reports of brisk musketry fire and the cannonading of heavy guns were heard from the right. These proceeded from the enemy, in consequence of our having blown up a serai at Subzi-Mundi, which gave shelter to their troops in the various sorties in that neighborhood, and was considered necessary to be destroyed. The noise of the explosion excited the fears of the enemy, who probably believed that the English were approaching the city. This made them open fire in order to assure us of their cognizance of our movements. But nothing more was heard of them by us during the day, except that an occasional round shot came rolling into camp, and one of their shells struck a tent of the Light Com-

pany of the 75th Foot, lodging in the side of Colonel Herbert's tent and breaking a box.

The 23d of July was one of our stormy days. The enemy renewed the conflict in a very earnest and determined manner. Their attack began about seven in the morning, and was mainly directed against the picket in the neighborhood of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's house, which inclined to our left flank. I remember this day very well. I had my hospitals as usual to visit; but work had become a positive burden: I could not set about it with any alacrity or good-will; so after making one or two ineffectual attempts to subdue my disinclination and put my shoulder fairly to the wheel, I gave up the task in despair, and promised myself, as far as I really could do so, a whole holiday. The fact was, I had been overburdened with duty during the past week, and, while my physical health was far from good, I was also anxious in mind, on account of letters received from Meerut.

Instead of working, I freely confess I went up that I might see the battle. The point which I selected for observation was the top of the Flag-Staff Tower. From this elevation I could see every thing with complete satisfaction to myself, and yet without personal danger. There I stood a very long while, now depending upon one friend for a telescope to lengthen my sight, and now under obligations to another for the loan of a binocular to make out the more distant operations of the engagement.

Upon one occasion only, during my stay here, did the enemy seem disposed to interfere with our sight-seeing. We were all intent on what was passing before us, when the outlook exclaimed, "Look out." His eye had detected the enemy's intended mischief. They fired a shell from a piece of ordnance which commanded the Flag-Staff Tower. No sooner was the exclamation heard, than every looker-on, the instructed and uninstructed alike, instinctively crouched beneath the parapet

upon which we had been a moment before leaning. The shell fell far short of our position, and in bursting killed a camel near the spot where it fell: this was all the mischief that shell did. The enemy at that period rarely condescended to expend ammunition on the picket at the Flag-Staff Tower, so that you might generally watch from thence without fear of harm.

Upon that day the enemy had brought out with them six guns. A column, under Brigadier Showers, was dispatched to attack them, and his attack was completely successful. The enemy were driven back; but unhappily Brigadier Showers's men advanced too far, and so got under fire of grape from the walls, and that without succeeding in capturing the guns. In consequence of this, and the heavy musketry fire in addition, the casualties of the day were very great. Brevet-Captain W. G. Law, of the 10th Bengal N. I., and attached to the 1st Punjaub Infantry, was killed in the course of the action, and I buried him the same evening.

We were much surprised at the only event worthy of record, which occurred on the 19th August, before the walls of Delhi. A Mrs. Collins, daughter of a Mrs. Leeson, late of this city, was conducted into camp by an Afghan, who had concealed and befriended her. It seems that she was living at Delhi when the outbreak took place. I do not pretend to give the details of the poor woman's trials and sufferings, because I never had the time or opportunity of listening to them from her own lips; but I remember to have heard her say that one child was destroyed outright in her presence, another was wounded by a sword-cut, and died in a few hours afterward—I think in some garden, among the trees, away from herself, but watched over and nursed by some friendly native, whose heart was not so steeled as to be devoid of all compassion. The babe in her arms, and at her breast, was wounded, when the miscreants fired at herself, with murderous intent. The infant died. She was the only survivor among the small party; and but for this

man, and a kind Providence smiling on his efforts to save her, she also would have been lost.

Numbers of her family, besides her own children, fell victims to the unrelenting fury of the mutiny, and most, if not all, perished in Delhi. I am not certain, but the impression made on my mind is very strong, that Mr. Collins, her husband, in consequence of his absence on duty, escaped. When Mrs. Collins was brought in by her protector, she was kindly received by Mrs. Tytler, the wife of a Captain in the 38th Bengal Native Light Infantry, one of the corps at Delhi when the mutiny occurred. Captain Tytler was in charge of the military treasure chest, and his lady, like a heroine, when once allowed within camp, could not be persuaded, either by official eloquence or the arguments of her own husband, to desert his side.

It was now the 20th August, 1857. The enemy established a battery on the other side of the river, and sent rockets and round shot at the picket at Metcalfe's house. This battery commanded the site where Major Coke's men had encamped ; little harm was, however, done by it. The orders of the Field Force declared that Brigadier-General Wilson had been made a Major-General for special service, and appointed, with the sanction of the Supreme Government, to command the Delhi Field Force ; the special service being, I presume, his achievements at Hindun, on the 30th and 31st of May last.

Symptoms of returning cholera appeared in camp ; but confined chiefly to troops recently arrived. The disease was of a very fatal type, and was aggravated by the heat of the weather, which was intolerable between the showers. A force of all arms went out during the night, or early in the morning, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, in the direction of Rohtuck—where Captain Hodson still continued—but was obliged to return without doing any thing, on account of the impassable state of the roads, from the late heavy rains that had fallen.

The usual routine of firing "long balls" at each other, to use a camp expression, continued.

News reached camp on the 21st August that the 10th Light Cavalry had at last mutinied at Ferozepore. This regiment had really done good service. When the 45th and 57th Regiments, at the same station, fell from their allegiance, and tried to seize our magazine, the 10th remained loyal. They declared most solemnly, both then and subsequently, that they would never desert the British cause. They broke faith, it would seem, on the 19th of August, cruelly murdered Mr. Veterinary-Surgeon Vincent Nelson, and made a rush, happily, however, without success, on Captain Woodcock's battery. The gunners were at dinner when the affair happened, and evidently the intention was to capture by surprise. One gunner was actually killed, and others wounded; several battery horses, and also horses belonging to officers, were carried off, and the mutineers escaped uninjured. The syce drivers refused, when bidden, to drive their teams: the gunners mounted and supplied their places; but the pursuit could not be maintained any distance: the country to be traversed being thoroughly impracticable for guns. We feared the effect this mutiny might produce in the Punjaub; the more so, as the longer our delay in the capture of Delhi, the more and the louder was proclaimed our own weakness and the enemy's strength. It was matter for great thankfulness that the land of the Five Rivers continued nevertheless in peace, and well affected toward the English rule.

The ravages of cholera daily increased; the mortal sickness falling mostly, but not exclusively, on Her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry and the 61st Foot.

The spies of the city gave information that the rebels designed an attack some time during the night of the 21st August. But we learned that the plan was frustrated through the invincible disinclination of some mutinous corps to engage us. From certain indications on the morning of the 22d, many

believed there would be a struggle between the loyal and disloyal armies during the day. A goodly company of horsemen, footmen, and artillery was seen leaving the city gates ; but the fire of our batteries caused them to retire, and we were spared the endurance of more arduous work.

The reports were somewhat harassing concerning General Havelock. It was said, and there were very good grounds for believing, that that officer had won a great victory on the 29th of July. But, nevertheless, it was whispered that he could not advance on Lucknow for want of sufficient force, and that the monster Nana Sahib, who, at one time, was said to be dead, was yet alive, and busily employed in raising a large army sufficient to oppose any strength we might bring against him, with some prospect of success. Poor Captain F. G. Willock, of the 6th Bengal Light Cavalry, and a son of the director, died on the 21st of August. He had lain for some time in "the General Hospital of the Field Force," sick, I believe, of typhoid fever, which eventually terminated fatally ; to the great regret of his friends, who ministered to his wants with fraternal affection. His brother officers, Lieutenants Cuppage and Probyn, were apparently always at his bedside, whenever duty allowed them to be so. The conduct of these two young men, in this and other respects, was most exemplary, and affords another striking proof of the unselfishness of genuine friendship.

The ordinary Sunday sermons were preached on the 23d of August. The enemy maintained a *troublesome*, but by no means an *effective* fire, from the battery on the other side of the river Jumna. It was said in camp that the parallels and approaches to the walls of the city had commenced, in anticipation of the advent of the siege train. The fact is, we had heard of Sir John Lawrence's visit to Jullundur, in order to inspect the auxiliary force of Maharajah Rumbeer Singh of Cashmere, which was on its way to Delhi ; and now the assault was looked upon with certainty at no very distant period : every

little thing done by the Engineer Department was interpreted as direct preparation toward the final consummation.

The 24th of August was a day of tranquillity. Captain Hodson returned safe into camp, and our anxieties on account of him ceased. At one time his position was very critical. He had a very severe fight with the rebels, at a distance of some twenty or thirty miles from camp, in the direction of Rohtuck. He was victorious in the engagement; but the enemy's overwhelming numbers had succeeded in hemming him in. A messenger hastened into camp, soliciting, on behalf of the little gallant force of Guides and Irregulars—the latter a corps of Hodson's own creation—immediate succor. It was given with the least possible delay. A column marched with all expedition; but when half-way on the road, they received instructions to return: their services had been anticipated and supplied by the Jheend Rajah. Hodson had been extricated from his difficulty, and on arrival in camp was warmly congratulated upon his safety and his success. He seems to have slain some eighty of the mutineers, who were said, with the sanction of official authority, to be principally furlough men.

Either very late on the evening of the 23d, or early in the morning of the 24th of August, the enemy left the city in force; and rumor alleged that their intention was, if possible, to intercept our siege train. Accordingly, before sunrise on the 25th of August, Brigadier Nicholson marched from camp with a movable column, consisting of a squadron of Lancers, the gallant 9th, under Captain Sarel; the Guide Cavalry, under Captain Sandford; Her Majesty's 61st, under Colonel Rainey; the 1st European Bengal Fusileers, under Major Jacob; the 2d Punjaub Infantry and Coke's Rifles; together with the 1st and 2d Troops of the 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, the Mooltanee Horse, and a party of Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Geneste, of the Engineer Corps.

The day was very wet, and the roads were well-nigh impassa-

ble; the country for miles round was nothing more than a marsh. The enterprising spirit of Nicholson was, however, equal to cope with any amount of obstacles. Neither fatigue, nor rain, nor swamps, nor enemy, nor all these in combination, could deter him in his onward progress. The force marched upon a village, nearly half-way to Nujjuffghur. Here a halt was proclaimed, in order to collect information respecting the enemy's probable location and intended movements.

Shortly after some rebel cavalry were discovered ahead. Information was obtained from the village to the effect that the enemy had crossed a bridge in the neighborhood, and immediately the column resumed its march. Some ten or twelve miles more of road were traversed. It was a journey by water rather than by land: ponds had to be forded to the depth of several feet. At length a march of eighteen miles or more had been fully accomplished, and the enemy's camp was at last in sight.

Nicholson's ardor could not resist the temptation of an *immediate* attack. Not but that he had consideration for his troops; he appreciated the hardships which they had already passed through, and knew, from personal experience, that they must be jaded; but to dream of rest, even for a single hour, was to give a cowardly enemy, in overwhelming numbers—estimated at six thousand men—an opportunity of flight. Moreover, it was half-past five, and the sun would soon be down; every moment was, therefore, precious. The sooner a commencement of proceedings was made, the greater the prospect of doing what was to be done in a thoroughly-complete manner, and not after the fashion of some, who love to accomplish only by halves. Besides, our advance column had met with a warm reception from the enemy, the rebels having opened upon them with fire of musketry and cannon; and the fire of their artillery and infantry was said to have been both brisk and severe.

However great may have been the disinclination on our side

to fight, there was no longer help for it. The infantry fell into line at the word of command, the artillery wheeled into position on either flank, and, bounding forward with a dash, commenced the conflict. A serai was the first object of attack; it was full of the enemy, who had guns placed there.

The Brigadier knew the value of a few stirring words, spoken from the heart to the heart; there is power in that kind of eloquence, whether the speaker can ordinarily arrest public attention in a set speech or not. I do n't think that at this moment Nicholson felt any ambition, that, in connection with his memory, the fact should be recorded that among his other excellences he excelled in oratory; but, doubtless, he did wish that if, in the designs of Providence, this was to be his last command, and these, likewise, his last words, they might carry conviction to the minds of his audience of the imperative necessity for the caution he wished to suggest, and, at the same time, inflame the hearts of his soldiery with ardor for victory, which no odds or valor on the part of the enemy, and nothing, in fact, short of death itself, should quench. "Remember, men," said the commandant, "the experience which others have gained. Take for your example the 93d, and other regiments in the Crimea, who spurned to waste ammunition while at a distance from the enemy. Reserve your fire for a close range, and victory must be yours."

Her Majesty's 61st and the 1st Europeans heard to obey. The next words were, "Line advance." The infantry moved as steadily and cheerfully as if on a parade. Soon the war-cry of the British soldier was heard—the manly cheer of Englishmen, which accompanied the rush toward the serai. In another moment the building, with its guns, was ours, and its sable defenders partly in our power. Now the Sepoys tried the efficacy of flight; they made for the bridge, and there vainly endeavored to maintain a stand. It was worse than useless. The precision of our artillery fire was the admiration

of our own force, and the terror and destruction of the enemy.

Upon this a company of infantry was ordered, as a covering party, to hold the bridge till preparations had been completed for blowing it up; which was done both nobly and well, in spite of the galling cannonade directed against the bridge and its guardians from some guns which the rebels still possessed. Maximilian Geneste, as dauntless in the discharge of duty and as steady and cool under fire as any one present, made ready for the explosion. The enemy, I presume, seeing what was coming, would, if they could, have retaken the bridge. They made the attempt, but were disappointed and defeated. The engineer arrangements were not completed till long after midnight, during all which time the troops were without refreshment. Soon after this the train was fired, and the bridge was destroyed, hardly so much as a vestige remaining.

Such was the victory gained by the little army under the brave Nicholson, on the 25th day of August, 1857. It was as brilliant as complete. The rebel camp, and camp equipage and treasure, and thirteen guns, were all captured and brought home by the victorious force. And this advantage was gained at a small cost; our losses including in all only seventy-one killed and wounded. Lieutenant Lumsden, of Coke's Rifles, without exception one of the very best soldiers in India, was killed on the field. Lieutenant Gabbett, of Her Majesty's 61st Foot, was mortally wounded, and eventually died. Ensign Elkington, of the same regiment, after lingering for some days, met with a similar fate. But Dr. Ireland, notwithstanding the severity and nature of his wounds, recovered.

By the 11th of September we had ready three siege batteries; but if our advancing columns could not as yet storm and take the ramparts of Delhi, our breaching batteries, with salvo after salvo, astonished the besieged with their tremendous roar, and beat down piecemeal those stone walls in whose strength

and impregnability the greatest reliance had been wont to be placed by the rebel host. Nine twenty-four-pounders had inaugurated the proceedings of the 11th; and the fire, once commenced, was unceasingly maintained with mortars, guns, and howitzers, from the period of its commencement till the assault.

THE ASSAULT.

The din and the roar of cannon had been hitherto deafening, but from Saturday till Monday morning—the morning when we stormed and took the ramparts of Delhi—roll after roll of ordnance-thunder, in a succession almost momentary, fell with electric effect upon the ear. Nothing can be grander, nothing more fearfully imposing, than the circumstances attendant on a bombardment. And yet, terrible and grand as unquestionably they are, among them none is more so than the sight of living shell traversing the air, with more than the brilliancy of many falling meteors simultaneously, and in brightness rivaling, at times, the tremendous glare occasioned by continuous flashes of lightning during a stormy night.

A council of war was summoned, and met for the dispatch of business, at the Major-General's tent, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the 12th of September. The members present at it were some of the staff and all the regimental commanding officers. The plans of the siege were laid before them, and each one was told what would be expected of him—what he was to do, where he was to go, and how he was to act, in case of unexpected emergency and danger, whenever the assault should be determined on.

Of course every one present was anxious to know the day and the hour when the deadly strife should commence, though it is not very likely that any one ventured to put the question to the President of the Council. He knew what was probably the thought uppermost in every mind of the assembly over

which he sat presiding; for one of the privileged number told me that the General said, "Gentlemen, I do not myself know the day nor the hour of the assault; and if I did, I freely confess I would not tell you, for fear, in some happy moment, or at some social board, the secret might casually and unwittingly escape." Thus he dismissed them, and the meeting ended.

Some little time after the departure of the members of the council of war to their respective camps, I chanced to drop into the tent of a friend, and found myself in the midst of a knot of men seated and absorbed in conversation. The subject of conversation was the meeting which had been assembled at 11 o'clock, A. M., and all that was said at it which might be told without a breach of confidence, was canvassed freely. The thoughts first of one and then of another were given. Every man present, except myself, was to take part in the assault; many of them were maimed, and had wives and children. Great, therefore, were the claims of affection upon these. Perhaps, it may be asked, with the prospects before them, what were the words of those men, and what the impression which their manner made upon you?

These were questions concerning which I myself felt curiosity and concern, as I sat in that tent more as a hearer than a speaker, and rather as an observer than as one desirous of attracting attention toward myself. These men seemed to realize fully the solemnity of the coming struggle, which might now engage them at any hour. Yet were they not downhearted or melancholy; still less were they light and trifling. A lively sense of the country's expectation of them to do their duty, and a determination on their part to do it without favor or partiality to themselves, were the most conspicuous features of the conversation and the company. There was here the absence of all vaunting, and in the place of it was the sobriety of reason and the inflexibility of Anglo-Saxon purpose and courage. And from what I both saw and heard in that tent, taken

in connection with the conviction, which spontaneously sprang up in my own mind, that only the reality of their sentiments had been expressed by the speakers, I went away impressed with an increase of respect for human nature. I saw that, with all its usual selfishness, it could be thoroughly unselfish, and was so on the present occasion.

Not long after I had quitted this sphere of observation, the painful intelligence reached me that Captain Fagan was no more. Personally I knew but little of him: I had spoken to him but once in my life; but I was won by his pleasing manners, so affable was he, and so very kind. But the slight degree of my acquaintance with him was more than compensated for, in a certain measure, by what I have heard of his military character, and the esteem which, in consequence, I conceived for him.

No name in camp was ever connected more intimately and more frequently with heroism and valor than that of Robert Charles Henry Baines Fagan, and no name was more worthy of the honor paid to it. At the very instant that death snatched him rudely from the midst of his admiring brethren-in-arms, his praises were being rehearsed, in no doubtful or measured language, by the tongue of another spirit, of kindred tastes and sympathies with himself. Only a second before, the eye of Captain Sir Edward Campbell, Bart., of the Royal Rifles, had been attracted by the valor which Captain Fagan was then displaying, the fearlessness with which he was exposing himself, and the extraordinary coolness which he was exhibiting, under a most galling and destructive fire. Sir Edward Campbell had turned aside from this noble display of self-sacrifice, in order to give expression of his boundless admiration of such a man, under such circumstances. Hardly had he said the words in the hearing of Major E. W. S. Scott, "How noble a sight to see Fagan——" when the noise occasioned by a fall interrupted them both—the one from hearing, and the other from

speaking. They simultaneously looked for the cause of the sound. Alas! Fagan himself had fallen senseless to the earth. He was not dead, but dying fast. Of all the losses inflicted on the Bengal Artillery Regiment, the result of the mutiny and the accidents of war, none will be more feelingly deplored—excepting, perchance, that of Sir Henry Lawrence—than the loss of Captain Fagan.

Such was one of the most melancholy events which befell us on Saturday, September 12th. Nevertheless, it produced no effect on the operations of that day, or of the succeeding night. The breaching batteries continued their work as busily and as noisily as before, unscrupulously trespassing on the rest of the Sabbath; during the whole of which a respite from fire, even for a moment, was literally unknown. The camp knew no such happy sound as the church-going bell; but our usual services, notwithstanding the want of it, were held, and many more attended them than might have been supposed; of course, many a familiar face was missing, and its absence from the solemn assemblies of camp accounted for by its presence in the trenches.

In addition to the ordinary prayers, and the delivery of sermons, I was requested by the officers of one of the most gallant corps composing part of the force, to administer to them, and as many of their brigade as would attend, the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Of course I could not but comply, and never was compliance with request more cordial, or accompanied with intenser pleasure. It was a deeply-solemn and impressive occasion. We assembled for the purpose in a tent, and there each of us, absorbed in the depth of his own thoughts—and I trust looking up, at the same time, with the eye of simple faith, and in a spirit of true repentance, toward Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of me"—partook of the holy eucharist. It is one of the Sundays of camp which, methinks, I never can forget; not simply or only, though principally, because of this

devout act of commemoration of the Redeemer's dying love; but also because a presentiment universally prevailed throughout the force, and which more than ordinarily solemnized the mind, that the time was very near at hand when the word of command would be "Advance columns to the attack." Such were the impressions of the day of the 13th September.

Presently night stole on, under the cover of which the young Engineers, four in number, Lieutenants Medley, Lang, Home, and Greathed, proceeded to examine the trenches made at the Cashmere and Water Bastions. The reports were satisfactory.

At three o'clock of the 14th of September, the five assaulting columns fell in—the total strength 1,000 bayonets. The columns were commanded by General Nicholson, Brigadier Jones, Colonel Campbell, Major Reid, and Colonel Deacon. The force paraded at half-past three on the morning of the 14th September; the three columns destined to operate against the city, together with the Rifles, and the reserve, moved out of camp to the neighborhood of Ludlow Castle. There the whole of the troops halted, and were told off to their respective destinations; their presence being dexterously concealed from the sight of the enemy till the moment for action had fully arrived.

At length, when every thing was ready, the signal for commencement of operations was given. The Royal Rifles inaugurated the proceedings of the day by a loud and hearty English cheer, simultaneously with which they advanced steadily to the fore front, crossing a bridge and extending themselves as skirmishers in a line of divisions; two divisions going to the right and two to the left. Thus extended, they covered in magnificent style the heads of each of the advancing columns.

The siege guns up to this moment had been maintaining a deafening and destructive fire, which the enemy were unable to answer with even a single piece of ordnance. The Moree, Cashmere, and Water Bastions had long been still as death; whereas our batteries had been growing louder and louder, more and

more angry than before. Unexpectedly a lull ensued: the raging storm of British artillery was suddenly hushed in silence. In another moment the heads of the columns under Brigadier Nicholson and Jones were distinguishable, peering out, as it were, from their snug hiding-places in the neighborhood of the Khoodsia Bagh.

No sooner were these columns seen by those within the city, than a determined effort was made from the walls to drive back the advancing force. But a British purpose, once formed, is not so easily to be turned. Musketry fire *may*, and doubtless *will* make its impression; and a musket in the hand, whether of *this* man or of *that*, who knows how to use it, and has been long practiced in the art, proves equally destructive. So we found to our sorrow on the morning of the storm. Numbers had already fallen by the enemy's musketry, and numbers also were continuing to fall, the nearer each of the columns approached to the respective breaches which had been given them to carry. But, with dauntless courage, they nevertheless kept advancing.

Presently the ditch was gained. Our first real impediment occurred there. It had something to do with the scaling-ladders, and their adjustment, so as to enable the stormers to ascend the scarp. This delay, whether avoidable or unavoidable, I can not say, involved us in serious losses; but no amount of discouragement, and nothing in the shape of impediment, could cool the ardor of the troops.

No sooner was the descent into the ditch effected, than the breaches were respectively carried, with a noble display of valor on the part of all present; every man vieing with his neighbor in a spirit of noble emulation. Carried away entirely with the excitement of the occasion, the Rifles, whose duty it was to cover, and who discharged that duty to the admiration of every beholder, could not withstand the temptation which now met them.

Forgetting that, being light infantry, they were as such essentially skirmishers, they were among the very foremost to mount the walls of the city. Theirs were the first caps waved in token of victory; and theirs among the first human voices proudly raised to proclaim what we had gained and the enemy had lost.

The assaulting columns had now gained a firm foothold within the city, Nicholson and Jones leading up to the Cashmere Gate. Barrier after barrier yielded before their resolution. They first seized a tower and a battery, situated along the line of space intervening between the Cashmere and Moree Gates. Presently they gained the Moree Bastion itself, with the Cabul Gate also. They then made several determined attempts to wrest from the enemy's possession the Burun Bastion and the Lahore Gate. But no amount of courage, or of strategy, will *always* compensate for overwhelming numbers; especially when backed by the desperation of men who fight with halters round their necks.

If any man could have succeeded in these attempts, that man was, doubtless, Brigadier-General Nicholson. But the enemy had so concentrated themselves in this neighborhood, that though the design was worthy of the immortal Nicholson and his brave men, the weakness of his forces obliged him to fall back upon, and be content with, the maintenance of his former position at the Cashmere Gate.

It was in the vain attempt to carry the Lahore Gate that Nicholson, the pride of the whole army of India, was smitten, while actively engaged in encouraging his men to make yet one effort more to drive the enemy from his stronghold there.

The third column, under Colonel George Campbell, of Her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, after reforming at the main guard of the Cashmere Gate, first provided a small party to expel some of the enemy remaining within the Water Bastion. This seems to have been done very effectually, and at the point

o. the bayonet. Next they proceeded to clear the compound of the Cutcherry, which was adjoining, with the houses in the immediate neighborhood, besides the station church of St. James, and the "Delhi Gazette" compound. Thus the column kept steadily advancing, nothing apparently, as yet, being able to arrest its progress onward.

The line of advance which had been laid down for this column in the plan of assault was closely followed. This led them through the Bazar, in the neighborhood of the Cashmere Gate. A gun which was placed in position there so as to sweep the street was gallantly taken by a party who followed Lieutenant Bradshaw; a very young soldier, whose valor on this occasion cost him his life. The column now took the direction of the Begum's Bagh, through which it secured a tolerably-unmolested passage; but, on reaching the gate of that Bagh, or garden, which opens directly on the Chandee Chouk, it was found to be closed. Presently it was opened by a friendly native chuprassie. Through it the column passed, under fire from the tops of the houses, to the Jumma Musjid, the great place of Mohammedan worship; the side arches of which were found to be bricked up, and the gate also closed.

A difficulty now arose; there were neither powder-bags nor guns to force it open. The enemy were also lining the houses, and maintaining a very heavy musketry fire. In spite of these untoward circumstances, the column held its own, momentarily expecting aid to arrive. But it came not. Our failure at the Lahore Gate prevented this; and thus, without help for it, the column was obliged to fall back on the Begum's gardens, and join the reserve.

The fourth column did its work bravely and well, but ineffectually, and were obliged to fall back on their original position.

It must not be supposed that I was an eye-witness of the operations described. I would have given not a little if my duties

had excused me from attention to matters more important; but they did not. The doctors with the chaplains, from sunrise to sunset, passed their hours within the walls of the field hospital, distant from the walls of the city about half a mile. The house in which the hospital was held was painted with ocher. It stood on the *town* side of the Racket-court, nearly opposite to the Assembly rooms, and a little above the estate of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe.

Such a scene as that hospital presented all day long, I never witnessed in all my life before. By this time, as may be supposed, I had grown tolerably familiar with sights which, on first acquaintance, harrow the feelings and chill the blood. But all that I had seen antecedently to this, had failed to steel my heart or deaden the sensibilities of my nature. Soon after the assault commenced, the dhoolies, freighted with European and native wounded and dead, kept hastening along the various avenues from the city toward the hospital. No sooner were one set of dhoolies emptied of their contents and discharged for fresh patients, than the same sad duty had to be repeated again and again, moment after moment and hour after hour, in long succession.

Many a purdah have I lifted, to see who was within some particular dhoolie to which it was attached, and as many a sorrowful and pain-giving sight have I been constrained to witness, in consequence of such curiosity; not by any means either impertinent or intrusive, but altogether necessary and equally kind. Now, for instance, I chanced to light upon a dhoolie in which lay extended the stalwart frame of some brave Anglo-Saxon motionless in death. The vital spark had seemingly escaped without observation of mortal eye, while the patient had been hastened on in search of medical succor and skill. Now again I introduced myself to another heir of sorrow, breathing, indeed, but whose injuries were evidently mortal—a low pulse, a quick heaving of the chest, and a deep, unearthly

moan, with eyes half open and unnaturally uplifted, proclaiming that death had irrevocably claimed him for his own. Others there unquestionably were of whom better hopes could be reasonably conceived; whose wounds were fresh with the blood of life, and whose pains in many cases were hard to bear.

A small building, the walls of which were of mud and the roof tiled, stood in one corner of the compound: it served as a *dead*-house; and there the mortal remains of many a hero, disfigured with ugly but honorable wounds, found shelter awhile, till arrangements could be made to commit them to their mother earth. All this is descriptive of that which was *without* the walls, and in the immediate neighborhood, of the hospital. Now let us take a glance at that which may be seen *within*.

Every apartment is crowded with charpoys—common native bedsteads—and every charpoy is occupied; some have been not only twice, but a score of times, even before the sun had reached the meridian. Indeed, the wounded were so many, that a little straw strewn on the ground served many a brave English and native soldier for a bed. We could not give them more.

In the verandas around the house, here and there were to be seen tables of wood roughly put together, and lying prostrate thereon, with head slightly raised, now a wounded officer, and now a common soldier. Around them were assembled surgeons and apothecaries, all busily engaged in operating. Almost every kind of amputation was performed: legs and arms, and even fingers, bloodless and shriveled, no longer members of their respective bodies, laid carelessly on the ground, were common sights of horror.

It was within this building I, for the first time, spoke to the greater and the lesser Nicholson brothers; and it was here I renewed an old acquaintance with the gallant Salkeld, whom some few years ago I met at Meerut.

It was here also I read, seated beside Sergeant Richard M'Keowin, of Her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry. And never

was my heart more stirred within me than when I watched the last moments of this humble disciple of the once crucified but now exalted Redeemer. I had known the good man since 1855, when first his regiment came to Meerut: he was then a corporal in the regiment. His countenance was manly and handsome, and when lighted up with that sweet smile which was peculiarly his own, a more heavenly face I never saw. You could almost tell thereby, that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept this man's heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord. M'Keowin was a Churchman, possessing great largeness of heart. I love Church of England piety, when it is real. There is nothing like it for humility, docility, and love: at least I never met with the like.

It appears he had been wounded in the advance through the city, when his regiment was making for the Jumma Musjid, but the exact spot in the town where he fell I can not say. I knew nothing about it till Mr. Apothecary Tibbits, himself a most excellent and superior man, of his own regiment, came to me and said, "You know Sergeant M'Keowin, sir?" I replied affirmatively. "He is just brought to the hospital," said Mr. Tibbits, "mortally wounded, and is calling for you."

I hurried to the dhoolie, and sure enough there he was, with a countenance peaceful, but somewhat sad. He extended his hand to me; I took it and pressed it gently, and asked, "Sergeant, what ails you?" He answered slowly and faintly, "I shall soon be with my dear Savior." When I said in reply, "We can ill afford to spare you, Sergeant: I hope our prospect of losing you is not so sure as you anticipate," all he answered was, "My pain, sir, is intolerable. I desire to bear it in meek resignation to my heavenly Father's will. I hope I shall not murmur and complain." I said no more for the present, but got him out of the dhoolie, and laid him on some straw on the ground. What would I not then have given to have been

privileged to offer him the best bed in my possession! But I could not.

I sat beside this dying saint and distinguished soldier, and read verse by verse of the 23d Psalm, stopping awhile to listen to his passing comments. The teacher in his turn was now literally willing to be taught. I never heard words which sank deeper, or made more impression on myself. When the Psalm was ended, and the patient had done speaking, I ventured to say, "Sergeant, shall I pray?" This question I repeated more than once, as he seemed suddenly to be dull of hearing, and his eyes had been some time closed. At length I gained something approaching to an answer, but it amounted only to "Sir?" Then I first detected his failing consciousness. During the interval of another minute Sergeant M'Keowin, to use his own dying words, "was with his dear Savior." Some time after this I laid him in the grave; which, for the love and respect that I bore him, I have marked with a plain stone, and an equally simple inscription. It was but little to do; but I could do no more: had he been living, and were it possible for him to recognize the act and intention of a friend, I am sure, from my intimate knowledge of his character, he would have magnified this mole-hill into a mountain of kindness.

One word more respecting the field hospital. The ecclesiastical staff present during this day was sadly deficient in numbers: in fact, this was really the case from the beginning of military operations; the necessary consequence of which was, that while, perhaps, every brave dying man had some consolation and exhortation addressed to him, in his moments of suffering, the majority could not receive any thing like the attention which the urgency of their cases imperatively demanded. But for this the chaplains of the force were not to blame in the least; they strove very hard to supply the deficiency occasioned by the want of numbers. One of them, the Rev. F. W. Ellis, worked this day from sunrise till he was overtaken by fever,

which he had contracted early in the commencement of his camp life, and which had been brought on by overwork and constant exposure to miasmatic influence. On account of this fever, he was urged by medical advisers, again and again, to leave camp; but he would not: his labors were instant in season and out of season.

From the commencement of his illness, till the close of his career before Delhi, he never gave himself time to rally or regain strength. How could he? He was responsible, when sharing the hardships of the army, for an amount of clerical duty which, previously to the mutiny, had been divided among no less than five chaplains. The whole of this, in an accumulated form, was heaped without consideration, possibly without help, upon one man. The result has been that after two months' service with the Delhi Field Force, that man has been driven home in search of health. The Roman Catholic chaplain who joined, with equally-laudable intentions, and about the same time as Mr. Ellis, whose name has escaped my recollection, left camp also, disabled by sickness.

Faint and weary with the toil of the previous day, I was glad to retire when night had fully come, and thus banish awhile the painful impressions which had been made during the last twelve hours. About midnight my slumbers which were profound, and promised also to be long, were suddenly broken by my sirdar bearer, who came up to my bedside and said, "Sir, Colonel Thompson, the Commissary-General, has sent you a letter, which is immediate; some fifteen or twenty coolies, daily laborers, await your instructions." The darkness abroad was very dense. The note I found to contain a request, which I complied with, to repair at once to the burial-ground, and select one large spot as a last resting-place for those, who, while bravely engaged in the actual operations of the storm, had been overtaken with the deep and unbroken sleep of death.

To make this selection was very difficult, inasmuch as the

graveyard was, at this date, thickly studded with graves. Fortunately there was one spot, as broad as it was long, yet left unoccupied, near the entrance of the camp cemetery I availed myself of it with melancholy satisfaction, because I felt there was no longer the existence of a stern necessity—which I had feared on my way thither—of separating friend from friend in death, who in life had been animated with a common hope, and had proposed to themselves a common object; in the prosecution of which some had been compelled to lay down their arms before others, and all at various periods during our encampment before Delhi.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th of September, soon after the clocks had told four, I proceeded again to the burial-ground, where I found all the fallen brave awaiting me; and there, also, I must have been detained two full hours and more, employed in the mournful work of supervising the burial. My thoughts, all this while, may be easier imagined than described. Among the multitude and sadness of my musings I could not but realize my own personal obligations, and the national debt of gratitude due to these departed men, for all their self-sacrifice and noble devotion in the cause of England's martyred innocents. Now again I thought of war's cruel severance of ties, and of the hearts at a distance, which must be presently broken thereby. And now also I found difficulty in silencing my inclination to intrude into places and things unseen, and in restraining the vain attempt to solve a question, with direct application to the dead lying before me, asking, "Where are they?" Such were some of my mental occupations, as long as my presence was required within the cemetery. But seeing that our losses from wounds were necessarily severer than those from death, it was indeed a relief to me, as soon as I well could, to exchange the graveyard, first for my tent-house, and afterward for the wards of the several hospitals of my own charge.

As the day wore on, I instituted inquiries respecting our progress within the walls, and found we were just where we were the previous day; holding the line from the Delhi College to the Cabul Gate: the magazine, which was close to the College, was still in the possession of the enemy. The heavy guns and mortars had been brought in some time during the 14th, or early on the morning of the 15th, and a battery erected within the College compound, with the design of breaching the magazine; the walls of which, toward evening, exhibited symptoms of destruction.

Mortars also were placed in position so as to shell the Palace. But all that day we added nothing to our possessions: the enemy were still occupants of Kissen Gunge. Our camp remained almost as defenseless as on the day of the storm; for not a single infantry soldier could be spared from the city to protect it. But the hands of its original defenders, consisting chiefly of the convalescent patients of hospitals, were strengthened by the return of some of the cavalry and light field-pieces of the Horse Artillery.

Further advances were made during the 17th of September, by the troops placed under the able and judicious command of Colonel John Jones, of Her Majesty's 60th Royal Rifles; to whom the greatest obligations are due for his management of operations within walls since the 15th.

The mischievous gun to which I have already alluded as causing so much annoyance, met with a repulse so complete that we assumed a position considerably in advance of what we held before. The Delhi Bank-house, looking on the Chandee Chouk, a perfect ruin standing in a large garden full of trees, and, therefore, full of cover for men with small arms, fell into our hands, and we held it from that day. One or two other houses were also taken, but on account of being commanded by certain hostile guns from the opposite side of the street, our tenure of them had to be relinquished for a time.

We succeeded in getting mortars into the Bank-house, by means of which we kept up a bombardment directed against the Palace. During the operations of the day we incurred the loss of that brave and energetic officer, who had taken the Water Bastion. I refer to Ensign Phillips, formerly of the 11th Bengal Native Infantry, who was transferred by the Horse Guards—at the joint request of Colonel Jones and himself, and with the hearty good-will of the whole regiment—to the 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, from the day after the death of Ensign Napier.

During the afternoon he was busily engaged in front of the enemy's guns, superintending the erection of breastworks, and, while thus employed, he was marked out and slain by the rebels. His death was almost instantaneous, and elicited many an unfeigned expression of deep sorrow from his brother officers and the soldiers of the regiment. I was present at his burial, which took place at sunset of the same day as his death; Father Bertrand, the Roman Catholic priest, for the first and the last time since the commencement of operations, officiating at a commissioned officer's funeral; this being only the second Roman Catholic officer lost to the force.

The 18th of September found us rejoicing over the double fact that an uninterrupted communication now existed between our right and left divisions, and that our rear was free from annoyance by the enemy, and the ground absolutely our own. Moreover, the mortars were unceasingly throwing shell into the Palace, and at a comparatively close range.

Every day brought with it more and more opening prospects. Nevertheless, the mutineers still claimed with us shares in imperial Delhi, a subject about which we were continuing to dispute with them somewhat unceremoniously. Providence, seemingly, was inclining toward us in the decision between the contending parties.

We took possession of two houses, known as Major Ab-

bott's and Khan Mahomed's, on the right side of the road, just below the Palace. These we held in spite of the enemy, and they gave us complete command of the guns at the Palace Gate. Colonel Jones, of the Rifles, now threw up breastworks across the road, and his operations were very nearly brought to a successful and glorious determination. Two guns and four mortars were still keeping up a continuous fire against the Palace, and our Minié rifles were busily employed by marksmen whose experience and skill in the use of them kept increasing day by day.

The riflemen were to be seen very cozily perched on the tops of houses, which their own valor had wrested from the mutineers; and from their exalted position every now and then you heard a report one moment, and the next you saw the effect of the shot on the person of some rebel.

But the operations were not *exclusively*, though mainly confined to the men of Colonel Jones's advanced posts. The troops to the right of this force, and in the direction of the Cabul Gate, sallied forth from thence, and surprised and captured the "Burun Bastion." This was a very important acquisition. We now only wanted, on this side of the town, the Lahore Gate, and on the opposite side, the Palace and Selim Ghur, and all would be ours. The enemy were evidently fast retreating, and the possession of the Lahore Gate and its neighboring bastions enabled them to cover their retreat.

Is it not true how closely the sorrows and the joys of life are blended together? This is an experience early gained by every inheritor of frail humanity. The successes of the day made many a heart bound with joy; but there were, notwithstanding, some—and these some brethren, according to the flesh—who were present with the force, and whose faces unmistakably betokened unmitigated grief. Cholera was yet clinging to the camp. Soon after early morn it selected for a victim one of the ruddiest and most robust of men. Even a long Indian

residence had not managed to steal from him those rosy tints, the sight of which in any profusion naturally carry back the thoughts to those sea-girt shores which Britons, during their expatriation to this land of continuous sunshine, know by the name of "home."

The agent to the Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces most unexpectedly sickened of this intractable disease, and, before midnight, Hervey Harris Greathed, of the Bengal Civil Service, a remarkably-healthy man, ceased to breathe. The event took us all by surprise, and occasioned very much sorrow. The force sustained in him a very severe loss. Indoctrinated with the principles of the school of his own particular class in the public service, he had strong sympathies with the army. Without being a man of shining talents, he possessed strong good sense, and considerable tact; and his name and his memory yet live in the army and will continue to do so.

The loss of Mr. Greathed, on the 19th of September, was not the only one sustained by us during that day. A very gallant and most promising young officer—Gambier, by name—Adjutant of the 38th Bengal Light Infantry, which mutinied at Delhi, preceded the agent of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, only by a very few hours, into the world of spirits. He died of his wounds, and was among the very last of those buried in the Cantonment burial-ground. Mr. Greathed was the first who found a resting-place in Ludlow Castle graveyard; which, with its undulating grounds, its hillocks, and small valleys lying just beneath, its ecclesiastical head-stones and foot-stones—the designs of many of which are among those most approved of by the Cambridge Camden Society, in whose welfare the late chaplain of Delhi took the liveliest interest—is, without exception, the prettiest of cemeteries which it has ever been my good fortune to see in India. A church or chapel, like those you meet with in England, the

weeping-willow, the cypress, or the yew, are the only things which it wants to give it the completeness and perfection of some of those country church-yards, amid the monumental stones of which I loved to wander in boyhood, reading the inscriptions as I went along. The recollections of those days, so susceptible of holy impressions, invariably bring with them something of pleasure, and also something of pain ; perhaps more of the latter than of the former.

The 20th of September was the last of the Sundays in camp. I had promised the Artillery a service in the College of Delhi, and was as good as my word. Before, however, I could discharge this duty, I learned that the Lahore Gate had, at length, fallen into the hands of the army. A camp skirting the "Delhi Gate," as it is called, by the way of distinction, had also been discovered by our cavalry to have been abandoned by the rebels. Lieutenant Hodson was not long in securing possession of it; ridding himself first of some of the enemy's deserted hospital patients. The flight of the occupants of this camp had been evidently very precipitate; for they had not even given themselves time to relieve it of a great deal which we call, in language of war, booty.

The next thing we heard of was the possession of the Mohammedan temple, dedicated in honor of the false prophet, the place of worship of those who believe and trust in him for salvation. The Jumma Musjid, which resisted an assault on the memorable 14th of September, and from which we had to retire, now fell an easy prey before our victorious arms. Colonel Jones, with his party, had taken the last of the houses which occupied a site directly facing the Imperial Palace.

This capture was followed, first by that of the enemy's guns guarding the road leading to the royal dwelling-place; and very soon after, reconnoitering through a small opening of the gate of the Palace, and sending for reinforcements, the Engineers, by the help of their powder-bags, made an opening. A

rush immediately succeeded, but there was no opposition offered. The Palace was well-nigh deserted: the few men found within were indiscriminately slain; and from the durbar throne of the renowned, treacherous, and blood-stained house of Timour, Colonel Jones—his good services fully entitling him to assume that honorable position—was the first to propose and drink Her Most Gracious Majesty's health; after which rounds of cheers, in rapid succession, both loud and long, rent the air.

When Colonel Jones wrote to Major-General Wilson, announcing the capture of the Palace, in his own matter-of fact style, in these few and simple words, "Blown open the gate and got possession of the Palace," the General replied in terms most complimentary to the Commandant of the Royal Rifles, and in recognition of this most important and valuable service, appointed him forthwith "Commandant of the Palace," an office which, while it involved much responsibility, and not a little labor, proved, in the end, only honorary.

Just before the creation of this appointment, and immediately upon getting a firm footing in the city, and establishing his own quarters there, the General, to the great satisfaction of every body, distinguished the Rifles and the Sirmoor Battalion by giving to each of these regiments the exclusive right and privilege of finding his own body-guard. This he did because of their preëminent gallantry throughout the operations, and in honorable recognition of their distinguished and most valuable services.

An uninterrupted course of success and glory, unsullied by a single spot, had attended the Rifles, from the moment it left Meerut to its return to quarters in its old and favorite cantonment; an event which only occurred as late as the 1st of February, 1858. It marched out on the morning of that day, before the sun had risen; and as the men passed out of the Palace, the little Gorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion—with whom they had been brigaded under the distinguished Major Reid, supported by

the presence of his European and native commissioned officers—lined either side of the way, presented arms, and cheered till they grew hoarse. This was a spontaneous tribute of respect on the part of a single and a native regiment, But as the Rifles advanced to the gateway leading out of the Palace, Her Majesty's 61st and the 2d Bengal Fusileers—the only European remnants in Delhi of the Delhi field-force, excepting the Artillery—met them with fresh manifestations of parting pleasure, and vied with each other in trying which should do them most honor; now the band of this regiment, and now the band of that, playing them out of the city, even beyond the Bridge of Boats across the river Jumna.

At length the 21st of September dawned upon us. A royal salute at sunrise proclaimed that Delhi was once more a dependency of the British crown. The headquarters of General Wilson were established in the Dewan Khas of the Palace. During the day Captain Hodson went out, accompanied by a native, who knew the royal family, and took the person of his Imperial Majesty, Shah Bahadoor Shah, somewhere near the Khootub, and brought him in a prisoner to the Palace.

On the following day Captain Hodson again went forth in search of the royal family, and his mission was attended with success. The two sons, Mirza Moghul, Commander-in-chief of the rebel army, Mirza Kheyo Sultan, with the grandson, the son of the Mirza Moghul, by name Mirza Aboo Bukker, were all taken on the 22d. They suffered death by the hand of Captain Hodson himself, on the spot near which they had been taken. All three had been known to be deeply implicated in the mutiny and bloodshed of the English. And at the Kotwalle, where our men, women, and children had been ignominiously and cruelly slain, the bodies of the Shahzadas, or Princes, lay exposed, as spectacles of righteous indignation and scorn.

The slight hopes of recovery which the doctors gave, after a very careful examination of the wound of Brigadier-General

Nicholson, completely failed us. On the morning of the 23d of September this great and valiant man expired, in the 35th year of his age, to the inexpressible regret of the whole force. I remember well the day of his death, and the impression which it made. In him we all felt we had lost a tower of strength. None that ever saw him, and that but once in life, could question appearances, which in him were not deceptive but real; or deny that those appearances irresistibly conveyed to the mind a conviction, which nothing afterward could disturb, namely, "This man was made for command." It was evident enough that, by the constitution of nature, as well as from the adventitious circumstance of his having assumed, with no common devotion, the profession of arms, Nicholson was essentially a soldier, and a soldier not unworthy of comparison with the greatest military captains of by-gone days. Some say also he was a diplomatist of the first class. Very likely; but, without determining this point, manifestly he was *the* man, above and beyond every other man in the ranks of the army north of Cawnpore: certainly, his superior could not be found in the army. However much those senior to him may envy his greatness—for envy is a weakness common to us all—or complain of his exaltation over them by what may seem the exercise of a despotic authority, it was impossible for any one to say with truth that Nicholson's was not genuine greatness. With him greatness did not consist in a name merely gained—as many names are—by doing little or next to nothing. No; the sterling qualities of a soldier were the qualities of Nicholson: the more his difficulties multiplied, the brighter his gifts and his graces shone.

Soon after sunrise of the morning of the 24th of September, the painful duty of consigning the mortal remains of this great soldier to the tomb devolved upon me. It was a solemn service, and perhaps the simplicity which characterized the arrangements of the funeral added considerably to the solemnity of

the occasion; particularly when you realized and contrasted with this simplicity the acknowledged greatness of the deceased.

The funeral cortege was comparatively small; very few besides personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent, and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson, was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and having ministered to his comforts while living, now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse was brought from the General's own tent, on a gun carriage; whether covered with a pall or otherwise I can not say. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him. He was the second of those commanders who, since the capture of Delhi, was laid beneath the sods of Ludlow Castle graveyard. And over his remains, subsequently to this date, sincere friendship has erected a durable memorial, consisting of a large slab of marble, taken from the King's Garden attached to the imperial Palace. Few and simple are the words inscribed thereon, but all-sufficient, nevertheless, to perpetuate the indissoluble connection of Nicholson with Delhi.

Besides Nicholson, we also buried on that day a young officer named Cairnes, of the 1st European Bengal Fusileers, who died of cholera.

The camp showed, on the 25th of September, evidences of steady and gradual diminution. Now one corps and now another was to be seen striking their tents, and removing them to positions proximate to and even within Delhi. The cavalry were the last to desert the old post.

On sanitary grounds alone a removal was necessary. The putrefying carcasses of dead camels and bullocks were lying on every side of us, and there had been no means of removing

them to a distance since the army had entered the city. A continuance of this evil a few days longer, and the consequences on the health of the troops might have been very serious.

The 26th day of September was a Saturday, and I was busily engaged all day long in my tent, preparing for Sunday. A day or two previously I had received a note from General Wilson, suggesting that our successes should be celebrated on Sunday, September 27th, in a public manner, by a general thanksgiving. This suggestion gave me great pleasure, and says much for the piety of General Wilson; than whom, from all I have ever heard, no man saw more clearly the hand of God in the means that enabled him and his force to defeat the insurgents, and possess himself of the stronghold of the mutiny.

My colleague arranged with me some slight alterations, necessary in the ordinary morning service; which, as simple ministers without episcopal functions, we did not wish to alter more than was essential. The venerable bishop could not be consulted, or we should have done so without fail.

The alterations we agreed to were the following: Sentences before exhortation, Daniel ix, 9, 10; Lamentations iii, 22.

Instead of the psalms for the day we took the psalm, or hymn of praise and thanksgiving after victory; to be found quite toward the end of the forms of prayers to be used at sea.

Instead of the usual lessons for the day, and as the troops had to stand, we selected for the first lesson, Isaiah xii, and for the 2d, Luke xvii, from verse 11 to 19 inclusive; and for the collect for the day we substituted the last collect in the forms of prayer to be used at sea.

Immediately before the General Thanksgiving, we read the particular "Thanksgiving for peace and deliverance from our enemies." In the General Thanksgiving we inserted, in the proper place there denoted, the following words, "Particularly to us who desire now to offer up our praises and thanksgivings for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto us, in our wonderful pres-

ervation, as well from the exposure to weather during the recent season of the year, as for the regulation of that season in such extraordinary manner as to favor thy servants composing the army, which stood for so many months before the walls of Delhi; likewise, for restraining the further spread of disease within the camp; also, for every triumph upon every occasion, and in every engagement against the mutineers since we took the field; but especially for the signal success which, in the gracious arrangements of divine Providence, attended the latest operations of the army, and eventually led to our occupation of the fort and city of Delhi, the stronghold of the mutiny." In every other respect the Rubrics and Calendars were religiously observed.

Accordingly, as early as 7 in the morning of Sunday the 27th, the troops which could be spared and were off duty, assembled within the "Dewan Khas," the council-chamber of the ex-King, in obedience to the Field Force Orders given over night. The building was tolerably crowded. Almost every corps had some one present to represent it; even those corps who had left Delhi as a part of the movable column; of those remaining within the city there were very many.

Perhaps it would hardly be possible to conceive any thing more impressive than this assembly—a small but victorious force, assembled within the Imperial Palace of the ancient Moslem capital of Hindustan, lining the four sides of that marble hall wherein the King and his advisers had not long before been convened, plotting and determining evil against the British cause. And now that the councils of evil men had been brought to naught, and every foul purpose of theirs completely frustrated, the triumphant army—the means which God had been pleased to employ in order to bring about these gracious ends—stood devoutly in the Divine presence—for where is not God?—ascribing unto him praise, and saying glory and honor, power and dominion are thine. Never before did I realize so

fully and so vividly the character of some of those assemblies of Israel occasionally spoken of in the Old Testament: as, for instance, when Israel commemorated the nation's deliverance out of Egypt, and their safe passage through the Red Sea.

My excellent colleague, the Rev. F. W. Ellis, who had endeared himself to me by many an act of kindness since our first acquaintance and connection together in camp, read morning prayer, and I preached from those striking and instructive words written in the 12th verse of the 116th Psalm—"What shall I render unto the Lord, for all the benefits which he has done unto me?" We should have liked to have celebrated the holy communion when the sermon had ended, but the recent harass of the troops denied us this privilege.

On the evening of the following day, Monday the 28th of September, with permission of General Wilson, I started for Meerut, on a week's leave, to see my wife and children, after an absence of four as critical months as any ever passed by the English in India.

And now my story is ended; though my connection with the "Delhi Field Force," as a field force, did not cease till the 15th January, 1858, when, by a resolution of the Commander-in-chief, it changed its name, and assumed the humbler style and designation of a garrison. Of this garrison I continue as yet chaplain, unable to return to my station and congregation at Meerut, because I continue unrelieved.

ADVENTURES OF JUDGE EDWARDS

IN ROHILCUND, FUTTEHGHUR, AND OUDE.

Shortly after the outbreak at Meerut the spirit of disorder began to show itself in the Budaon district of Rohilcund over which I was magistrate and collector. Becoming alarmed for the safety of my wife and child, I dispatched them to a place of security—the station of Nynee Tal. This was in May—it is now almost August and I have heard nothing from them.

As soon as the troubles commenced I doubled the police force of the district, containing a million inhabitants, and I the sole European officer in it.

On the 25th of May I received notice that the Mohammedans of the town of Budaon were to rise and plunder the place. I at once summoned the most influential inhabitants of that persuasion to meet me at my house. They immediately came, many of them very fierce and insolent, and all in a most excited state. Soon after they were seated and I had commenced talking with them, I saw Wuzeer Singh, a Sikh peon, and one of my personal guards, come up quietly behind me, with my revolver in his belt and my gun in his hand, and station himself immediately behind my chair. In the tumult and excitement, and where all were armed, his entrance was unnoticed, but his quiet and determined demeanor made me for the first time feel that he was a man I could depend on in any difficulty or danger. By degrees my visitors calmed down, and by leading them into conversation, and reasoning with them, and, above all, playing off one party against another—knowing as I

did that a bitter animosity existed between several of them—I managed to occupy their attention till the time fixed for the rising had passed.

On the 27th, to my great joy, my cousin, Alfred Phillips, magistrate of Etah, drew up, escorted by a dozen horsemen. He gave a deplorable account of the state of things in his district. Matters grew daily worse. On the 1st of June I heard that mutiny had broken out at Bareilly, and that the road up to within eight miles of Budaon was full of convicts. I awoke Phillips and gave him the news. He called for his horse and followers, and in ten minutes after dashed off at full gallop, in order to get to the ghauts across the Ganges before the convicts or mutineers could reach it and prevent his return to the scene of his duty. I most bitterly regret that I did not follow his example, and thus make my escape from Budaon, where I could do no good, and endeavor to reach the hills, which I then might have succeeded in doing.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., I was joined by Mr. Donald and son, indigo planters in the district; who, having had their lives threatened at their residence in Ooghannee, had come into the station for protection. Mr. Gibson, a patrol in the Customs Department—temporarily on duty in the interior of the district—also sought safety in my house; as did Mr. Stewart, one of my clerks, with his wife and family.

At noon I collected all my guests in the drawing-room, and we joined in hearty prayers to God for his mercy and protection in our desperate circumstances. I advised my friends to separate and fly—as for me, I must remain at my post as long as the semblance of order could be maintained. My entreaties were in vain.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., the native officer of the Sepoy guard over the treasury, composed of one hundred men of the 68th Native Infantry, which corps had mutinied at Bareilly the previous day, came to report all right. I took him aside, and

inquired the real state of affairs. He denied, with the most solemn oaths any person of his persuasion could take, all knowledge of the Bareilly mutiny; asserting that no intimation had come to the guard from their comrades at Bareilly, and that, as long as Colonel Troup lived, he was confident the regiment would remain loyal. He then informed me that the guard were much alarmed in consequence of the excited state of the town, fearing they might be attacked by overwhelming numbers of budmashes, who would then sack the treasury, and he begged me earnestly to come down and join the guard, who would thereby be quite reassured. The man's earnest and respectful manner quite deceived me: I thought, if ever any one spoke truth it is this person. I at once, therefore, expressed my willingness to go, and told him to start, and I would follow presently. I then ordered my buggy, and was about stepping into it to drive off, when Wuzeer Singh came and implored me not to go, saying he knew these fellows well, and that they meant mischief. I took his advice, and sent off my buggy.

I regard this incident with deep thankfulness, as one of the many marked interpositions of Almighty care in preserving my life, which have occurred within the past two months. Had I placed myself in the hands of the guard, they would at once have murdered me; for I subsequently ascertained that a messenger from the regiment at Bareilly had reached the guard about four in the morning, to inform them of what had occurred there, and prepare them for the advance of a body of mutineers to Budaon in the evening. The guard waited for my expected arrival at the kutcherry for above an hour and a half, and then, finding that I was not coming, they would be restrained no longer, but broke out into open mutiny. A party of them might easily have been sent to my house to seize and destroy me, but not a man would consent to leave the immediate neighborhood of the treasury, lest the plundering should commence in their absence, and they should lose their share of the spoil.

Their first act was to break open the gaol, distant about one hundred yards from the treasury, and release some three hundred prisoners who were confined within. A tumultuous noise and shouting about 6 o'clock, P. M., announced to me that the work of destruction had begun; at the same moment information was brought me that the mutineers from Bareilly were entering the station, and that all my police had thrown away their badges and joined them. The released prisoners then came shouting and yelling close up to my house. I felt my work was then over; that the ship had sunk under me, and that it was now time to try and provide for my own safety. My horse, a small gray Cabul galloway belonging to my wife and constantly ridden by her, on whose speed and endurance I knew I could depend, had been standing all day saddled; I at once mounted him, and rode slowly away from the house, followed by the Messrs. Donald and Gibson.

The town, then full of mutineers, lay between us and the road to Moradabad, by which I had hoped to escape to the hills; I was, therefore, anxious to give the mutineers time to get to the treasury, which I knew would be their first point, and then endeavor to make a circuit round, and thus fall into the Moradabad road. When I had gone some hundred yards from the house I was met by the chief of Shikooporah, a Mohammedan gentleman of family and influence, who used frequently to visit me. He dissuaded me from attempting to get round the town, as the roads were crowded with Sepoys and released convicts. He begged me to come and take refuge in his house, about three miles off, and in a different direction from that I had intended taking. This I readily consented to do, as I hoped that I could remain concealed with him till the mutineers had abandoned the station, when I would have returned, and endeavored to resume my duties and restore some degree of order. The sheikh, at the same time, said he would grant an asylum to me alone, but not to the others of my

party. I, however, thought I might be able to induce him to abandon this resolution, and retain us all, and I therefore took no notice at the time. We then turned and accompanied the sheikh. We had to return past my house, and, though scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since leaving it, I found the work of plundering it had already commenced, and that my own chuprassees were busily employed appropriating my property. The first man I saw was one of my own orderlies, and who had been a favorite of mine, with my dress-sword on him. Of course I was in no position to resent his conduct, or even notice it.

I was now obliged to leave poor Mr. Stewart, my clerk, and his family. They were in sad distress; for they had neglected my warning in the morning to effect their escape while it was possible, and now it was apparently too late: their only conveyance being a buggy, which could proceed only by regular roads, and these were all blocked up by the mutineers and rebels. There was nothing for them but to hide in the fields; and all I could do for them, in my own desperate circumstances, was to consign them to the care of an influential man in the city, who had just come up to see how it fared with me. He promised to look after them, and I hope has done so; what has become of them, however, I know not, but as they were East Indians, and nearly as dark as the natives, I trust they managed to escape and are now alive.

My heart was indeed heavy in finally leaving that peaceful, happy home, where, for the past eighteen months, we had enjoyed much rational happiness and blessed tranquillity. When I look back to that time in my present circumstances of peril, it appears like the days of heaven upon the earth. One of my private servants, an Afghan, named Sooltan Mohammed Khan, accompanied me, and also Wuzeer Singh, who alone, of all the public establishment at Budaon, remained faithful to his salt. I had with me one change of clothes, which I intrusted

to my groom; but he disappeared immediately, and I never saw him again, so I was reduced to those on my back. I took with me, also, a little Testament, and darling May's purse, intended for my birthday presents, and which had just reached me from home; these, and my watch and revolver, and one hundred and fifty rupees divided between Sooltan Mohammed and Wuzeer Singh, who carried them round their waist, were all the worldly goods I possessed; and with them I went forth for the first time in my life, without a home or a roof to cover me, and, like the patriarch, not knowing whither I went.

We waded the Yar Wuffadar river, which ran just below my house; and, after about an hour's riding, reached Shikooporah, without notice or molestation. Scarcely had we dismounted from our horses, and entered the walled court, than one of the sheikh's brothers came up to me, and respectfully stated that it would be impossible for us to remain with safety there, as our numbers would certainly attract attention, and bring down upon us the mutineers; we must, therefore, at once leave, and go on to a village of his, about eighteen miles distant, on the left bank of the Ganges. I was deeply mortified at this, and the consequent frustration of my hope of being able to lie close till the mutineers should decamp, and then return to the station. I, therefore, remonstrated strongly with the chief on his want of hospitality; but he remained quite firm, assuring me that while he was quite ready to shelter me alone, he would not grant an asylum to my companions. As they would not leave me, and I would not desert them, there was nothing for it but to comply with the sheikh's wishes, and start for the village further on. Fortunately it was for me that I did so.

I humbly regard this as another marked interposition of a merciful God to save my life; for shortly after we left Shikooporah, a body of Irregular Horse, who had accompanied the infantry portion of the mutineers from Bareilly—an event wholly unexpected by me, as the corps to which they belonged

was considered stanch and loyal—beat up my temporary hiding-place, and would have assuredly murdered me had they found me there, as they expected.

KUSSORAH, 28TH JULY.

I resume my writing, but with a lighter heart; for this morning, blessed be God! I have received tidings on which I can depend—the first since the 25th of May—of the safety of my beloved wife and child at Nynee Tal. Information was brought to me in the morning, by some of the people in this village—in which we are now living, under the protection of Hurdeo Buksh, an influential zemindar of Oude—that a stranger had arrived in the night, and was making inquiries for me. He was suspected to be a spy from the rebels at Futtehghur, or elsewhere, and his movements were being closely watched. I told my informant that I thought no harm could come of this man being brought before me. He was accordingly summoned, and turned out to be a common Kahar, or palkee-bearer. I was in native dress, and he did not seem at first to recognize me; but at last said, "You are the sahib I have often seen in kutcherry, at Budaon. I am a servant of Missur Byjenath's, the Bareilly banker, and he has sent me to ascertain if the report which had reached him that you were alive, and in hiding, is true, and to inform you—if I could find you—that the 'mem-sahib' and the child are both well at Nynee Tal, and quite safe, and want for nothing, as my master has taken care to have them supplied with necessary funds." O, what a load was lifted off my heart by the tidings!

This is the first messenger who has reached us from the outer world since the 13th of June. He informs me that poor Mr. Stewart, my clerk, and his family, are as yet safe, and in hiding near Budaon; that Khan Bahadhur Khan is in power at Bareilly, and has assumed the Government of Rohilcund; that poor Hay, Robertson, and Raikes were among those massacred at Bareilly on the 31st of May, and that he had himself

seen their dead bodies dragged through the city; but that several Europeans had escaped to Nynee Tal, among them the Commissioner Alexander, and Colonel Troup.

The messenger, whose name was Khan Singh, had been ten days coming from Bareilly, owing to the inundations, the rains being peculiarly heavy—a most fortunate thing for us, as it prevents bands of mutineers and rebels wandering about the country. He informs us that our troops are at Delhi, and all is going on well there; that there is daily fighting, and that Agra nd Meerut are still safe. Khan Singh wished at once to return to his master with the news respecting me, and I gave him a little letter, inclosed in a quill, for my wife, which he promised to convey safely to Nynee Tal. I have great hopes that he will be able to do so, as the piece of quill is not an inch long, and can be easily hidden in the mouth in case of challenge. He left us on his return in the evening.

I must now resume the narrative of my proceedings on the night of 1st of June, after leaving Shikooporah. We were accompanied by one of the sheikhs, and traveled through by-ways and fields, leaving the high-road at some distance to our left, in case of pursuit. We passed through a number of villages, literally swarming with men armed with swords, and iron-bound lathees. They were silent and not disrespectful, seeing us accompanied by the sheikh, whose tenantry they all were. He was, however, obliged to take the precaution to send men ahead to each village as we approached it, to prepare the people for our coming, and prevent any attack upon us. As we traveled on I looked back and saw a bright gleam of light in the sky, which I knew full well was from the burning bungalows in poor Budaon; all the property I possessed adding to the blaze.

We reached our destination about 12 o'clock, P. M. It was a miserable village called Kukorah, but containing one better sort of house, in which the sheikh resided when he visited the

place on business. We were sent up to the roof of this house, to pass the night; and there commenced my sleeping in the open air, which, with one or two exceptions, I have been forced to do ever since. Before going to rest we all joined in prayer, thanking God for having so mercifully preserved us hitherto, and commending ourselves to his merciful protection for the future. Although weary and worn-out with the events of the past twenty-four hours, I scarcely closed an eye. About 4 o'clock, A. M., we were awoke by order of the sheikh, who recommended, indeed insisted, on our at once crossing the Ganges, to a place called Kadirchonk in the Etah district, where we would be, he declared, quite safe; which we could not hope to be much longer in his village, as the Irregular Cavalry would soon be on our track. I consented, thinking that by joining Phillips and Bramley at Puttealee, I might get aid from them, and return to Budaon, to attempt to restore order. I was, however, doomed to bitter disappointment, as the sequel will show.

We took leave of the sheikh about 5 o'clock, A. M., and rode to the bank of the Ganges, where we found a boat and crossed to the opposite side. The right bank was lined with a large concourse of people, assembled to attack and plunder some neighboring village. The crowd hailed us, and fired two or three shots at the boat, as we went down the center of the stream; but the balls never came near us, and did no harm. We landed unmolested about a mile below this mob, and rode on to Kadir Chouk, a ruinous old fort, about two miles inland. The owner, a Mohammedan gentleman of some influence, received us very kindly, and assigned us a room, where we were sheltered from the heat, by this time become intense. His retainers, fully armed, were all assembled about the premises for the protection of the place, as a large body of marauders were assembled in the neighborhood—others than these we saw on the river bank—and threatening an attack. At this time, as far as I could judge, this man was very well affected toward our Gov-

ernment, and was in high spirits; information having just reached him, that Phillips, who was at Puttealee, only eight miles off, had been joined by Bramley, with a large body of horse, and that they would at once commence restoring order in the district. This was most cheering news for me. I sent off a messenger at once to Phillips, informing him of the Budaon disaster, and saying we would join him in the evening. About 5 o'clock, P. M., a reply was brought, and disheartening enough it was; saying that Bramley had only brought a few horsemen with him, and recommending me to join them immediately, as it was their intention to make at once for Agra. We thought it as well not to communicate this news to our host, and we left him immediately; reaching Puttealee about seven.

STARTING OFF.

I found Bramley and Phillips in low spirits—no wonder, for they had just heard of mutiny among the troops sent from Lucknow to their aid. We remained for two or three days very anxious, with these fellows all about us. On the evening of the 5th Phillips got a note saying that the mutineers, to the number of 200, would attack us the next morning. As soon as the moon rose—at 10 o'clock, P. M.—we started for Agra. Before starting I dispatched a note to my wife. Marched all night without interruption; in the forenoon came near a mutinous body of troops, and changed our course to avoid them. Marched all day, and were at night exhausted by the toil, dust, and terrific heat.

An old soldier, a pensioner of our Government, who had served in Afghanistan, greatly commiserated our position, and in answer to our request for water, brought us milk and chupatties, which were most acceptable in our fainting state. We rested here for an hour, and on going away I offered the old man a little money in return for his hospitality. He flatly refused to receive it, saying, with apparently real sorrow, "You

are in far greater need than I am now, who have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungles; but if ever your râj is restored, remember me, and the little service I have been able to render you."

Got to Puttealee at night. Bramley and Phillips determined to halt a day and try to reach Agra next day. I determined to go back to Budaon, and push my way to the hills through that district. The two Donalds and Mr. Gibson were of my party.

We reached Kadir Gunge at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of next day, and were received very coldly. Here we heard that mutineers were thick around us, and our host declared that we must leave.

There was no help for it, so we mounted and rode off; but on reaching the Ganges we found that the boat provided for us was too small to contain any one of our horses, and that we, therefore, could not cross. We in vain endeavored to get another; and much depressed, were at last forced to betake ourselves again to the zemindar. He was very rude on our arrival, but was at length pacified. He strongly urged us to abandon all thoughts of crossing the river into Budaon, and to go on to Furruckabad; which place was sixty miles off, the road pretty clear, and the station still safe. He told us the reason why he felt certain that no mutiny had occurred there as yet was, that several of his people were prisoners in the gaol at that place, and had it been broken open, they would surely have come back to their homes in this village ere that time.

We were perfectly helpless, and determined to follow his advice. Doing so has brought me indeed to this place of misery; but had I crossed into Budaon what might not have been my fate? The zemindar gave us two foot-men for guides. At midnight the guide in front of us made a sign to us to halt. We did so, and he pointed out to us some 300 men lying on the ground as if asleep. All at once they rose up as one man and came toward us. It was no use attempting to fly, for we

should then have lost our guides, as we were mounted and they were on foot; so we stood fast. I told the guide to go forward to meet them, and explain who we were. He was a sharp fellow, for I heard him immediately saying we were "Sahibs," going to meet and bring back some troops who were coming up from Furruckabad to restore order. The villagers seemed quite satisfied with this information, and let us pass. They were lying out about a mile from their village, as an advanced picket, in expectation of an attack, by one of those "Pukars" I have already spoken of, with which they were threatened. They were much pleased to hear that there was a prospect of order being restored by troops, and it was not for us to undeceive them. After leaving them we passed through the village, which was full of men; but they never noticed or stopped us, as we had been allowed to pass through their pickets.

About 2 o'clock, A. M., the guides left us, having put us in the straight road to Futtehghur, and we traveled on by ourselves. Just as the morning dawned, we were much surprised to see an encampment about a mile to the right of the road; apparently of a considerable body of men, from the number of tents, and their being disposed in regular lines. There were, however, no sentries, nor any signs of life, and we passed unchallenged. After traveling the entire night, with only one halt of ten minutes to water the horses, we arrived about 8 A. M. at a considerable Puthan village called Kaim Gunj, where there was a government tehseeldaree.

We rode into the inclosure and summoned the tehseeldar, who appeared after a considerable delay; he was a frail old man, but, as we afterward discovered, with a noble heart; for, under Providence, he was the chief instrument in saving our lives at this place. By the time he came a considerable crowd had assembled round us, and the tehseeldar seemed anxious to get us to leave the tehseeldaree and go with him to the residence of Yar Nawab "Ahmed Zur Khan," a native gentleman of

influence, and the chief proprietor in the place; who, he said, would be happy to receive us, and who could protect us, as his house was situated within a walled garden. We accordingly removed to this place, distant about a mile from the tehseeldaree, and were at once led into the garden, and told to remain there till the Nawab could himself receive us. We sat down under the shade of the trees; for the heat was by this time intense. Presently the Nawab's brother, attended by three followers, all armed with double-barreled guns, came to look at us. He was quite intoxicated with opium, and very insolent and excited in his manner. He questioned us as to who we were, and on my telling him that I was the collector of Budaon, and that the others were indigo planters and a Customs patrol, he turned to me and said, "You I know, and will protect you, as you are a Government officer; as for these fellows, I know nothing of them, and will have nothing to do with them." I thought it highly probable, that, infuriated as he was with drugs, he might shoot down my companions at once, and they themselves quite expected he would fire on them. Fortunately, however, at this juncture the Nawab himself appeared, and the brother was at once taken away.

The Nawab was kind and polite in his demeanor, but seemed most reluctant to allow us to enter his house. After much demur he admitted us, on my representing that we were greatly fatigued, and suffering much from the heat of the sun, as the trees afforded us no sufficient shelter. I told him we had no wish to remain with him, but were most desirous to press on to Futtehghur, and hoped he would get us a boat to take ourselves and horses down the river to that place. He professed his readiness to help us, and sent off a messenger to the Nawab Doollah, a relation of his—living at a place about eight miles off near the Ganges, called Shumshabad—who we were assured would order a boat to be in readiness for us by the afternoon. We were then conducted to the top of the house, and some food

given to us. My two servants were not allowed to accompany us, but remained with the horses in the court-yard below.

As we were eating our breakfast, a messenger came in and whispered something to the Nawab, who was sitting with us. The communication produced an immediate change in his demeanor; he rose, saying we must at once start for Shumshabad, where the Nawab Doollah would receive us, and that he would himself furnish us with an escort of five horsemen, under the orders of one of his relatives, by name Multan Khan; a fine, powerful Pathan between forty and fifty years of age, who was also sitting with us. Before taking leave of him, the Nawab required me to give him a certificate that he had treated us well and given us an escort. This demand is almost invariably a prelude to treachery, as persons to whom such documents are granted always consider their possession must clear them from all blame, whatever may happen to the granters. I was of course forced to give the certificate. As we rode out of the gateway, Multan Khan whispered to me, "It is as well for us to go across the fields, and avoid all villages:" and he at once struck off at a rapid gallop.

After riding for about four miles, we halted, to allow the riding camels, on which Mr. Gibson and Wuzeer Singh were mounted, to come up; they, with Mr. Donald, senior, who was on horseback, having fallen considerably behind. On riding up, Mr. Donald said to me, "I have heard something which will make your blood curdle. Wuzeer Singh informs me he overheard the Nawab's people and our escort, before leaving Kaieem Gunge, say that we were all to be killed as soon as we embarked on the boat." I rode up to Mr. Gibson's camel, and questioned Wuzeer Singh, who assured me that he believed, from what he had heard, it was their deliberate intention to murder us all. Of course I was much shocked; but what could we do? I merely said, in reply to Mr. Donald, that we were helpless, and must now go on with our escort, showing

no doubt of their fidelity, and trust in God to protect us. After halting about ten minutes, we again set off at a gallop, Multan Khan leading, and shortly after arrived at the Nawab Doollah's. There we were received with great civility by the Nawab's head man, a Hindoo, who was sitting transacting business in an open veranda, surrounded by a number of people.

Several messages immediately passed between the Nawab and this official, who at last went to speak to his master, in the interior of the house. I took the opportunity to send him my compliments, hoping that he was well, and would see and assist us in procuring a boat to take us to Fettehghur. The man soon returned, saying the Nawab would not see us—which I thought a very bad sign—but that we should have a boat as soon as it could be prepared. He then recommended my sending intimation of our coming to the kotwal of Futtehghur, and he wrote a purwannah, or order, for me to sign, and I pulled off my signet ring to seal it. Some of the party asked to be allowed to look at the ring, which was handed round the circle, duly inspected, and civilly returned to me. It required a great effort to maintain a composed and cheerful demeanor all this time; but we contrived to do so, and to converse with those present. After sitting about an hour, we were invited to adjourn to a bungalow of the Nawab's, built and furnished in the European style, to have some refreshment before starting in the boat. The Hindoo Kardar, Multan Khan, and our escort, accompanied us to this bungalow, and sat down with us. I ate, fortunately for me, some hard eggs, which sustained me well during the next eighteen hours.

I was about to lie down, and try to get some rest, for I was sorely fatigued, when my suspicions were aroused by Multan Khan coming up and saying, "I pity you from my heart." I asked him why. He was explaining that no boat had been prepared for us, and that we could never hope to reach Futteh-

ghur alive, from the state of the villages and roads; when Mr. Donald, junior, who was standing at the window, called out to me, in much alarm, that there was a crowd of armed men collecting round the house, and pouring into the compound. The Kardar, almost at the same moment, came up to me, saying, "You must all leave this place at once; you will be all killed if you remain any longer. Return whence you came, and stick to the sowars who accompanied you from Kaieem Gunj." Our horses were immediately ordered, and we mounted. As I rode out of the inclosure, I looked round for my two servants, but the crowd was by this time so great that I could not see them. My second horse, ridden up to this time by my Afghan servant, was standing at the door, and we begged Mr. Gibson to mount him; but he, being an indifferent horseman, declined, and then got on his camel. Up to this time the crowd did not meddle with us, and opened a way for us to pass through.

Mr. Donald, junior, and I were riding in front, accompanied by Multan Khan, and had advanced about two hundred yards from the house, when we observed a body of horsemen drawn up across the road, in a grove immediately in our front, and waiting for us. Multan Khan pulled up his horse, and bade us at once return to the house as the only chance of saving our lives; for he said that neither himself nor any of his men would advance with us another yard. It was out of the question to attempt to get through this body by our four selves, and so we turned back to the house.

I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the inclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon us, with savage shouts and yells. How I escaped I know not, for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse, becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was

going on behind me, I saw Mr. Donald, senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr. Gibson, and striking at him with swords and sticks.

I now noticed Multan Khan and our escort galloping off, leaving us to our fate. My only chance was to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr. Donald, senior, to follow me, and, drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They opened for me right and left, and I passed close to poor Mr. Gibson; I shall never forget his look of agony, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians who were swarming around him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice I was on the point of shooting some of the fellows, but refrained, thinking that threatening them with my pistol was more likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them.

I soon got clear of the mob, and joined Multan Khan and the escort, who had by this time halted. Mr. Donald, senior, followed me almost immediately; his horse was severely wounded by a matchlock-ball in the near hind leg, but he was himself untouched. His son also rode up soon after: he had escaped unwounded, by riding through the town, and jumping his horse over a ravine, where the fellows could not follow him. A man also joined us mounted on my second horse, a difficult animal to manage; he threw his rider almost immediately, then bolted, and was, as I imagined, lost.

Multan Khan and the others seemed by no means pleased that we had escaped, and were very threatening in their demeanor. I rode up to the former, and putting my hand on his shoulder, said to him, "Have you a family and little children?" He answered by a nod. "And are they not

dependent on you for their bread ?" I asked. He replied, "Yes." "Well," I said, "so have I, and I am confident you are not the man to take my life and destroy their means of support." He looked at me for a moment, and then said, "I will save your life if I can; follow me." He immediately turned and set off at a gallop, and we followed him.

One of the sowars, a scoundrel belonging to the Mehidpore Contingent, and mounted on a poor horse, rode along side of me, and said, "Give me your horse; mine is good enough for you." I put him off by some civil answer; but he was much enraged at my refusal, and remonstrated with Multan Khan for not at once murdering us. Finding he could not persuade him or the other sowars to attack us, he struck off to a village through which we were to pass, in order to raise the villagers to intercept and murder us. This caused Multan Khan to take a long circuit through the fields to avoid the village.

We reached Kaieem Gunj about 4 P. M., and were at once told to ascend to the roof of the house and show ourselves to no one. We were almost immediately informed that poor Mr. Gibson, who had been with us a few hours before, had been cut in pieces by the mob. The Nawab visited us soon after our arrival, and seemed heartily sorry for what had occurred; attributing the attack make upon us, and very justly, to the treachery of the Nawab "Doollah" of Shumshabad. He then plainly told us, that he could afford us no protection; that the people believed that we were covered with rings and jewels, and that the very children would tear us in pieces, if they saw us, to plunder us. I told him that we had nothing with us. But he said the story that I had produced my signet ring to seal the purwannah at Shumshabad had got about, and they believed we were covered with jewels, and that nothing would persuade them to the contrary. He said he could only consent to keep us in his house till nightfall, when we must quit it. I told him I would try and return by the way I had come, to my own dis-

trict, where I thought friends would protect me. The Nawab said this was impossible, as I should be cut to pieces within the first mile.

I then said that we would try and make for Futtehghur. The Nawab allowed this was our best plan, but he at the same time declared his inability to get a guide to conduct us; alleging as the reason, that news had been received of the total destruction of our army before Delhi, and the death of the Commander-in-chief, who had poisoned himself, though we gave out that he had died of cholera. I represented that without a guide we must perish by the way; but he was immovable, saying he could not help us, for no one would consent to aid or conduct us. Mr. Donald, senior's, horse was reported quite unable to move, from his wound, and it was quite necessary to supply his place. After much trouble, the Nawab procured for him in the bazar, for fifty rupees, a miserable pony, quite unsuitable for so heavy a man to travel with at any pace.

After the Nawab left us we all three joined in prayer, thanking God for our preservation in the midst of such great danger, and entreating him mercifully to open a door of escape for us, or, if not, to prepare us for himself. I then sent for the old tehseeldar, who had befriended us in the morning, and, on his coming, pointed out to him the hopelessness of our ever reaching Futtehghur if we had to keep to the main road and pass through the villages, and that, therefore, we must have a guide to lead us through by-paths and fields. I begged him earnestly to go to the Nawab and try and induce him to give us at least one horseman as a guide. He consented to go, but expressed himself very hopeless of a favorable result; saying, if he succeeded he would come back again, but if he failed he would not return, as it would be only painful for him to part from us again. I then took off my watch and ring, as I had little or no hope of surviving, and made them over to him, to give to

the first European officer he might meet, for conveyance to my family; he then left me.

My two poor companions had been fast asleep during this conference, and I now lay down myself, and fell into a light slumber, in which I continued for about an hour; when I was awoke by the voice of the Nawab, saying, "He is asleep; do n't let us rouse him: he is in need of rest." With inexpressible delight, I then heard the old lame tehseeldar shuffling up and saying, "It is never too soon to waken up a man if you have good news for him." I started up and called them both in, when the Nawab told me he had prevailed on two trusty men, connections of his own, to convey us safely to Futtehghur, and that we must start in two hours thereafter. He also gave me the satisfactory intelligence that my second horse had been recovered, and was in the stable, and of course available for Mr. Donald, senior.

He and the tehseeldar then left me, enjoining me to lie down and sleep, and promising to come back soon, with native clothes in which to disguise us. They returned at the appointed time, accompanied by our friend Multan Khan. I then roused up my companions, and we were dressed in the Nawab's clothes; every article of our own dress, down to our boots, being burnt in our presence, to destroy all traces of us in the house. I only contrived to save my Testament and my darling May's purse; from which, however, I had to cut off the silver rings and tassels, lest they should attract notice. I put these, with my ring and watch, which the old tehseeldar returned to me, in my waist-belt. The Testament I have still with me, and it has been my solace in many an hour of anguish and peril; but alas! the purse I dropped on the road and never saw again. I weep now when I think of that loss, and am not ashamed to say so; for sorrow and anxiety, such as ours, make the heart very ready to overflow at any remembrance of those we love, and whom it is probable we may never again meet in this life.

When all were ready, and our turbans, the most difficult part of our costume to arrange, put on, we descended to the court-yard and there found our horses and the two guides ready. I mounted, but found to my dismay that my own saddle—an excellent Wilkinson and Kidd—had been removed, and replaced by a miserable article without any stuffing, which I feared might seriously injure my horse's back and render him unserviceable. A glance at one of the guides, a fine, tall man, mounted on a good-looking bay mare, showed me that he had appropriated it; but it was no time for remark, far less remonstrance. The Nawab dismissed us very kindly, saying to me, "You make a very good Pathan in this dress; but mind, never venture to speak, or you will be at once discovered; the other two may speak, for they are country born, and have the native accent."

We rode slowly, and in profound silence, through the town of Kaieem Gunj, in which no one was stirring. Immediately on getting beyond it, the guide on the bay mare set off at a gallop, and led us through fields and through by-lanes for several miles without a halt. We had not proceeded very far when my little horse, who, notwithstanding my having scarcely been off his back for the past week, was pulling hard, ran me under the branch of a tree, and knocked off the turban which had been arranged with so much care. I was hopeless of being able to put it on again, as none but a native can do this, and that only after the education of years; but happily I caught one end of it as it fell to the ground, and, tying a knot in my curb rein and taking it in my teeth, managed to guide my horse, while I contrived to replace my turban; though not in a way to escape detection, had we been stopped and examined.

After going about eight miles we halted to breathe our horses, and I took the opportunity of having some talk with our guide. He turned out to be a trooper of Cox's troop of Horse Artil-

lery, on leave at his home in Kaieem Gunj. He assured me that six thousand rupees would not have induced him to guide us, or give us any aid, had it not been for the earnest solicitations of his near relation the Nawab, to which he at last yielded. He was a splendid horseman, and had many a fight with the mare, a most vicious brute; which I watched with intense and breathless interest, as on the result my safety mainly depended. For the first few miles she went on without a check, but afterward, and when it was highly important for us to go at speed, the brute would suddenly stop, rear and plunge, and do every thing to get rid of her rider; but it was of no use. He stuck to the saddle as if he was glued to it, and at last he would force her on.

After riding about two hours, we approached two villages close to each other, and between which we had to pass. The one on the right was in flames, and surrounded by a band of marauders, who were busily engaged in plundering it. As we came on at full speed, the fellows caught sight of us, when within about a mile of the village. They raised a tremendous shout, and commenced rushing to a point where they hoped to be able to cut us off. *Then* we did ride for our lives; our guide leading us with admirable decision and sagacity. It was a most exciting race for about fifteen minutes. The shouts and yells of these miscreants, and the noise of the flaming villages, excited our horses to such a degree that they needed no urging to do their best. Both mine behaved nobly; Jan Bay carrying his fourteen-stone rider as if he was a feather, and my own little Cabulee tearing along and clearing every obstacle as if he enjoyed the fun.

The excitement was so great that I quite forgot the danger for the moment, although for some time it was doubtful whether we could clear the mob or not: we just succeeded in doing so, with about two hundred yards to spare; and I shall never forget the yell of rage the fellows raised when they saw they had missed

their prey. Happily they had no firearms, and we were therefore quite safe from them, after we had once got beyond them. Had Donald been mounted on the miserable pony he purchased, instead of my horse, we must all have perished; as he never could have gone the pace, and we, of course, could not have deserted him: we must all have been cut to pieces. The recovery of my horse, and his being available for Donald to mount, when I thought him lost forever, was but one of the many instances of God's merciful interference on our behalf to preserve our lives which I have thankfully to acknowledge.

About 4 o'clock, A. M., as the morning dawned, we neared Furrukabad, having ridden about twenty-four miles. Our guide pulled up at a Fakir's hut for a drink of water, asking at the same time the news. In the gray morning light the Fakir did not recognize us as Europeans, and told our conductor that all was as yet quiet in Furrukabad, the regiment still standing; that the station had been deserted by the Europeans, but the collector, Sahib Probyn, was still at his post; and that the previous day a portion of the regiment had put down a serious mutiny in the gaol, killing many prisoners who were trying to make their escape. We were much comforted by this intelligence, and rode on with our guard to the public serai, in the town, where we dismounted without attracting any notice, and walked our own horses about, native fashion, to cool them. Our guide then left us, and went to the kotwallee for news, but soon returned, bringing a chuprassee with him to conduct us to the Collector's house. We remounted, our guides continuing with us for a short way: suddenly they left us, and I have never seen or heard of them since. Right well did they do their duty to us; and I will do my best to requite them, if my life is spared through these troubles.

We reached Probyn's house about 8 o'clock, A. M., and as we entered, and received his hearty welcome, none of us could

speak, from emotion; it took us some minutes ere we could explain to him where we had come, and what had occurred to us by the way.

AT FUTTEHGHUR.

The condition of things at Futtehghur was not cheering. One regiment of the garrison had mutinied, but had temporarily returned to its duty. The European residents, excepting the officers, had left. Probyn's wife and children were at a fort in Oude belonging to a zemindar who had offered to protect them. The name of the place was Dhurumpore—the man's, Hurdeo Buksh. The next day we joined the company at this place, in such uncomfortable circumstances that they determined to return to Futtehghur. Probyn remonstrated, and his family and myself remained.

Soon the troops at Futtehghur mutinied, but the Europeans escaped a massacre. Our host wished us to leave his fort and take up quarters with a relative of his in a little hamlet three miles off. The chief gave us his word to protect us, and we left him.

The news from Futtehghur was bad. The Europeans were in imminent danger of death, and clung, like drowning men, to straws.

It is impossible to describe the state of mind we were in. Suddenly we were aroused from a kind of silent stupor, into which we had fallen, by the renewed and quick and irregular firing of heavy guns; the sound coming from another quarter than hitherto, and further down the river than Futtehghur. We were listening attentively to every shot, pacing up and down the narrow space allotted to us, and not daring to exchange a word with each other, when a messenger came in from Hurdeo Buksh.

This man had been sent to the bank of the Ganges as soon as the firing ceased, in the early morning, to ascertain the

cause, and having delivered the intelligence he had gathered to his master, had been sent on to tell us the news. Disastrous enough it was : during the night the Europeans had evacuated the fort and betaken themselves to three boats, which had been secured before the siege and anchored under the river in face of the fort, ready for embarkation if required. They had, of course, hoped to be able to float down the stream unnoticed, and to be, before the morning broke, beyond the reach of the Sepoys' fire. Much time, however, had been lost in getting the women and children into these boats, together with the baggage, ammunition, and stores ; so that they had only got a short way down the river when day dawned, and they were observed. As soon as they saw they were perceived and the alarm given, the boats made for our side of the river, and were dropping down the stream when the heaviest laden grounded about three miles below Futtehghur, and remained immovably fixed, notwithstanding all the efforts of the male portion of those on board, who got into the stream, to lighten and shove her off. It then became necessary to abandon this boat, and to summon back the nearest ; which was obliged to work up stream, in order to take the passengers on board.

It was while engaged in transferring the unhappy people from the one to the other, that the Sepoys, having dragged four heavy guns along the river bank opposite the boats, had opened on them. This was the fire which was now going on ; and, as we feared, with inevitable fatal effect to all.

The messenger had left as the firing was being continued, and while the second boat, having taken on board its passengers, was endeavoring to drop down the stream. The only consolation he gave us was, that the boats were out of grape range, and that the firing being high, many of the balls had passed over the fugitives, and buried themselves in the sand on this bank of the river. We begged of him to go off for more tidings ; which we awaited with anxiety far too deep and terri-

ble to be described. Men were every now and then rushing in with vague reports. At one time the boats were said to have sunk ; at another, they were reported floating down the stream unharmed, and beyond the range of the Sepoys' guns. This, we hoped, was true, as the firing had gradually slackened, and then ceased for several hours.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, we were again aroused by the firing of heavy guns, apparently from a good way down the river, which lasted for about an hour. We remained in a state of the most painful suspense ; but only the most conflicting rumors reached us, till late at night, when a horseman, dispatched to the river by Hurdeo Buksh, returned with the awful intelligence that of the two boats which had succeeded in escaping from Futtehghur, one had grounded near the village of Singerampore, and remained immovable, notwithstanding every effort to float her ; the Sepoys, who had been watching her movements from the bank, had dragged down two guns opposite this boat and opened fire upon her. Two boats full of Sepoys came also down the stream, and as soon as they were within range opened a heavy fire of musketry on the unfortunate party ; and when they had approached close enough, commenced boarding, under the cover of this fire.

There was no help left. Of those in the boat, the greater number jumped into the Ganges, and escaped a worse fate by being either shot down or drowned ; some were massacred on board, and three or four ladies were taken prisoners and conveyed on shore. The other boat, which was considerably in advance, although attacked at Singerampore, had contrived to escape, and was reported to have got safely away. It is said to have contained the Lowises and Thornhills. May God grant that the rumors which now reach us of its having safely reached Allahabad may be true !

This intelligence was too terrible for us to believe ; and yet it was impossible entirely to discredit it. We trusted that in the

morning better news might reach us. In the mean time we passed a miserable night, silent and dejected; alternately sitting down, and rising up and pacing to and fro the small space of the inclosure. Earnestly and repeatedly did we three join in prayer, that God, in his infinite mercy, would shield and protect his poor people, "who were called by his name," and save them out of the hands of the enemy, and conduct them to some haven of safety.

The next morning the tidings of the previous day were confirmed. Of those who were in the last boat, none had escaped, except three of the ladies—Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss ——, and Mrs. Jones, with her little daughter of eight or nine years old—who had all been taken to Furrukabad, and made over to the Nawab: also one man, described to us as a sergeant, who had come ashore, desperately wounded, close to one of Hurdeo Buksh's villages, and had been immediately sheltered and cared for by his orders. This person we afterward discovered was Major Robertson. All was now silent: the work of slaughter was over, and no more firing was heard. We were, therefore, left to brood over our own position, which now became one of extreme peril.

The Sepoys of the 41st, the "Dubyes," as they were called, were now disengaged; and the Nawab, acting on information as to our place of hiding, was reported to be about sending over a detachment to seize us. He sent messengers across to Hurdeo Buksh, informing him that the English rule was at an end; that he had killed all belonging to that nation, who had been stationed in Futtehghur, and demanded from him an advance of a lac of rupees—£10,000—as his contribution toward the expenses of the new râj. The Nawab, however, intimated at the same time to Hurdeo Buksh, that he was prepared to waive this demand, provided he would send him in by the evening the two Collectors' heads—Probyn's and my own. The intelligence of this demand having been made was soon conveyed to

us, and we were told that Hurdeo Buksh had thought it best to temporize. He had, therefore, replied to the Nawab that he would think about the matter, and send an answer afterward. We felt pretty confident that Hurdeo Buksh would not give us up; but we thought it best to do what we could for our own safety, and to encourage him to oppose the Nawab. We, therefore, begged of him to pay us a visit, as we were prohibited from going to see him at Dhurumpore.

After several days' delay, during which we were tortured by frequent reports of detachments of troops from Futtehghur being in full march on Kussowrah to seize us—which they might easily have done, had they been at all enterprising—Hurdeo Buksh visited us late at night. He was evidently in much anxiety, about the safety of himself and his family, which was seriously compromised in consequence of his having harbored us. He told us, that besides the communication already alluded to, he had received sundry other messages from the Nawab and the two subahdars in command of the mutineers, threatening, if he did not give us up, to take very complete revenge upon himself and his people.

He gave us at the same time a very deplorable account of affairs around us, saying that Nana Sahib had assumed command of the mutineers at Cawnpore, where the English had been so completely destroyed that not a dog remained in the cantonment; that Agra was besieged; that our troops at Delhi had been beaten back, and were in a state of siege on the top of a hill near there; that the troops in Oude had also mutinied, and Lucknow was closely invested.

He, however, assured us that he would never give us up to the Nawab; but, with his people, do his best to oppose any force which might be sent against Dhurumpore from Furrukabad, for the purpose of seizing us; at the same time he said he thought his wisest course was to temporize. He had, therefore, sent a confidential agent to the Nawab to say that "he was

with him, but as he had always, till the annexation of Oude, been immediately under that government, he did not like to act without previous communication with Lucknow ; to which place he had sent a messenger, informing the new authorities there that he had two Collector sahibs with him, and asking what he should do with them. If they did not otherwise instruct him, he would then make us over to the Nawab ; but it was quite imperative on him, before doing any thing, to await the return of his messenger, who might be expected in ten or twelve days." The Nawab and the subahdars had, Hurdeo Buksh informed us, expressed themselves satisfied with this explanation.

In this way he hoped to gain time, till the rains, now close at hand, fell, when the Ramgunga and Ganges would rise in flood, and the whole country be inundated, so that Dhurumpore and Kussowrah would become islands surrounded with water for miles ; he might then defy the Sepoys, as it would be impossible for them to bring guns against him, and they would not dare to move without artillery.

It was nearly morning when Hurdeo Buksh left us, not much encouraged by his visit, and in a state of great doubt and perplexity. The tone of the people had, since the fall of Futtehghur, much changed toward us : they had become insolent, overbearing, and threatening ; clearly giving us to know that they wished us no good, and that it was only the fear of the "Konwur," as they termed Hurdeo Buksh, that prevented their getting rid of us. A day or two after this we were visited by a connection of Hurdeo Buksh called the "Collector Sahib," accompanied by another relation, who we knew bore the bitterest animosity toward us. We felt that their coming boded us no good, and it was with much anxiety that we received them and awaited their communication. They told us that it was quite impossible for Hurdeo Buksh to protect us any longer ; he had already risked enough for us ; we must now, therefore, leave

his protection and shift for ourselves. He had, they told us, sent them to tell us to prepare to start in a boat down the Ramgunga for Cawnpore; which place they asserted had not yet fallen, and which we might easily reach. We remonstrated against this arrangement, telling them it was quite contrary to Hurdeo Buksh's own sentiments so lately expressed to us by himself. They, however, would listen to no expostulations, and ordered us to be ready to start by next evening, by which time the boat would be prepared for us. The two old Thakoors of the village, who ever since our arrival had been uniformly kind and civil to us, as well as Seeta Ram, a poor Brahmin who had shown us much kindness and sympathy, depriving his own family of milk to give it to Probyn's children, entreated us not to proceed in the boat; assuring us that if we did so the villagers on the banks would murder us before we had gone five miles down the stream. We tried to communicate with Hurdeo Buksh; but our messengers were not permitted to cross the Ramgunga, which lay between us and Dhurumpore: we were therefore quite helpless, and could only do as we were ordered, and prepare ourselves to go to what we felt assured was certain death. So convinced were the natives that the expedition would be fatal to us, that Probyn's three servants, hitherto faithful, refused to accompany him.

I then determined not to take Wuzeer Singh with me, but to send him to Nynee Tal with a farewell note and my little Testament to my wife, to tell her what had become of me. I summoned him for this purpose, and told him that he must now leave me, as I was going on a journey which would, in all probability, be fatal to us; that I could not allow him to perish on my account, which he would do if he accompanied us, and that he must try and reach my wife and tell her all that had befallen me. He expressed the greatest reluctance to leave me, and only consented to do so at my earnest and repeated solicitations. We then joined in prayer together, as I surely thought

for the last time on earth. I implored him never to desert his faith or revert to idolatry ; but, whatever happened, to cling to the Savior he had once acknowledged. He wept much, and we parted ; but, as it happened, only for a short time. In little more than an hour he came back into my room, and, throwing down the little parcel on the bed, said he could not go : he entreated that I might allow him to accompany me, saying, almost in the words of Ruth to Naomi, " Where you go I will go, and where you die I will die also." So determined was he to share my fate, that I was forced to consent to his accompanying me.

We had got our little baggage ready, and were prepared to start, almost resigned to our fate, when God, in his infinite mercy, and in answer to our prayers, interposed to prevent our going. When the messenger appeared, about 8 P. M., as we thought to summon us to start, he informed us that the boat was not quite ready, and that we could not move that night. Thus were we reprieved, for the time as it were, from certain destruction ; for none of us expected to see the morning light. After this we were allowed to remain for a day or two unmolested.

The Ramgunga having in the mean time considerably risen, we were then informed that the voyage was in consequence quite safe, and that, as the boat was ready, we must be prepared to depart in the evening. Again did the Thakoors and Seeta Ram implore us to refuse to leave the village ; we were, however, quite helpless, and could only obey.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, I forget the precise date, we started from the village to embark ; Wuzeer Singh and two of Probyn's servants, who had on this occasion volunteered to accompany him, carrying our little baggage, and what necessaries for the boat we could collect ; Mr. and Mrs. Probyn each carrying a child, and I taking the baby, the only one of the children who would come to me. The old Thakoor Kussuree came with us to the end of the village, but declined going any further ;

saying, he could not be a party to conducting us to what he knew was intended for our destruction.

The road leading to the Ramgunga from the village was one mass of mud and water; poor Mrs. Probyn was scarcely able to wade through it, and we could afford her but little assistance. We had proceeded about half a mile in the direction of the boat, when a breathless messenger met us from Dhurumpore, telling us to turn back at once, and proceed to a village beyond Kussowrah instead of to the boat; as the Sepoys were in full march from Futtehghur to attack Dhurumpore, and that Hurdeo Buksh had gone out to meet them with his people. We turned back in accordance with these orders; every moment expecting to hear the firing commence.

We had gone about three miles in the direction of the village indicated, when we were overtaken by a second messenger from Dhurumpore, ordering us back to the boat, as the Sepoys, who had advanced some way toward Dhurumpore, had retreated, and were reported to be recrossing the Ganges. Accordingly we again retraced our steps, and stopped half an hour in Kussowrah to rest; as Mrs. Probyn, who had on this, as on every other occasion, shown the most patient fortitude, was very much exhausted, and her clothes saturated with wet and mud. We were not allowed to remain long, but were ordered off, as we thought finally, to embark in the boat. God mercifully, however, ordered it otherwise.

When about half-way between Kussowrah and the river, we held a consultation together; it was determined, as a last resource, that Probyn should go on ahead of us, try to get across the river to Dhurumpore, and procure an interview with Herdeo Buksh, as we thought that, by so doing, he might prevail on him not to expose us to a cruel death by sending us down the river without a guard, and with boatmen who would certainly desert us. He started; and Mrs. Probyn, the children, Wuzeer Singh, and I followed, and, after much fatigue, reached the

bank of the Ramgunga. We were dismayed at finding the stream, instead of being in flood as we expected, a mere thread; so that the villagers on either bank could, without much difficulty, reach the boat with their matchlocks, as it passed down, and destroy us. No boat, however, was on the bank, which was one mass of thick mud. A log of wood furnished a seat for Mrs. Probyn, who was by this time much exhausted; and a cloth was spread for the children on the dryest spot we could find, where they slept, in their innocence, as soundly and securely as if they had been in their beds.

In this position we remained for about an hour, and were expressing our surprise that Probyn, who had crossed the river at the ferry, was so long of rejoining us, when we were hailed by a man who we saw, by the moonlight, was approaching us from some distance down the stream. He proved to be the connection of Hurdeo Buksh who had visited us with the "Collector" some days previously, and we argued no good from his appearance. On this occasion, however, he agreeably disappointed our forebodings; for he gave us the welcome order to go back to Kussowrah, and there await further instructions. We accordingly set out; I took one of the children—Leslie—on my back, and carried in my arms my poor little friend, the baby—now "poor" no longer; for he is "before the throne of God," who has called him to himself. We met one of the Thakoors, who lent his arm to Mrs. Probyn, she being too much fatigued to proceed without his help. We reached our old quarters about 3 o'clock, A. M., soaking wet, and thoroughly worn out, as we had been moving almost continuously from 6 o'clock, P. M. In about an hour after our arrival Probyn joined us. He had been fortunate enough to see Hurdeo Buksh, who was at first displeased at his unexpected appearance; but after Probyn had explained, was very gracious, and assured him that for the present he would abandon all intention of sending us down the river. We then

joined in prayer and thanksgiving to God for his gracious interference in our behalf, in thus delivering us in so remarkable a manner from this imminent danger; entreating, at the same time, his guidance and protection for the future.

After this several days passed without much incident, except that Wuzeer Singh, on one occasion, came in to report that when strolling beyond the village, he had met several men whom he at once recognized as Sepoys, almost naked, and in a very miserable plight. He had learned from them that they were deserters from the mutineers at Delhi, and, when going home with their plunder, had been attacked and stripped by the villagers near Mynpoorie. They told him things were not prospering with the mutineers at Delhi; that they had suffered most severely, and were heartily sick of it. This intelligence was, for the time, cheering; but we were soon depressed by the news, brought to us almost simultaneously from Dhurumpore, that the Nawab and subahdars were becoming more urgent with Hurdeo Buksh to deliver us up, and had repeatedly forwarded purwannahs ordering him to destroy us, and send in our heads. They had even gone so far as to send him a firman, purporting to be from the Emperor of Delhi, conveying the Imperial order for our destruction.

Hurdeo Buksh sent his brother-in-law, one of his most confidential people, to us to explain how hardly he was pushed, and how much difficulty he had in protecting us. He had, therefore, come to the conclusion that our safest plan was to start for Lucknow, and was accordingly making arrangements for our journey there, and for securing protection for us by the way, through certain influential talookdars, friends of his. Hurdeo Buksh was led to recommend our going to Lucknow in consequence of the intelligence he had lately received, that the attack on the Residency had been signally repulsed, and the mutineers withdrawn from the town; and, as the place was well provisioned, and contained plenty of ammunition, there

was no fear of the garrison being unable to hold out; more especially as none of the rajwarrahs, as the chief talookdars are called, had as yet joined in the rebellion, but, on the contrary, had stood quite aloof from the Sepoys.

We expressed to the brother-in-law our willingness, and, indeed, eagerness to proceed at once to Lucknow, as recommended by Hurdeo Buksh. We were ourselves much pleased at the prospect of quitting Kussowrah, and finding ourselves once more among friends and countrymen. It was accordingly arranged that we should start on a certain night, as soon as it was dark, for Lucknow, by Sandee, which we were to reach in four marches. Our horses, which we had not seen since the 9th of June, were, on the night appointed, sent up from Dhurumpore after dark, for the conveyance of Probyn and myself, and a palanquin was prepared for Mrs. Probyn and the children. To avoid observation as much as possible, Probyn dyed his face, neck, hands, and feet a dark brown. This was considered unnecessary for me, exposure to the sun having already made me almost as dark as a native, so I escaped a very disagreeable process.

We were sitting all ready to move, and, for the first time in many weeks, were in something approaching to cheerful spirits, when rain came on; and, to our bitter disappointment, we were told that we could not, in consequence, start that night. The next day we were informed we must not move till Hurdeo Buksh came to see us again, and that the time of his doing so depended on the return of a messenger he had sent to make some arrangements for us on the road. We had to wait four nights in this manner, feeling much chagrined by the delay, and accusing Hurdeo Buksh of supineness. On the fifth night he came about midnight, and was more depressed than we had ever before seen him; he informed us that the lull at Lucknow had been only temporary; that the mutineers, having been reinforced, had again attacked the Residency, and that fighting

was going on, without intermission, day and night. He told us that just as we were going to start for Lucknow, on the night first fixed for our departure, a rumor had reached him of the renewal of hostilities. He had accordingly seized the pretext of the rain falling to prevent our starting, and had continued to detain us, till he could ascertain the real state of affairs, by sending a messenger to the spot. This messenger had only now returned, and confirmed the previous intelligence, leaving little hope that the garrison could long hold out against the multitudes attacking it. Our plan of going to Lucknow was thus frustrated. Had we started as at first intended, we must have fallen into the hands of the mutineers and been massacred. Again, therefore, had we to praise God for having delivered us from the imminent danger into which we were blindly rushing.

Hurdeo Buksh then gave us the pleasing intelligence, that the younger Mr. Jones and Mr. Churcher, two of the Futtehghur party, had escaped out of the boat which had been boarded near Singerampore by the Sepoys, and were then concealed in one of his villages. They had been kept so strictly hidden by the herdsmen among whom they were, that the fact had only a few days before come to his knowledge ; and he had given orders that they should be provided with both food and clothing.

The most appalling news, he, however, informed us, had reached him from all quarters. There was no doubt whatever of the fall of Cawnpore, where every European had been destroyed. The party who had gone down the river by the first boats from Futtehghur, the American missionaries, the Monctons, Brierly, etc., had, he heard, been attacked and massacred near Bithoor. Agra was reported to have fallen, and the Europeans destroyed there, while attempting to make their way in boats down the Jumna. The Bombay army had revolted ; and, to crown all, there were no signs of aid coming, nor troops arriving from any quarter. Under these circumstances, he

thought our only chance of safety was to remove secretly from Kussowrah—where the Nawab and Sepoys, from the information given them by some bankers, knew we were living under his protection, and where we were never safe from attack—and go into hiding in one of his villages, situated about twenty miles distant.

The Probyns were to take one servant with them, and I was to go with Wuzeer Singh. Thakoor Kussuree met us outside and agreed to become responsible for our safety.

Kussuree and the other Thakoor, Paorun, came early next morning to explain to me alone the plans they had formed for our future concealment and safety. These were rather startling. First, they insisted that it was quite hopeless to expect that our movements could be kept secret, or our position concealed, so long as we were accompanied by four children. It was therefore quite imperative that the Probyns should leave these behind in the village, where every possible care would be taken of them. If, as was very probable, the enemy came to Kussowrah and instituted a search for us, they could contrive to hide the children ; and, if they were discovered, it was not probable that the Sepoys, finding we were gone, would injure them. If they did kill them, there was, of course, no help for it ; but it was their opinion that the chances of safety for the children were far greater separated from their parents than remaining with them. For ourselves it was arranged that we should be hidden in the jungles all day, moving about from place to place as occasion might require, and returning, if we could, at nightfall to the little hamlet, which had been prepared for us to sleep in.

Upon consultation we determined not to separate, and the Thakoors relinquished their plan. We determined to start in a body for a village in the jungle.

At 3 o'clock, A. M., the Thakoors woke us up, and we started. An elephant had been procured for Mrs. Probyn, her ayah, and the children. Probyn and one servant—the other had absconded

the night before—and I and Wuzeer Singh walked. When we were starting I missed old Kussuree, and as I had great confidence in him, and remembered his own repeated advice never to go any where if he did not accompany us, I waited for him; he, at last, and after sending many messages, joined us, but evidently with much reluctance. No sooner had we started than the rain came down in torrents, wetting us through, as also our little bedding. About a mile in advance of Kussowrah, we came on a stream of water so deep that the elephant could not wade across, and was therefore dismissed. We had to be ferried over in a little boat, and then to proceed on our feet, each of us carrying a child. The path lay over ground thick with thorny bushes, which made our progress slow and painful. About a mile and a half from the stream we came to a large piece of water, which we had to wade across. Probyn carried his wife over, but with much difficulty, as it was deep and the bottom full of thick, slippery mud.

PLACE OF CONCEALMENT.

At last, just as the day was dawning, the rain all the while pouring in torrents, we reached our destination; a wretched, solitary hamlet of four or five houses in the middle of the waste, and inhabited by only a few herdsmen and their cattle. The scene was desolate beyond description. As we came up, no one was moving in the village, all being yet asleep. One of the Thakoors roused up the chief man, a wild-looking Aheer, who pointed out to us a wretched hovel, which he said was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy: the mud and dirt were over our ankles, and the effluvia stifling.

My heart sank within me, as I looked round on this desolate, hopeless scene. I laid down the poor baby on a charpoy in a little hut, the door of which was open, and on which a child of one of the herdsmen was fast asleep. Poor Mrs. Probyn, for the first time since our troubles commenced, fairly broke down,

and wept at the miserable prospect for her children and herself. Probyn was much roused, and remonstrated with the Thakoors, saying, "If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children can not live here more than a few hours: they must perish." In the meantime, I had looked round to see if any arrangement could possibly be made for sheltering them, and, observing a little place on the roof of one of the huts, pointed it out to Wuzeer Singh; he immediately scrambled up, and having examined it, called out that it was empty, clean, and dry, and a palace compared with the place below. I mounted up with his assistance, and was overjoyed to find a little room, clean and sweet, and with apparently a water-tight roof.

I called out to the Probyns below, and Wuzeer and I helped up Mrs. Probyn, and then the children; Probyn followed, and we, eight persons in all, established ourselves in this little space, most thankful to have it to shelter us, small as it was. The Thakoors made no objection to our appropriating the room, provided we kept strictly within it and never showed ourselves outside; as they feared we might be seen from the roof, and our hiding-place discovered. We could only be contained in this room by lying down on the mud floor, in places fixed for each. One little corner was assigned to me, neither so broad nor so long as the smallest berth in a ship's cabin; where I deposited my blanket and the little bundle which served me as a pillow and contained all my worldly goods: merely a single change of native clothing, but quite sufficient; and really I do n't know that any one, in the best of circumstances, requires more. Soon after we got into this place the Thakoors took leave, promising often to visit us; they made over the charge of us to the Aheers, enjoining them to let no strangers enter or stop in the village on any account, and to maintain perfect secrecy respecting us. All which they professed their readiness to do; asserting that they would die for us rather than betray us.

The rain, which had come down heavily all the morning, now ceased, and for several days there were only occasional showers. The heat was intense, as we were so closely packed together in this little room. We could only get out at night; and during the day the only relief we had was to turn on our backs, or from one side to the other, or sit up: standing or moving about was quite impossible. The poor children were in sad misery; they could not be allowed to leave the room, and there was no space in it for them to crawl or move about. They were much more patient than we could have expected, and happily slept much. We were also now a good deal pressed for food; all we could get being a little milk and chupatties: and not the former on Sundays, as the Aheers will on no account part with the milk of their cattle on that day, but appropriate it for themselves. Notwithstanding our miserable circumstances, we lived with much harmony and in comparative peace. Thanks be to the Almighty! whose blessing and protection we duly implored together morning and evening; finding him, as he will be found by all who seek him, "a very present help in time of trouble."

Suddenly the rains came down with tremendous force, and neither Probyn nor I could sleep, as we had hitherto done, on the roof of the house just outside the door of our room, emerging therefrom at nights, when it fell dark. The space inside had become much circumscribed in consequence of leakage, one or two places in it having become untenable; I was, therefore, forced to try and secure some shelter for myself elsewhere. Wuzeer Singh succeeded in renting a cow-house for me for two rupees—4*s*.—a month: a small, miserable hovel in which two cows had hitherto been stalled. It was, as usual, without any door, and having probably not been cleaned out for years, was filthy beyond description. I was, however, thankful for this shelter, and Wuzeer Singh having cleaned it out, and contrived to hire a charpoy—native bed—for me, I was, as the

roof did not leak, made comparatively comfortable. Many an hour of intense agony of mind, when I thought of all those dear to me, whom I was probably never to see again, and some also of blessed peace, have I spent in that little room.

The men of the hamlet used to come and visit and talk with me now and then. I had no means of keeping them out, even if I desired it, so they went and came just as they pleased. One day a relative of the chief man of the village, and residing at another not far off, arrived on a visit, and, of course, came to my room to have a look at me. He sat down, and we entered into conversation. I was surprised to find him much more quick and intelligent than the generality of the villagers, who were rude in the extreme; and found on inquiring that he had been a traveler, and had been, with his four-bullock cart, attached to our commissariat during the first Sutlege campaign, when he went as far as Lahore. I inquired if he had been regularly paid for the duty: he assured me fully and liberally, and commenced praising the justness and liberality of our Government; under which, as he expressed it, "the lamb and the lion could drink at the same stream." It immediately struck me that I could perhaps induce this man to convey a letter to my wife at Nynee Tal; of whom on that date, the 17th July, I had heard nothing later than of the 26th May, and concerning whose safety and that of my child I was in constant and terrible suspense: for could I be sure that Nynee Tal had not fallen as well as Bareilly and Futtehghur, and the dwellers there, as at the other places, fearfully massacred?

I told the man—whose name was Rohna—the misery I was enduring about the "Mem-sahib" and the "Bābā;" that if I knew they were safe I could bear any thing; and entreated him to take pity upon me, and carry a note from me to my wife telling her of my safety, and to bring me back tidings of her. I told him I had scarcely any money, and could only give him eight rupees; but, if he once reached my wife, I assured him

she would reward him handsomely. To my great delight, he said he felt deeply for me, and would certainly do his best to convey the letter to Nynee Tal, and bring me back an answer: that he would set out the same evening for his home, arrange his affairs there, and start from thence in the morning, going through Bareilly: he had been there before and knew the way. He then retired, saying he would be back in an hour to take my letter. I sent Wuzeer Singh, who had been present at the interview, after him, to endeavor to find out whether the man was in earnest, or merely deceiving me to get the advance of money I had offered. He soon came back, saying he thought from the man's manner he could be depended on, and would certainly undertake the journey.

I determined to write two notes, one to my wife and another to Missur Byjenath at Bareilly, entreating him to aid my messenger in reaching Nynee Tal. I had but a small scrap of paper—half the fly-leaf of Bridges on the 119th Psalm, which happily we had with us—on which to write both notes. Pen or ink I had none, and only the stump of a lead pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted that only a little atom remained quite loose. I at once commenced my writing: in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud floor, I found it, and contrived to refix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes, about one inch square; which was all the man could conceal about his person, or would consent to take, as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travelers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them.

When the notes were ready I got a little milk and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry in the sun on a wall just outside my room. In an instant a crow pounced on one and carried it off: it was that

for my wife. I, of course, thought it was gone forever, and felt heart-broken with vexation; as I had no more paper, nor any means or hope of getting any, on which to write another note. Wuzeer Singh had, unknown to me, seen the crow, followed it with one of the herdsmen, and after a long chase of about an hour, saw the bird drop it, and recovering it brought it back to me uninjured. I then dispatched my messenger with both notes, and many injunctions to be deterred by no difficulties, but push his way through to Bareilly, where Byjenath would, I was certain, aid him in going on to Nynee Tal: up to this date I know not whether he has succeeded in his mission, but I think from the look of the man that he is likely to do so.

On the 24th we got terrible news from Futtehghur. The Europeans were killed by the infuriated Nana. Our own position was wretched in the extreme, and on the 26th Mrs. Probyn's child expired. The next day my messenger returned in a miserable plight. He had been arrested, and his letters taken from him.

On the 4th of August another messenger arrived with joyful news—he had tidings from my wife and child. Both were well, and the messenger had seen them. The next three weeks passed away slowly and anxiously. Sometimes darkened with fear, again elated with hope, and yet all the time in actual, present want and suffering. We resume the journal:

Monday, 24*th*.—Sinister rumors are rife to-day in the village, and of course are duly communicated to us, that the insurgents are again reassembling in the neighborhood of Cawnpore, and have attacked and expelled the police from the reëstablished stations. It is also reported that Ranee Chunda Koonwur, mother of Dhuleep Singh, has effected her escape from Nepaul, and has arrived at Futtehghur, *en route* to the Punjaub. If this be true, and she succeeds in reaching her destination, the consequences may be most troublesome, if not disastrous.

Finished to-day, for the second time, that excellent work

Bridges on 119th Psalm; the sole book in my hands, except the Bible, for the past two months: and fortunate have I been to have had these sources of consolation. I found great comfort and encouragement to-day in reading his remarks on faith, in his commentary on the 116th verse; which contains, I think, the real Scriptural doctrine. However our own frames may change, or our power of comprehension vary, He remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever: we can neither add to nor detract any thing from the completeness of His finished work.

Just as we were falling off asleep last night we were roused by the arrival of a messenger from General Havelock. We jumped up, eager to get his expected communication; but, to our bitter disappointment, found that he had only brought a letter from the General to Hurdeo Buksh, commending him for his humanity and loyalty in having protected us hitherto, and assuring him of high rewards if he would send us safe into the British camp, as soon as it reached Futtehghur.

The messenger quite raised our spirits by informing us that below Cawnpore all was tranquil—dâks running and telegraph communication with Calcutta open, just as before the mutiny, and that Lucknow was quite safe; so much so that the army was to move on Futtehghur before making any fresh attempt for its relief. The messenger, however, strongly urged us not to attempt to escape down the Ganges, as we should certainly be seized and killed by the rebels along the banks; but to remain quietly where we were till Havelock's army advanced and captured Futtehghur.

Tuesday, 25th.—My messenger, Rohna, arrived to-day from Nynee Tal with a welcome letter from my wife, giving good accounts of herself and Gracey. They, with the other ladies, had been removed as a matter of precaution to Almorah, as Khan Bahadur Khan's troops were threatening Nynee Tal. Rohna brought me also a little note from Ramsay, entreating

me not to attempt to reach the hills by Pillibheet, as the country is much disturbed and full of rebels; so that this route is quite impracticable. These letters gave us a good account of affairs generally. Reinforcements had reached Delhi; which, it was hoped, might fall by the end of the month, and twenty-thousand men are announced on their way from England. It appears that communication is open between Nynee Tal, Mussoorie, and other parts, as accounts up to the 18th June have reached my wife of all the dear ones at home, who were quite well, and in happy ignorance of our desperate situation.

Late in the evening, one of Hurdeo Buksh's people came from Dhurumpore to tell us that a messenger, sent by his master to ascertain the state of the river, had returned and reported all clear and safe as far as Cawnpore. As it is now pretty certain that we shall make the attempt ere many days elapse, we deemed it right to intimate our intention to Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher, in order that they might accompany us. Probyn accordingly sent a note to Robertson to warn him, but enjoining him to maintain entire secrecy, as upon this mainly depends our safety and the success of our enterprise.

Wednesday, August 26th.—General Havelock's messenger again advised us strongly against attempting the river route; maintaining that at several points on the banks on both sides, to his certain knowledge, the enemy were posted in force with guns, which, of course, we could never pass. We sent Wuzeer Singh to tell Hurdeo Buksh what the hurkarah had told us. On his return he said that information to the same effect had also reached Hurdeo Buksh, who had in consequence sent off fresh messengers to procure accurate intelligence, as to the state of the river and the position of the rebels between us and Cawnpore. We are not to start till they return. All this is very depressing: we seem to be surrounded by a circle of fire, which it is impossible to pass through. All that we can do is,

like Ezra, with earnest prayer to seek of our God "a right way for us and the little ones."

A messenger arrived to-day bringing a letter from Delhi, which was, as usual, concealed in the sole of his shoe. On opening it, we found, to our great disappointment, that it was not addressed to either of us; but was from Yule—of the 9th Lancers, we suppose—to an officer of the name of Beatson at Cawnpore. The messenger said he left Delhi on the 18th, when all was going on well. On the 12th an outwork was carried by our troops without much loss, the enemy losing five hundred killed: they daily sally out and attack our siege operations, but do little mischief, and cause us no loss. Reinforcements from Bombay, the messenger said, had arrived, and a siege train from Ferozepore was close at hand, which it was hoped would at once settle the business.

Thursday, 27th August.—Nothing new settled about our plans, and we are much harassed. Heavy guns firing in Furrukabad to-day, we know not from what cause; but they reminded us painfully of our fearful proximity to that place where are so many thirsting for our lives. Amidst it all, to-day's Psalms most consoling, and wonderfully suited to our case, especially the 121st.

A Brahmin in the employ of Mr. Churcher, and said to be much in his confidence, came to us to-day bringing a letter from Major Robertson, telling us that although so weak that he faints whenever he is moved in order to have his wound dressed, he thought it his duty to avail himself of this opportunity, which God has put in his way, to try to escape from these awful dangers which threaten us on every side. Although he considers our chance of escape very slender, and the attempt a desperate one, he will hold himself in readiness to start to join our boat whenever he receives instructions of the time fixed for departure. The Brahmin did his best to dissuade us from the attempt; assuring us it must end in our destruction, unless

Hurdeo Buksh would send down with us at least four hundred matchlockmen in separate boats. Mr. Churcher, he told us, would certainly not run the risk, but preferred remaining where he was, in hiding with the Aheers. We dismissed the messenger, telling him to inform his master that we are quite determined to start as soon as the boat is ready.

Saturday, 29th August.—Late last night, after we were all in bed, but none of us asleep, and while pondering over our gloomy circumstances, Jones, who has a very fine voice, suddenly commenced singing the "Old Folks at Home." I never felt more deeply affected in my life; and indeed this was the case with all of us while listening to the song.

Seetah Ram soon after arrived, bringing a note to me from General Havelock, and another to Hurdeo Buksh's address; both inclosed in quills, and, of course, very brief. The General strongly recommended us to remain where we were and watch events; as the rebels infested all the roads and rendered traveling most dangerous—almost impossible. We were much cast down, and consulted together whether to follow the General's advice and remain where we were, or risk the river journey. It was, after all, but a choice of dangers: to remain where we were much longer was almost certain destruction; to go, although hazardous in the extreme, offered at least a chance of safety and escape, so we all three determined to try the river. There was no time to lose, as Seetah Ram reported that the rebels were again collecting, but as yet there were no bodies of men and no guns on the river banks.

We all thought it best that Probyn should go at once to Hurdeo Buksh, deliver to him General Havelock's letter, and intimate that we are ready to start as soon as he pleased. He accordingly set off, and returned in about two hours, stating that Hurdeo Buksh has determined to send us off by boat tomorrow morning. May God in his infinite mercy go forth with us, and protect us, and bring us to our desired haven! We

sent off a messenger to Robertson to inform him and Churcher, and also bearers to convey the former, as he could not walk to the boat to-morrow morning.

THE ESCAPE.

Tuesday, September 1st.—On Sunday, August 30th, I awoke very early, and roused up the others. The morning was dull and rainy, just fit for our expedition. We all in that little shed joined for the last time, in earnest prayer together for a blessing on our undertaking, and in thanksgiving for the many mercies we had received, and for our wonderful preservation hitherto in this place. At 7 A. M., Hurdeo Buksh came himself to conduct us to the boat. The Thakoors, and other leading men of the village, who had been in the habit of coming and sitting with us and giving us the news during the past weary weeks, accompanied us to the boats; which we found moored on the Ramgunga, opposite Dhurumpore, and all ready for us.

Our party consisted of eleven matchlockmen, as a guard, eight rowers, all under the command of Hurdeo Buksh's brother-in-law Thakoor Pirthee Pal. Seeta Ram also accompanied us, as he knew where our troops were located at Cawnpore, and might be useful to us *en route;* and also Rohna, who was to return at once if we reached Cawnpore in safety, with a note to Hurdeo Buksh, and one for my wife, to take on to Nynee Tal. One of the Kussowrah Thakoors, of Poorun, also went with us.

We remained for more than two hours at the boat, waiting for Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher, and at the imminent peril of our own lives; our safety mainly depending on expedition and secrecy. If intelligence of our projected attempt reached the Nawab and subahdars in Futtehghur nothing was easier than for them to detach some Sepoys down the Ganges, to the point where the Ramgunga falls into it, and intercept us there. They could reach that point in less than two hours with ease from the time of starting; whereas it would occupy nearly

from morn till evening, owing to the winding course of the Ramgunga, before we could hope to enter the Ganges.

Hurdeo Buksh had happily taken the precaution, the night before, of seizing all the boats at the ferries on both rivers, within the limits of his domain, thus cutting off all communication with Furrukabad. Any lengthened interruption of the passages across the Ganges would not fail, however, to attract notice and excite suspicion; and it was in his opinion very essential for our safety that we should embark and start without further loss of time. We were in a most painful position. We could not bear the idea of leaving our poor countrymen behind, and yet if we delayed any longer, we might lose our own lives without benefiting them. At last, just as our patience was exhausted, a messenger arrived from Major Robertson to say that neither he nor Mr. Churcher would risk the attempt. They were doubtless dissuaded by the Brahmin servant of Mr. Churcher, who had used his best arguments to deter us from the journey.

There was nothing now to detain us, so about eleven, as far as we could judge, we started. Hurdeo Buksh rode with us for some miles along the banks of the stream and then left us; enjoining us to be careful to remain under the covered part of the boat, and on no account to show ourselves, as that would lead to our discovery, and in such an event to our destruction. To secure the fidelity of the boatmen, he had, he informed us, seized their families, and would only be released on the news reaching him of our safe arrival at Cawnpore. The matchlockmen were his own immediate retainers, and fully trustworthy. I, however, doubted them much more than the boatmen, for whose fidelity we have a substantial guarantee; for I believed they would take to the river, in which they can swim like fish, on the very first approach of danger.

The boat was nominally conveying the female portion of the family of a relative of Hurdeo Buksh, on a visit to their

relations at a lonely place on the Oude side of the Ganges called Tirrowah Pulleeah, belonging to a talookdar named Dhunna Singh. This man is a great friend of Hurdeo Buksh, and possessed of considerable influence on both sides of the river, as far as Cawnpore. If he considered the road safe, he was to accompany us to that place; if he did not, he was to give us shelter and protect us for the time being, and till something was determined upon for our disposal.

For the first twenty miles of our course down the Ramgunga, we ran little risk, as Hurdeo Buksh's influence sufficed to protect us. For the last thirty, till the river joins the Ganges, the danger was great. Messengers, however, met us at different points along the bank to warn us whether we might safely proceed or not. At one point we were in considerable danger of being wrecked. The boatmen tried a new channel and came upon a rapid, with an abrupt fall of, I should think, nearly four feet. The stream was running with great rapidity; but, from its shallowness, the boat stuck in the middle, and for ten minutes could not be extricated. We dared not show ourselves outside, and it was most trying to sit still, crowded as we were in the close covered space allotted to us, while the boat hung as it were on an inclined plane, the water roaring and surging round us. At last they managed to get her clear, and we floated down without further interruption, till we reached within two or three miles of the mouth of the Ramgunga.

The river had so materially changed its channel this year, that for several reaches we found ourselves directly opposite the village of Kassim Kore, situated on the right bank of the Ganges, and which we supposed lay some four miles higher up the stream. This village bore the worst character; its inhabitants had, we were aware, taken an active part in the massacre of the Futtehghur fugitives and the plunder of their boat; that fearful tragedy having occurred in its immediate neighborhood.

It was with breathless anxiety, therefore, that we watched

this village. From the great hight of the bank on which it was placed the people must have seen us, as we came winding down the stream and rounded the reaches; and the unusual sight of a boat could not, we feared, fail to attract attention, and lead parties of them to come off in boats to intercept us. The sun was setting as we floated out into the Ganges, here about a mile broad, and only about a quarter of a mile below Kassim Kore. It was with a sickening sort of anxiety we continued to watch this place; but it was like a village of the dead: not a human being could we discern moving about, and deeply thankful did we feel when we found that we were passing unnoticed. But we scarcely ventured to consider ourselves secure till we lost sight of the hateful spot in the distance.

The Ganges was still in flood, and we floated down very rapidly, keeping, as far as it was possible, the middle of the stream. At one point where the stream narrowed considerably, there was a ferry close to a large village, with several boats close to the bank, and a number of people collected and about to cross. Except the boat at these and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not a single boat had been seen on its waters since that one which had escaped from Futtehghur, and of whose fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat rowed rapidly down stream, with a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached the place, our guards got their cartridge-boxes handy, and their powder-horns by them, all ready if required.

We were, as we expected, challenged and asked who we were, and told to stop and pull in shore. The Thakoor replied that he was taking his family down to Tirrowah Pulleeah, and could not stop. A voice called out, "You have Feringhees [English] concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." "Feringhees on

board," was the ready answer of the Thakoor, Pirthee Pal, "I wish we had, and we should soon dispose of them and get their plunder." "Stop and come ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.

The river widened, and we bore out into the center of the stream; the distance thus put between us, and the sight of the guard all ready with their matchlocks, no doubt deterred any of those on shore from putting off and following us. After this we passed on without challenge till nightfall, when the boat was stopped; we anchored at a most solitary, desolate place, covered with long grass, and left half dry by the receding waters of the river. This place, we heard, was only a mile and a half from Tirrowah Pulleeah, Dhunna Singh's stronghold. Our crew and guards immediately went on shore, and commenced cooking.

It was of course essential for us to communicate with Dhunna Singh, as he was to accompany us on, and it would be hopeless for us to attempt to proceed without him. Only one of our party, a boatman, knew the way to his fort, which lay directly across the waste, along side of which we were anchored, with, as he told us, a deep creek intervening, and he declared he would not go alone at this time of night. Some of the guard and boatmen were in vain ordered to accompany this man; not one would leave his cooking. At last the Thakoor seized one of the boatmen, gave him a sound thrashing, and frightened him into accompanying them.

They followed a small path, and were soon lost in the long grass. Probyn and I got out of the boat and walked up and down the bank, anxiously discussing the probability of the messengers failing us, or, in event even of their reaching the place, of Dhunna Singh's answering our summons or not. It was the wildest and most dismal scene I have ever witnessed; the boatmen and guard even seemed depressed, and sat cooking

in silence; not a sound was heard but the croaking of innumerable frogs in the pools, and crabs in the swamp. Nearly two hours passed away without any sign of our messengers: not a soul came near us. At last Probyn determined that we had better go on at all hazards, as the night was slipping away; and as the most dangerous part of the river was before us, it was necessary to pass it under cover of the darkness. Desolate as the place was, it would not do to remain there for the night; as the herdsmen grazing their cattle would no doubt discover us as soon as it was light, and most likely give information to the villagers, who would come down and destroy us. My opinion was strongly against starting without Dhunna Singh. It had been part of Hurdeo Buksh's arrangement that he should accompany us, and if once we deviated from it, in so important a point, the crew might not consider themselves any longer responsible for our safety, and might desert us. Probyn agreed to remain for another half-hour: one of terrible anxiety and suspense it was.

I was pacing up and down, and almost in despair, when I heard the sound of voices approaching, and Dhunna Singh almost immediately came up, with our messengers and a few followers; he was an old man, with a white head, but very wiry and athletic, and from his frank and self-possessed manner I saw at once that he was the right sort of a man for this kind of work. He said we must go on at once, and lamented that so much time had already been lost; as it was most desirable to be beyond a part of the river near Sheorajpore by the morning. The only thing suspicious about Dhunna Singh was his desiring to accompany us in a small boat to be towed astern, instead of on board ours. I told him we expected him to come into our boat; and this he did, after some hesitation.

We started about ten o'clock, so far as we could judge, and floated rapidly down the river, keeping as much as we could in the center of the stream. We were challenged repeatedly from

either bank, and ordered to stop and come ashore ; but on starting, Dhunna Singh had instructed two of his men, whom he had brought on board with him, to reply in answer to any challenge, that the boat belonged to Dhunna Singh, of Tirowah Pulleeah, who was taking his family down to bathe at a celebrated bathing ghaut near Cawnpore. If this explanation failed to satisfy, the men in repeating it were instructed to say that Dhunna Singh was himself on board ; and if even this did not suffice, he would himself come forward and answer the challenge.

On several occasions he had to do this ; for the explanation of the men being not believed, a second and more peremptory summons was given to stop and pull ashore. Dhunna Singh's own powerful and peculiarly harsh voice, however, never failed to satisfy inquirers ; who, on hearing his explanation, either remained silent, or said, "Go on, go on!" At one village, however, much embarrassment was caused by the party challenging being intimate with Dhunna Singh, expressing great satisfaction at his arrival, and begging him to come ashore and take them on board. Dhunna Singh showed great readiness and presence of mind in this difficulty. He answered their hail with great apparent cordiality, and telling the rowers to stop pulling, began asking questions about different persons and places ; he thus held the party in conversation till we had floated well past the village, when he called out that he could not stop just then, as he wanted his family to be at the ghaut in time to bathe before the morning ; but that on his return, in two or three days, he would make a point of stopping in the village. On saying this he ordered the men to give way as fast as possible, which they did ; and as the river was running like a sluice, we passed down so rapidly that any attempt to have pursued us by a boat from the village would have been quite vain.

About one in the morning we approached Mendee Ghaut, the chief ferry between Oude and the Futtehghur side of the

river, and a great place of resort for mutineers or rebels. Dhunna Singh expressed great anxiety to pass this place in safety; assuring us that the risk of detection was very great. Most providentially, as we approached within a mile of the place, a large bank of clouds came over the moon and it became partially dark. The rowers were told to ship their oars, and the whole party to keep profound silence. In this way we glided down the stream very rapidly, and silent as the grave; owing to the darkness and perfect stillness we passed this critical point altogether unnoticed and unchallenged. About an hour after this we grounded twice: the first time, the boat was got off without much trouble; but on the second occasion she struck several times very heavily, and then nearly capsized. She, however, soon righted a little, but remained for more than an hour stuck fast on the sand-bank. I thought then it surely was all up with us; that we could not float her, and that we should be deserted by those on board and left to the mercy of the villagers, who could not fail to notice and come down on us as soon as it was light.

Nearly the whole of the guard, as well as the rowers, at our earnest entreaty, got into the water; and, by thus lightening the boat, succeeded, after heavy labor, in getting her afloat. The delay caused by this mishap was very serious; for day broke just as we were nearing a place on the right bank where a body of the enemy with guns were said to be posted, and which we had calculated upon passing during the night.

As we approached this point Dhunna Singh, as well as ourselves, felt most anxious. Great, however, was our relief, and deep our thankfulness, when, upon rounding a reach of the river, we found this place silent and deserted. Had the enemy been here we must have fallen into their hands; for escape would have been impossible. Dhunna Singh now told us that if we could only succeed in reaching Bithoor, some ten miles further down, which he supposed was occupied by our troops,

we should be safe; but till we arrived there, as it was now daylight, the risk of being stopped was great.

On we went without interruption for some miles, when the stream carrying us close in shore on the right bank, we came, on rounding a point suddenly, on a considerable body of people, some bathing and some sitting on the bank. On Dhunna Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhunna Singh not to proceed much further down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the Gora log—Europeans—who were in force in Bithoor, and would kill all in the boat.

Dhunna Singh, with his usual presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking coolly at me as I lay inside the covering, eagerly inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed down the stream with safety. He was told the exact spot, and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, told the rowers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore, that Probyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands on their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out; which would have betrayed us at once, and we must have been lost.

We met with no incident for the next few miles, and about 11 o'clock we reached Bithoor. We were now beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last we were in safety, and Dhunna Singh, as we approached the place, removed the curtain hanging in front of where we lay, and called out to us, "You are now in your own territory; come out and look about, for there is no more need of hiding." Jones was just on the point of availing himself of this permission, and going out from under cover, where he had been cramped up all night, into the open air, when, as he was stepping over me, I caught

his leg, and by some involuntary impulse begged of him to stop, and not to show himself for a little. He had scarcely done so, and the words had hardly left my lips, when the curtain was hastily replaced, and we were hailed by a man on the bank. Dhunna Singh inquired who he was; he replied that he was a Sepoy of Jussa Singh's son, and had come across from Futtehpore Chowrassee with some of the Nana's people, to convey away some of the Nana's property which he had been forced to leave behind him, when he fled from our troops on their capture of the place.

Dhunna Singh completely deceived this man by his ready replies to all his questions, and so prevented his suspecting the real character of the boat, or giving the alarm. Dhunna Singh expressed great satisfaction on hearing that Bithoor was evacuated by our troops, and reoccupied by some of the Nana's, and of his ally, Jussa Singh's son. Jussa Singh himself, who was the Nana's confederate in the Cawnpore tragedy, had about a fortnight previously died of his wounds, and been succeeded by his son; with whom the Nana was at this moment in hiding a few miles from us, at Futtehpore Chowrassee.

Soon after passing this Sepoy, and while floating past some high buildings, several shots were fired in rapid succession; and we saw several hundred armed men, congregated in and around the buildings. We, however, heard no whiz of bullets, and supposed that the firing was in honor of the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum, which is now being celebrated. It was truly miraculous how we escaped being observed by this large body of men, all armed, and in the service of our deadliest enemies. We were the sole boat which had appeared for nearly two months on the river, and the unusual sight could not fail to have drawn their attention to us, and yet no one molested us, or tried to stop us.

An hour of most intense anxiety passed in getting clear of this dreadful place, Bithoor. When we had left it about two

miles behind, Dhunna Singh, who as well as myself had not closed an eye all night, came in and lay down under the cover of the boat, and, assuring us that we were now all right, said he could take a sleep. Soon after we had the great joy of seeing Cawnpore in the distance.

Owing to the frequent turns of the river, and a high contrary wind which had sprung up, we were a weary long time in approaching the station.

Just as our hopes of safety appeared on the verge of accomplishment, they suddenly seemed about to be entirely defeated; for the wind caught our boat, and in spite of the efforts of the rowers, who were by this time thoroughly worn-out, drove us half across to the Oude side of the river. We then, for the first time, became aware that this bank was occupied by a body of the enemy watching the Cawnpore force. Their tents became distinctly visible; and, as we were being driven across, we heard their drums and bugles sounding the alarm; as they, I fancy, took us for a reconnoitering party. We expected that they would fire at us; but fortunately they did not, and the wind falling we were enabled, after much labor, to get back again to our own side.

Soon after we came upon a picket of Sikhs posted near the old Magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that, by any possibility, the boat could contain friends, came down to oppose us, and were capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzeer Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape, at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream till we came to the camp where our troops were intrenched, which we should know by a steamer being moored below. We left them, and in about half an hour reached the

landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another along side the steamer. Then, indeed, with grateful and overflowing hearts, we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved and among our own countrymen.

We landed about two o'clock, P. M., of the 31st of August, just twenty-seven hours after we started, during which time we had run the gauntlet for more than one hundred and fifty miles of river way, through the midst of the enemy's country. A picket of Her Majesty's 84th Regiment was on duty at the ghaut. The men congregated round us, and even our own flesh and blood could not have more repeatedly or warmly congratulated us on our safety than they did; they were very tender of poor Mrs. Probyn, and insisted on carrying the children and our little baggage to wherever we wished to go. On learning that the magistrate's tent was a few yards off, at the top of the bank, I immediately went there, and found Sherer, of our service. On announcing myself—for being in native dress he could not recognize me—he was as much surprised as if he had seen an apparition; for I had long been reported among the killed at Futtehghur. I can never forget his hearty welcome.

I was just able to tell him that the Probyns and their children were down at the boat, and beg of him to go and bring them, when, as he rushed off for that purpose, every thing seemed to swim around me, and I fell on the ground from excitement and exhaustion. Sherer soon after returned with the Probyns, and by that time I had recovered myself. When we had all collected in the tent, our first question was as to the fate of the party who had left Futtehghur, and of whom we hoped that some had escaped. Then, for the first time, we heard the truth, that they had really *all* been murdered; that not one had survived. We also heard of the awful massacre at Cawnpore, of which only vague rumors had hitherto reached

us, too terrible to admit of credence. We could scarcely believe that we four persons and the two children are the sole survivors of that large body of our country people, men, women, and children.

Sherer got rooms prepared for us in a house fitted up as a hotel, close to his tents, and just beyond the intrenchment occupied by our troops. To get to this place we were obliged to pass the house in which the slaughter had been perpetrated, and the well where so many of those dear friends lie, whom we had so lately parted with in full strength and vigor.

When we found ourselves in a house again, for the first time for three months, and in a position of comparative security, we felt quite awe-struck; and, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, we kneeled down together to bless our God, who had so wonderfully "delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and from those who lay in wait for us by the way."

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

AND THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

On the proud roll of Indian hero-martyrs, one of the first places belongs, of right, to the name of Henry Lawrence. The full worth of his career is, perhaps, not so well known as it should be; but in India, by common consent, Henry Lawrence had been the foremost man of the public service since Lord Dalhousie's happy choice made him ruler of the Punjaub. Sir Henry Lawrence is, indeed, the glory of the late Indian history, as Clive is of the earlier—the difference between the characters of the two men illustrating the change which a hundred years have made in the spirit of Indian statesmanship. The rude, rough age of battle and conquest found its apt representative in the daring and reckless genius of the older hero; while in the later is typified all that purer and kindlier spirit in which we interpret our present duties toward the subject people of India. And it is the highest merit of Sir Henry Lawrence that he was the first to comprehend and to carry out that milder and more genial policy in the conquered provinces, which is henceforth the basis of all solid government in India. For such a duty never was man more happily fitted. To deep wisdom and rare sagacity he united that sweetness of nature which is the invariable attribute of the true hero. A man never breathed of a purer soul and loftier purpose. Earnest, simple, and tender, withal manly and self-contained, his fine nature was admirably calculated to win love and trust, to arouse the enthusiasm of

every generous and noble heart, and to overcome even those wild spirits intrusted to his dominion.

Called, almost by acclamation, to the administration of the Punjaub, when yet a simple Captain of Artillery, notably did Henry Lawrence justify an appointment, so irregular, according to all official precedent ; and in estimating the extraordinary results of that administration, let us remember what kind of people it was over whom he was set as absolute Governor. A more arduous governorship was never undertaken.

In proportion to the difficulty of the work must be our admiration for the manner in which Sir Henry Lawrence dealt with this rugged people, and, like another Odysseus,

> "Through soft degrees,
> Subdued them to the peaceful and the good."

The only other parallel instance of administrative genius is that of Sir Charles Napier, in Scinde. The career of either hero is a striking example of what may be done by the mere force of individual character in the government of a barbarous people. Of the two perhaps Lawrence was the more successful ruler, by virtue of his gentler and more self-sustained temperament. Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjaub. The genius of England for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which she owes the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjaub was nothing short of an absolute reconstruction of the state. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos, law out of anarchy, peace out of war; he had broken up the feudal system and established a direct relation between the government and people ; he had dissolved the power of the great sirdars ; he had disbanded a vast Prætorian army and disarmed a whole

population; he had made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people. Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of English dominion in India say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world.

The effect of Sir Henry Lawrence's policy—in which he was ably seconded by his colleagues, his equally-famous brother, and Mr. Mansel—has been a thorough revolution in the social state of the Punjaub. The old soldiers of the Runjeet Singh have either taken service with the English, or have been absorbed in the body of the peaceful population. The majority of them have returned to agriculture. "The stanch foot-soldier," says the Second Punjaub Report, "has become the steady cultivator, and the brave officer is now the sturdy village elder. The great chiefs, if deprived of the principal portion of their authority, have been confirmed in all their just possessions, and their younger scions display a great ambition for civil employment under the British Government, for which, by an excellent educational system, they are being rapidly qualified."

In regard to the tenure of the land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government, and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great sirdars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on

the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private Jagheerdars—an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession; and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British could not recognize. The land-tax was reduced by one-fourth, yet in the second year of annexation the total amount of revenue had reached the fullest amount ever realized under Runjeet Singh.

The latter days of the hero's life were worthy of his Punjaub career. Perhaps none of the English officers were so perilously situated at the commencement of the mutiny. Appointed too late to the administration of Oude, when already suffering from a mortal complaint, the fruit of his past devotion to the public service, he had barely assumed the reins of power ere the revolt had burst out. The mischief had already been done, and it was too late to arrest the progress of events. The task before Sir Henry Lawrence was hopeless from the beginning, yet he did not shrink from it. The time had gone by for reconciling the nobility of Oude to our sway. The summary and ill-judged policy of Lawrence's predecessor in the settlement of the lands, had alienated all the great *talookdars*, and inspired general discontent and misgiving. Sir Henry Lawrence had always protested against the absolute dispossession of the great landholders, whom custom and long tenure, if not right, had given a sort of title; and there can be no doubt now that to the adoption of a policy contrary to the Punjaub precedent, rather than to any national feeling on the score of the annexation, is to be attributed the present rebellion in Oude—from the beginning something more than a military revolt. And in estimating the danger of Sir Henry Lawrence's position, it is to be remembered that he alone, of all the British officials, had to contend with a disaffected people as well as a mutinous soldiery. To do this,

he had a total European force of *nine hundred men!* Upon his success or failure there hinged the vital interests of the empire. The province of Oude is the heart of India. Had it been lost as completely as was Rohilcund or Delhi, there would have been no safety for the Europeans outside the walls of Fort William. The whole rebel horde would have poured into our home provinces, overpowered the feeble garrisons on the way, and annihilated the small British bands under Havelock and Neill. That such were not the results is due to the vigor and foresight with which Sir Henry Lawrence met the revolt at its birth, and to the heroic endurance of the Lucknow garrison, of which he was the head and soul. From the first overt act of mutiny on the 3d of May, 1857, to the time of his death, there was nothing left undone by Sir Henry Lawrence which it was in the power of mortal man to do, to stem the tide of revolt and to maintain the British authority.

In the pages of the Diary of the Defense of Lucknow, which follow, the heroism of Sir Henry will be illustrated, as well as that of other men.

THE DIARY.

Ten days before the outbreak it was expected, and Sir Henry Lawrence ordered all kinds of stores to be purchased.

On the evening of the 30th of May, a Sepoy, of the 13th Native Infantry, who had received a reward from Sir Henry for having assisted in the capture of a spy, came to Captain Wilson, of the 13th Native Infantry, and said he could not help reporting that there would be a rising among the Sepoy regiments, to be commenced in the lines of the 71st Native Infantry that evening at about 8 or 9 o'clock, P. M.; but he was not certain at what hour. His manner in giving this information was *earnest* and *impressive.*

On that evening every thing went on as usual; all remained quiet in the cantonments, where Sir Henry Lawrence was resid-

ing. Some days previously the ladies and children had been removed to the Residency in the city, which place had already been occupied by a party of the 32d Foot and two guns. The 9 o'clock, P. M., gun was fired, and was evidently the preconcerted signal for the mutiny; for a few minutes after, while Sir Henry Lawrence and his staff were at dinner at the Residency, a Sepoy came running in and reported a disturbance in the lines. Two shots were heard in the 71st lines. The horses of the staff were at once ordered, and they proceeded to the lines. On the way, more dropping shots were heard from the left of the 71st lines. The party arrived in the camp, where about three hundred men were posted, and found them all on the alert. These were posted in a position on the extreme right of the 71st lines—the whole front of which they swept—and they were also contiguous to the road leading from cantonments to the city.

Sir Henry Lawrence immediately took two guns and a company of the 32d with him on the road leading to the town, and there took post; thereby blocking up the road, and effectually cutting off all access to the city. He sent back soon after for reinforcements of the Europeans and for two more guns. In the mean time the officers of the several regiments had proceeded at once to their respective lines. Bands of insurgents had meanwhile made their way among the officers' bungalows, keeping up as they went a desultory fire, which prevented many from passing the roads toward the lines. One of the first of these parties made straight for the mess-house of the 71st Native Infantry, whence the officers had escaped but a few minutes before. They exhibited great bloodthirstiness, making every search for the officers, and ending by firing the house. On several shots being fired from the 71st lines on the 32d Foot and guns, the order was given to open with grape; on which a rush was made by the Sepoys to the rear; when they passed the infantry picket, which is situate in the center of cantonments.

The picket was under the command of Lieutenant Grant, of the 71st Native Infantry. His men remained with him till the mutineers were close upon him. They then broke; but the subadar of the guard, and some men of the 13th and 48th Regiments, composing the guard, tried to save him by placing him under a bed. A man of the 71st Native Infantry, who was on guard with him, however, discovered the place of his concealment to the mutineers, and he was there brutally murdered—receiving no less than fifteen bayonet wounds, besides some from musket balls.

From the first, Lieutenant Hardinge, taking with him some few sowars of his Irregular Cavalry, patrolled up and down the main street of the cantonments, and went to the officers' messes on the chance of saving any lives. In the compound of the 71st mess he was fired at by a mutineer, who then rushed upon him with his bayonet, which pierced his arm. More than once the cantonments were thus patrolled by Lieutenant Hardinge under a smart fire, with the same humane intentions; but not in sufficient force to prevent the burning and plundering of the officers' bungalows, and of the bazars. The excitement in the lines continued; while the 32d remained quietly in position, awaiting the advent of the remnants of the regiments who had remained true to their colors. A remnant of the 13th Native Infantry, about two hundred men, with colors and treasure, came up; and, according to previous arrangement, joined and fell in on the right of the 32d. A small portion of the 71st, without being able to save their colors or their treasure—through the disaffection of the native officer on duty—also came up and took post next the 32d Foot. Of the 48th nothing was heard till 10 o'clock, A. M., next day. About 10 o'clock, P. M., many of the mutineers had made their way up to some empty artillery lines, outside the 71st Native Infantry lines, whence they commenced firing. Brigadier Handscomb, who had come up from the rear of the 71st lines, was killed by a stray shot

from this place: just as he had reached the left flank of the 32d, he fell dead off his horse. The bungalows throughout the cantonments were most of them on fire. No attempt was subsequently made to attack the position. To secure the Residency bungalow, and that portion of the cantonment next the city road, four guns and a company and a half were taken up to the cantonment Residency, and the guns placed at each gate. All was now quiet, and the remainder of the night passed away without any further event. Nothing had been seen or heard of the 48th Native Infantry. Many officers had most wonderful escapes from death. Lieutenant and Adjutant Chambers, of the 13th Native Infantry, was severely wounded in the leg, while effecting his escape from the magazine where he had taken a guard of his regiment.

May 31*st*.—At daylight the force, consisting of some companies of Her Majesty's 32d Foot, and the remnants of the native regiments, about one hundred men 71st, and two hundred and twenty men 13th Native Infantry, with part of the 7th Cavalry, and four guns, advanced down the parade in front of the lines of the several regiments. From the lines of the 13th Native Infantry about fifty men came, and said they had saved the magazine of that regiment. Hearing that the body of the rebels had retired toward the race-course, where they had plundered the lines of the 7th Cavalry, and murdered Cornet Raleigh of that regiment—who had been left there sick—the whole force of cavalry and infantry, with four guns, proceeded thither, leaving Colonel Case with a portion of the 32d in position in cantonments. On arriving in the open plain, a body of about one thousand, two hundred men were seen in line in the distance, drawn up to the race-course. Many of the cavalry galloped over at once to the insurgents. The guns then opened with round shot, which dispersed them, and they made the best of their way across country, followed immediately by the cavalry and guns, and, at a greater distance, by the infantry.

No opportunity offered for the guns to again open, owing to the celerity of their flight; but the cavalry hovered round and took about sixty prisoners, who were brought into cantonments. The pursuit continued in the same order till the guns were stopped by a nullah, over which they could not cross. The cavalry, however, continued their pursuit, and kept it up for some ten miles. By 10 o'clock, A. M., the force had returned to cantonments, as the heat was excessive.

As most of the bungalows were burned—the officers having lost every thing—the troops were moved into camp. The usual guards were kept by the native regiments, and the cantonments regularly occupied. Owing to this, the neighboring country seemed to be reassured. Supplies came in regularly, and in plenty. The exertions of all were redoubled to complete the defenses, and collect stores and supplies in Muchee Bhawun and the city Residency. The former post, originally occupied by the dependents of the late king, had been selected by Sir Henry Lawrence as a fitting place of security and retreat, in case matters took an unfavorable turn. On the 16th of May, immediately on the receipt of intelligence from Meerut of the commencement of the outbreak, this stronghold, then in a very dilapidated condition, was occupied by the light company of the 13th and some guns, and measures were taken for its thorough cleansing. Supplies continued to be brought in and stored.

On the evening of the day on which the troops returned from the pursuit of the rebels, an insurrection took place in the city toward Hosainabad; the standard of the prophet was raised, and other means of religious persuasion used to excite the populace. The police of the city, under the energetic superintendence of Captain Carnegie, behaved well, and the movement was at once quelled, and the standard taken. News of the *émeute* at this place had by this time reached the district, and the rising of the neighboring stations was to be looked for.

On the afternoon of the 4th June, parties of ladies and

officers of the 41st Native Infantry, escorted by about twenty-five men of the regiment, who had remained faithful, came in, bringing the news of the mutiny at Seetapore, and of the deaths of Lieutenant-Colonel Birch, commanding the regiment there, of Mr. Christian, and of other civilians and ladies. On the 5th news came of the mutiny at Cawnpore, but no particulars. Reports of all kinds were rife among the bazars; but no authentic intelligence could be procured, as the telegraph wire was cut. From Benares the news came in of the 37th Native Infantry having mutinied, and of their having been overpowered by the rest of the force there.

June 10th.—The defenses at the city Residency, as well as the Muchee Bhawun, were increased, and houses and buildings around them began at once to be demolished. Large stacks of firewood were made, and houses and tents set apart for the occupation of the European refugees, who were arriving from the districts daily. Provisions of all sorts continued to be stored, including one hundred and ten hogsheads of beer just arrived from Cawnpore.

Besides the two important posts noted above, the range of buildings toward the Hosainabad quarter of the town were occupied by two thousand police under the direction of Captain Carnegie; a thousand more were ordered to be raised, and officers of the 41st were put in command of each of the police battalions. This day we heard, by native report, that General Wheeler was defending himself in the intrenchments at Cawnpore; but no letter was received.

June 11th.—Early this morning a false alarm was brought in from the Cawnpore road that the enemy was upon us. Captain Evans, who had been sent out to gain information, returned with the above report, which created, for a short period, some needless alarm. We continued hard at work getting in supplies and adding to our defenses. Many vague reports of disturbances were in circulation to-day.

June 12th.—On this day an instance of disaffection from within the camp occurred. The regiment of military police, commanded by Captain Orr, mutinied in a body, rushed to their lines, seized their arms, and then set off in the direction of Cawnpore, giving themselves no time to inflict any damage in their quarter of the city. So great was their haste that they failed to empty their own barracks, and left behind them their clothes and baggage. Information of this was given to head-quarters, on which two guns of Major Kaye's battery, two companies of Her Majesty's 32d, and some seventy Sikhs of the 1st Oude Irregular Cavalry, the whole under the command of Colonel Inglis, were dispatched after them. They were pursued for some eight miles before they were come up with, and it was only by pushing on the cavalry and guns, without waiting for the slower movements of the infantry, that they were overtaken at all.

The guns opened fire as soon as practicable; they had come up well over some difficult ground, but their horses were, in consequence, so done up that there was some difficulty in taking up the most desirable position. Once the cavalry charged well, but neither the result of their charge, nor of the practice of the artillery, was such as might have been expected. The enemy's loss was not exactly ascertained, but it was supposed that they had some twenty killed, and ten prisoners were brought in. Of Captain Forbes's men two Pathans were killed on the spot, and some others, including a gallant old native officer, wounded. Mr. Thornhill, of the civil service, charging with them, was also wounded. All this time the infantry were far behind, unable to get up. A village lay to the front, in which many of the insurgents had taken refuge. Colonel Inglis forbade its bombardment, as it would have entailed much injury to innocent villagers; and the evening was by that time so far advanced that the measure would probably not have sufficed to dislodge the mutineers.

VIEW OF LUCKNOW.

About an hour remained to sunset; the guns and cavalry were a long way from the infantry and many miles further from home. A return movement was, therefore, ordered and accomplished successfully; the whole force returned about eight o'clock, having gone over some sixteen or eighteen miles of ground.

The Europeans had marched well to the front. It was a hard day's work for them, and two men were lost from apoplexy, for the heat was dreadful.

June 13th.—Shot and shell both brought down to the garrison from Muchee Bhawun—about three-quarters of a mile. Unabated exertions to add to the defenses of the garrison.

The 13th Regiment of Native Infantry, one hundred and seventy rank and file, came down from cantonments and encamped in the Residency compound. Ineffectual efforts to blow down the *Furrahd Buksh* Gateway. Three or four cases of cholera occurred at Fort Muchee Bhawun. Officers' servants began to desert. Intelligence was received from Fyzabad of the mutiny of all the troops there. Heat beyond endurance.

June 14th.—Several cases of cholera and small-pox.

June 15th.—All officers of the cantonments ordered down to the garrison.

June 16th.—This morning twenty-two conspirators, emissaries from Benares and elsewhere, who had been sent to corrupt the troops at this place, were captured in a house in the center of the city. Information having been given to Captain Hughes, commanding the 4th Irregular Infantry, he directed two stanch native officers to put themselves on the watch, and to pretend participation in the disaffection. This they did, and by this means, with Captain Carnegie's assistance, Captain Hughes was enabled to effect the capture of these inciters to mutiny. They were forthwith brought to a drum-head court-martial, and the whole of them condemned to death.

June 22d.—Sir Henry Lawrence made an excursion as far as

the Hosainabad Kolwallee, garrisoned by nearly three thousand police and others, and inspected them and the defenses of that place. He also visited the Dowlut Khana, an old magazine, and, on his return, went over the Muchee Bhawun defenses. All our available spare carts, hackeries, and wagons were to-day employed in bringing in the guns found yesterday. Many of them were of large size. The unroofing and clearing away of houses continued without intermission, and every exertion was made to remove any thing which might afford cover in the immediate vicinity of our defenses.

June 24th.—Heavy clouds and every appearance of rain throughout the day, but none fell; heat excessive. Sir Henry Lawrence proceeded at daybreak as usual, attended by his staff and two orderlies from the volunteer cavalry, and inspected the Dowlut Khana, Seesh Muhal, Imaumbarah Kolwallee, and Muchee Bhawun; and in the evening he proceeded five miles on the Fyzabad road, to ascertain if there was a good position we could take up, in case of an advance of the rebels in that direction.

Native reports describe the force at Cawnpore as being hard pressed; native reports from Allahabad were good. Much progress made in knocking down and unroofing the houses in the *immediate* vicinity of the Muchee Bhawun and Residency. The Racket Court was now filled with bhoosa for the cattle and thatched in. We were supposed to have nearly three months' supply of provisions now stored. The mutineers were reported to have arrived at Nawabgunge—eighteen miles distant—and were said to have with them some sixteen guns.

June 25th.—The tower at the Muchee Bhawun was carried on this day with great ardor. Crowds of coolies were employed under the direction of Lieutenant Innes, of the Engineers. This defense was to command the stone bridge, the Imaumbara, and a number of high mosques facing that side of the Muchee Bhawun. Elephants were yoked to one of the heaviest guns;

luckily there was some gear for the purpose, and the experiment turned out successful.

A native rumor reported the arrival of a strong force of mutineers at Nawabgunge, where it was said they were to remain till they had consolidated their force. Good news came in today from Allahabad in a letter from the officer commanding the 1st Madras Fusileers, dated the 18th of June, in answer to one dispatched from this place on the 15th instant. Colonel Neil's letter gave little or no detail, beyond stating that he assumed command of the fort on the 11th instant; that there had been much fighting, but all the mutineers were entirely broke and dispersed, and the cantonments reoccupied. Cholera broke out on the 18th among the Fusileers, who in two days had had among them one hundred cases, forty of which had proved fatal. Every effort was being made to push on troops to Cawnpore, but the road was not open, and carriage was difficult to procure; also that Her Majesty's 84th were close at hand, and that the telegraphic communication had been reëstablished between Calcutta and Allahabad. No authentic intelligence from Cawnpore, and much anxiety was felt regarding the force there.

All appearance of rain had gone off, and the heat was almost insupportable. The river had risen about a foot and a half, and was no longer fordable. A letter was received from Mrs. Dorin, stating that she was residing in a hut close to Seetapore, soliciting money and assistance, and reporting the murder of her husband. Numbers of gun-barrels and locks were brought in from the old magazine, where a great quantity of crow's-feet were found, and ordered to be brought in to-morrow. Behind Mr. Ommanney's house, a very large battery was commenced by Lieutenant Hutchinson. Quantities of grass and stores were brought in.

June 26th.—This morning Sir Henry Lawrence, accompanied by his staff, as usual inspected the principal buildings in the

vicinity of the Muchee Bhawun and the new round tower, at which great progress had been made, and in which not less than three hundred coolies were at work. Proceeding thence he inspected the newly-completed defenses opposite the Kolwallee. On his return, Sir H. Lawrence received a letter from Major Raikes, at Mynpoorie, giving intelligence of the capture of the city of Delhi on the 13th instant—this afterward turned out to be a false report. A royal salute was ordered to be fired from the Residency, Muchee Bhawun, and cantonments, and a *feu-de-joie* was fired by the Irregulars, who were quartered in the Dowlut Khana, under the command of Brigadier Gray. Many useful stores, consisting of unwrought materials, rope, and platforms, were brought in from the old magazine. Considerable progress was made in a new battery for heavy guns, which had been commenced in the rear of Mr. Ommanney's house.

In the afternoon a letter, dated June 23d, was received from Colonel Neil, commanding at Allahabad, reporting all well there; that seven hundred and fifty Europeans had arrived, and that one thousand more would be with him on the next day; that every effort was being made to dispatch four hundred Europeans, two guns, and three hundred Sikhs to Cawnpore, but that much difficulty was experienced in procuring carriage.

Also, at sunset, a letter was received from Sir H. M. Wheeler, K. C. B., dated the 24th instant, detailing his losses, and giving an account of the outbreak, and stating that he had supplies for only eight or ten days at the farthest. His letter was replied to at once, and he was informed by Sir Henry Lawrence of the news received from Allahabad, and also that in ten days at the farthest he would receive aid from Allahabad, and that he must husband his resources as much as possible; that the force at Lucknow was threatened by an attack from eight or ten regiments, three or four of which were within twenty miles.

A reward of one lac of rupees was offered this day for the

capture, within a week, dead or alive, of the Nana, at Cawnpore, and means were taken to have the proclamation widely disseminated. With the larger battery commenced to the south, behind Mr. Ommanney's house, we had three large batteries in progress, and were also busily employed in destroying, as far as possible, any buildings that might give cover in the vicinity. Five or six elephants were in course of training to drag heavy guns, so as to enable us to move out without delay, should circumstances require a heavy gun to be taken out.

June 27th.—This morning a letter from Lieutenant Burnes was received. It gave an account of the mutiny at Seetapore, and of the escape of himself, Sir M. Jackson, Bart., and sisters—one of whom had been carried off for some days by the Sepoys and brought back—and some others, to a place called Mitowlee, where they claimed and received the protection—charily given—of a rajah: they were then all in the jungles, suffering the *greatest* hardships. It also mentioned the safety of another party with Captain Hearsey; who, however, were also in the jungles. Many of these seem to have had the most hair-breadth escapes. No rain had yet fallen, and the heat was most oppressive. The cholera had abated during the past few days, but several cases of small-pox had, however, occurred. The river was reported to have fallen a foot since yesterday.

A report was in circulation early in the day, that General Wheeler had made terms with "the Nana" at Cawnpore; but few believed it, and in the evening it was reported incorrect, as heavy firing had been heard yesterday at Cawnpore from Bunnee. Three boxes of crow's-feet and a great number of musket-barrels and unwrought stores were brought in from the old magazine at the Dowlut Khana; also a very large quantity of gun-carriage wheels. The force at Nawabgunge was said to be increasing, but very undecided as to what to do. A great force of coolies were at work, and much progress was made in the defenses at Muchee Bhawun and the Residency.

June 28th.—This morning at about 3 o'clock, A. M., we had a heavy fall of rain, which continued with slight intervals till 7 o'clock, A. M. Sir Henry Lawrence proceeded to Hosainabad and examined the defensive preparations made there; returning by the Muchee Bhawun, he found that the buildings occupied by the 32d had hardly leaked at all.

It having been reported that there were many jewels and valuables in the king's palace, which might fall into the hands of the mutineers, a party under Major Banks were sent out to fetch them in; which they did about 6 o'clock, P. M., and reported that they had discovered a large gun.

About 7 o'clock, P. M., three different natives brought in the very sad and distressing news that the Cawnpore force, having no more ammunition left, had entered into a treaty with their enemies, after which they had all been treacherously murdered, as they embarked in boats to proceed down the river to Allahabad.

Mrs. Dorin, wife of Lieutenant Dorin, who lately commanded the 10th Regiment Oude Irregular Forces, arrived this evening in a country cart, disguised as a native, and accompanied by some clerks. She was for very many days secreted in a village close to Seetapore, and her escape is wonderful. The Sergeant-Major's wife of the 9th Regiment Oude Irregular Infantry also arrived in a dhoolie, severely wounded. From 8 to 10 o'clock, P. M., it rained heavily. A letter, dated the 21st June, received from Benares from Mr. Gubbins, giving an account of the number of Europeans coming up the country, and describing the state of Benares and Allahabad; reporting also an action at Delhi on the 8th instant, when the British troops captured twenty-six guns.

June 29th.—This morning a brass gun, a twenty-one-pounder, which had been accidentally discovered yesterday by the party who had been dispatched under Major Banks, to bring in valuables from the palace, was brought in, carriage and wagon all

completely ready for immediate service. Some grape-shot and powder, chiefly damaged, was also found in an adjacent house.

The people in charge of the palace, without giving a thought to resistance as it was at first expected they might do, nevertheless showed an evident reluctance to give information where the arms, etc., were stored. However, it came out at last, that there were more arms within the palace, and a party was dispatched to secure them. Seven cart-loads were brought in; chiefly flint muskets, with a few spears, etc.; four small guns were also discovered and brought in.

A small party of volunteers, cavalry—twelve men, including officers—were sent along the Cawnpore road to bring in information. After going some twelve miles, they returned, having learned that there were some two or three regiments not far off them. Captain Forbes, with the Sikh Cavalry, was sent off at sunrise to patrol the Nawabgunge road. Six men were also sent on the Sultanpore road to gain information. Both the parties returned at sunset, Captain Forbes bringing intelligence that the enemy were at Chinât, nine miles off.

Our defenses progressed, but labor was not so easy to procure as it had been some days before.

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The enemy being in strength so near, it was deemed advisable to withdraw the troops from cantonments, which was quietly done at sunset; and it being expected that the enemy would march on Lucknow, Sir Henry Lawrence thought it advisable to move out with a strong force, hoping to meet and oppose them before they entered the suburbs of the city. In order to prevent any notice reaching the enemy of the intended movement, the orders were not given out publicly till 3 o'clock on the following morning, and at the same hour twenty Sikhs under Lieutenant Birch were to be sent to the Iron Bridge, in order to prevent any one crossing over with intelligence of the movement to the enemy.

June 30th.—Pursuant to orders, a force, comprising one hundred and fifty of the 32d from the Muchee Bhawun, one hundred and thirty of the 13th Native Infantry, forty Sikhs of the 13th Native Infantry, the 48th, numbering fifty bayonets, the European cavalry thirty-six strong, the Oude Irregular Cavalry, about ninety men, four of the guns of Kaye's battery—Europeans—two of Alexander's guns—natives—two of Bryce's guns—natives—and an eight-inch howitzer, found in the town a few days ago, and which was drawn by two elephants, assembled at the Iron Bridge at 5.45 A. M. The advance guard was composed of twenty-five Sikh Cavalry, and fifteen European Cavalry; twenty Sikh Infantry, and twenty of the 32d Regiment; the whole under the command of Captain Stevens, of the 32d Foot.

The eight-inch howitzer, two guns of Alexander's battery, two of Kaye's battery, the 13th Native Infantry, two of Bryce's guns, and the detachment of the 32d Foot, formed the main body, and marched in the above order. The rear guard was composed of the 48th Native Infantry, under Colonel Palmer; the whole force being under the personal command of Sir Henry Lawrence. It was the Brigadier-General's original intention only to proceed to the end of the Pucka road, to the village of Kocaralee; and on their arrival there, our force was halted, and the Brigadier-General, with the advanced guard, proceeded about a mile to the front, whence no one was to be seen. The force was on the point of being ordered to return, when it was decided to make a further reconnoissance; and soon after the enemy were fallen in with, in overwhelming numbers, and the force was compelled to retire with the loss of the eight-inch howitzer, and three nine-pounders.

The enemy came boldly on, and invested us on all sides, firing from all the houses round, which they rapidly loop-holed; they also erected a hasty battery for the eight-inch howitzer across the river, from which they threw several well-directed

shells; and they began to collect boats for a bridge across the river, the Iron Bridge being under fire from the Redan.

July 1st.—The enemy threw in a very heavy fire of musketry all day and night. Early in the morning they advanced to attack, but were repulsed on all sides with considerable loss from our shells, guns, and musketry. Mr. M'Rae, of the Civil Engineers Department, and Lieutenant Dashwood, 48th Native Infantry, were wounded, while assisting in working an eighteen-pounder in the Post-Office Battery.

During the day attempts were made to get messengers to cross over to the Muchee Bhawun fort; two or three men started, but as their success was very doubtful, it was determined to work the telegraph on the top of the Residency. This had been previously arranged by the engineer in concert with one on the Muchee Bhawun; it simply consisted of one post with a bar at the top, from which were suspended in one row black stuffed bags, each having its own pulley to work it. After having attracted the attention of the Muchee Bhawun garrison, the greatest difficulty was found in working the telegraph, from various causes; the chief of which was the tremendous fire which the enemy opened on the spot directly they saw our people on the flat open roof of the Residency. It rained rifle balls, principally from the top of the jail, and some few of the ropes of the bags were actually cut by them; then the pulleys went wrong, and twice the whole machine had to be taken down, and after readjustment put up again. After three hours' hard work under a broiling sun and a heavy fire, the transfer of messages was at last completed.

The message was simply an order to blow up the place and come to the Residency at 12 P. M., bringing the treasure and guns, and destroying as much as possible all spare ammunition. The night was anxiously looked for, as the retreat of the retiring force might be intercepted, and the enemy had the advantage of position. To help the movement, the Brigadier-Gene-

ral gave orders that shortly before 12 P. M., the different mortars and guns from our batteries should open fire, in order to distract the attention of the enemy. This was carried out; especially toward the Iron Bridge, by which the force must pass.

The movement was most successfully performed; and so quick and noiseless was the march, that at 12.15 the head of the column was at the Lower Water Gate. Here there was some little delay, as the force not being so quickly expected, the gates had not been opened. A very serious accident had nearly happened in consequence of this, for the leading men, finding the gates closed, shouted out, "Open the gates," and the artillerymen at the guns above, which, loaded with grape, covered the entrance, mistook the words for "Open with grape," and were already at the guns, when an officer put them right. The whole force came in without a shot being fired.

The explosion had not yet taken place; but soon, a shake of the earth, a volume of fire, a terrific report, and an immense mass of black smoke shooting far up into the air, announced to Lucknow, that two hundred and forty barrels of gunpowder, and five hundred and ninety-four thousand rounds of ball and gun ammunition, had completed the destruction of Muchee Bhawun, which we had with so much labor provisioned and fortified.

July 2d.—Arrangements were made for posting and stationing the Muchee Bhawun force which came in last night, and placing the field-pieces in position; all of which Sir H. Lawrence himself personally superintended. About 8 A. M. Sir Henry returned to the Residency, and, being much fatigued, lay down on his bed. Soon after an eight-inch shell from the eight-inch howitzer of the enemy entered the room at the window, and exploding, a fragment struck the Brigadier-General on the upper part of the right thigh near the hip, inflicting a fearful wound. Captain Wilson, who was standing along side

the bed with one knee on it at the time, reading a memorandum to Sir Henry, was knocked down by falling bricks, and slightly wounded in the back by a piece of shell. Sir H. Lawrence's nephew, Mr. Lawrence, had an equally-narrow escape, being on another bed close by: he was not hurt; the fourth individual in the room was a native servant, who lost one of his feet by a fragment of the shell. It was at once pronounced that Sir Henry Lawrence's wound was mortal, and his sufferings were great. He immediately sent for Major Banks, and appointed him to succeed him as Chief Commissioner, and appointed Colonel Inglis to command the troops. He was then removed to Dr. Fayrer's house, which was somewhat less under fire. About noon this day a round shot came into a room on the lower story of the Residency, and shattered the thigh of Miss Palmer—daughter of Colonel Palmer, 48th Regiment Native Infantry—so dreadfully, that instant amputation was obliged to be resorted to. All the garrison were greatly grieved, and the natives much dispirited at our severe loss, in that popular and very distinguished officer, Sir Henry Lawrence.

A perfect hurricane of jinjal, round shot, and musketry all day and all night. Probably not less than 10,000 men fired into our position from the surrounding houses; the balls fell in showers, and hardly any place was safe from them. Many of the garrison were hit in places which, before the siege, it was considered would be perfectly safe; but the enemy fired some of them from a great distance out of the town, from the tops of high houses, and the balls fell every-where.

July 3d.—It is difficult to chronicle the proceedings of these few days, for every-where confusion reigned supreme. That unfortunate day of Chinât precipitated every thing, inasmuch as we were closely shut up several days before any thing of the kind was anticipated. People had made no arrangements for provisioning themselves: many, indeed, never dreamed of such a necessity; and the few that had were generally too late.

Again, many servants were shut out the first day, and all attempts to approach us were met by a never-ceasing fusilade. But though they could not get in, they succeeded in getting out; and after a few days, those who could boast of servants or attendants of any kind formed a very small and envied minority. The servants in many instances eased their masters of any superfluous article of value, easy of carriage. In fact, the confusion can be better imagined than described.

The head of the Commissariat had, most unfortunately for the garrison, received a severe wound at Chinât, which effectually deprived them of his valuable aid. His office was all broken up: his goomastahs and baboos were not with us, and the officers appointed to assist him were all new hands. Besides all this, the first stores open were approachable only by one of the most exposed roads, and very many of the camp-followers preferred going without food to the chance of being shot. Some did not know where to apply, so that for three or four days many went without rations; and this in no small degree added to the number of desertions. Owing to these desertions, the commissariat and battery bullocks had no attendants to look after them, and went wandering all over the place looking for food; they tumbled into wells, were shot down in numbers by the enemy, and added greatly to the labor which fell on the garrison, as fatigue parties of civilians and officers, after being in the defenses all day repelling the enemy's attack, were often employed six and seven hours burying cattle killed during the day, and which from the excessive heat became offensive in a few hours. The artillery and other horses were every-where to be seen loose, fighting and tearing at one another, driven mad for want of food and water; the garrison being too busily employed in the trenches to be able to secure them.

Poor Sir H. Lawrence suffered somewhat less to-day, but was sinking fast, and at times his mind wandered. A tremendous fire all day, more particularly on the Baillie Guard and Dr.

Favrer's house where Sir Henry was lying. We thus early in the siege learned that all our proceedings inside were known—through some party or other—to our enemies. Miss Palmer died to-day, and Mr. Ommanney, of the Civil Service, was dangerously wounded under the ear by a grape-shot, while in the Redan battery.

July 4th.—A tremendous fire all night; but no effort was made to storm our position. To the great grief of our garrison, Sir Henry Lawrence died this morning about 8 o'clock, from the effects of his wound. Shortly before his death, Mr. G. H. Lawrence, while standing in the front veranda of Dr. Fayrer's house, was wounded by a musket-ball through his right shoulder.

At night there was a great uproar in the city, which evidently underwent a thorough plundering. Notwithstanding this, the same heavy fire was kept up throughout the night. Every one at work trying to throw up some shelter for himself. In the course of the day, a nine-pounder, brought by the insurgents and placed behind a small mosque close to our furthest water-gate, was spiked by a private of the 32d and four others from Innes's post, who shot four of the enemy. The enemy were taken by surprise while at their dinner.

July 5th.—From 2 till 6 o'clock, A. M., heavy rain; and extremely-heavy firing all day. Several casualties among our garrison. A soldier of the 32d was said to have killed five men in ten shots from the Cawnpore battery, which was subjected to a very severe musketry fire. Continued efforts were made to collect all the horses and secure them, but it was impossible to do any thing during the day. The fire was so heavy, and the night was so dark, it was difficult to get hold of the animals, who were half mad; added to which four or five horses were killed daily, which had to be buried at night by parties of officers, who, after being exposed to a fearful sun in the trenches all day, were often out in the rain till 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning, engaged in burying horses and bullocks,

in order to prevent the dreadful stench which would otherwise have been increased, and which had already become almost insupportable.

July 6th.—The usual amount of musketry and cannon-fire all the morning; about two o'clock in the afternoon it became very severe, especially toward the Baillie Guard, which seemed the favorite point to-day for the heaviest fire. A heavy cannonade heard about three miles off for about half an hour. About four o'clock, P. M., the flashes of the guns were distinctly seen. The cause was unknown. The enemy digging trenches in all directions. The carriage of one of our nine-pounders was disabled by the enemy.

July 7th.—A heavy fire all the morning.

A sortie was made by fifty of the 32d and twenty Sikhs, led by Captain Lawrence, Captain Mansfield, Ensign Green, 13th Native Infantry, and Ensign Studdy; the latter led. The storming took place at noon. The object was to examine M. Johannes's house, and discover if the enemy were driving mines; it was perfectly successful, and fifteen or twenty of the enemy were killed. Our loss was one Sikh and one 32d slightly, and one 32d severely wounded.

This afternoon a very sad event occurred. Major Francis, 13th Native Infantry, who had commanded at the Muchee Bhawun, and who was in the command of the brigade mess square, was struck in the legs by a round shot, which completely fractured both legs, rendering amputation of one *immediate*, and great fears were entertained for the other. He was a brave, good officer, and much respected by all, and one in whom Sir Henry Lawrence had much confidence. The calm manner in which he bore his misfortune gained him the sympathies of all. Not a murmur escaped him, his only anxiety being a hope that the authorities would bear testimony that he had performed his duty. The Rev. Mr. Polehampton, military chaplain, was severely wounded in the side this day by a rifle-

ball, while in hospital. One of the walls of the Racket Court, now used as a bhoosa gadown, fell in, and a quantity of the bhoosa became exposed in consequence. All spare tarpaulins were immediately supplied to cover it, and officers and men worked hard, for two hours, in a deluge of rain. The rains, so long expected, seem now fairly set in. It commenced raining heavily at two o'clock, P. M., and continued pouring down the whole night.

July 8th.—All very much as usual, and very heavy rain fell, which somewhat abated the enemy's fire. Every effort was made to put the place in some kind of order and to feed the bullocks.

Poor Major Francis insensible and sinking; he died at seven o'clock, P. M., and was buried by a party of officers close to Mr. Ommanney's grave. Every effort was made to curtail the expenditure of provision, and officers were placed on half rations every third day. Very few servants remained, and most of the officers had none. All were on duty thirteen and twenty hours a day, and constant alarms took place at night, rendering it necessary for all to stand to their arms. Fears were entertained of the bhoosa stack taking fire, as the outer wall of the Racket Court had fallen down and left it exposed. All available officers and men worked hard, in heavy rain, to get it covered in again with tarpaulins. Twelve Sikhs of the 13th Native Infantry deserted last night. All the Hindoos and Mussulmans of the 13th, 48th, and 71st behaved nobly.

July 9th.—Much rain fell during the morning. About four o'clock, A. M., the enemy made an attack on the Baillie Guard Gate, and about three hundred showed themselves, shouting and sounding the "Advance" on the bugle; but being received with a few rounds of grape, and a steady fire from the 13th, they speedily disappeared. Very much the same thing occurred soon after at the Cawnpore battery. Continued fire all day.

This was now the tenth day of the siege, and the heavy

musketry fire on every side had never for an instant ceased, night or day, and at times the fire was terrific. Many casualties occurred, and our want of protection at the different crossings over from one side of the Residency compound to the other was very much felt. To-day an excellent soldier, and a man greatly respected—Mr. Bryson—formerly Sergeant-Major of the 16th Lancers, was shot through the head while endeavoring to strengthen his post. The enemy appeared to have had some excellent marksmen. The commissariat began to work well, and all were well supplied. The officers were placed, however, on half rations every third day as a precautionary measure. Lieutenant Dashwood, of the 48th Native Infantry, died of cholera after a few hours' illness.

July 10th.—This morning the enemy's fire was continued much as usual. A Sepoy, of the 13th, was killed early in the morning, and later in the day a private of the 32d Foot and an artilleryman were wounded. The horses of the cavalry and the artillery, which, during the first days of the siege, were loose, and driven nearly mad from hunger and thirst, galloping about and creating the greatest confusion, had now been nearly all turned out, though not without much trouble ; and fifty of the best were retained and secured in the Sikh square. All the bullocks were now also secured, and arrangements made for feeding and watering them ; but numbers of horses and bullocks died, and their burial at night by working parties, in addition to nightly fatigue parties, for the purpose of burying the dead, carrying up supplies from exposed positions, repairing intrenchments, draining, and altering the position of guns, in addition to attending on the wounded, caused excessive fatigue to the thin garrison, who had but little rest night or day : there were few officers with more than one servant, and one-third certainly had *none*. In all duties the officers equally shared the labors with the men, carrying loads and digging pits for putrid animals, at night, in heavy rain. All exerted themselves to the

utmost, alternately exposed to a burning sun and heavy rain. Toward the middle of the day the enemy fired less than they had previously done on any occasion since the siege commenced.

We received no news from any quarter, but sent off many letters. Every exertion was made to grind up the wheat in store by hand-mills, and this day thirteen maunds and two seers were ground.

July 11th.—The whole force called to arms in consequence of a false alarm.

July 13th.—Heat dreadful; several officers shot.

July 14th.—The enemy fired all night as well as day, and particularly on Mr. Gubbins's post.

July 20th.—For several days the heat has been intense. The firing has continued without interruption. From midnight of yesterday the enemy remained unusually quiet, and at daylight all seemed much as usual. About half-past eight o'clock, A. M., it was reported that a very large body of men could be seen marching about in different directions within a few hundred yards of our position. A sharp look-out was kept, and the garrison stood to their arms. At a quarter-past ten o'clock the enemy sprung a mine inside the water-gate, and about twenty-five yards from our inner defenses; the explosion was great, and was evidently intended to have blown up our Redan battery and also to act as a signal; for immediately the dust and smoke subsided, a very heavy fire of round shot was commenced from every gun that the enemy possessed, followed immediately, almost, by a terrific fire of musketry, under which the enemy made an attempt to storm the Redan and Innes's house. The garrison were ready, and every one at his post, and the attack was coolly met and repulsed; however, the enemy advanced boldly, and came up within twenty-five yards of the battery in immense force, but were unable to withstand the fire of our men.

They made a similar attempt on Innes's house, but were similarly repulsed by the garrison, consisting of twelve men of the 32d, twelve of the 13th Native Infantry, and a few uncovenanted gentlemen, under Ensign Loughnan—who distinguished himself greatly : a very great loss was inflicted on the enemy, who repeatedly tried to advance, but were driven back each time with much slaughter. Finding their efforts useless, the enemy fell back, and contented themselves with throwing in a terrific storm of musketry ; from which we shielded our men as much as possible, by keeping them laid under our defenses. Almost at the same time an attack was made on the Cawnpore Battery, but the enemy's standard-bearer—who advanced bravely—being shot in the ditch of the battery, the rest fell back. The enemy now moved toward Lieutenant Anderson's house and Captain Germon's post, with scaling-ladders, but were well received and fell back with much loss. The attack was now over, though for the rest of the day, till 4 o'clock, P. M., the enemy threw in a heavy fire ; when it gradually subsided : the attack was mostly confined to the points above noted.

In the afternoon they succeeded in making a lodgment in some pucka cook-houses inside our abattis, and began to use a crowbar, which was distinctly heard. We made a hole through to them from above, through which they fired, injuring no one ; but on our throwing down some hand-grenades, they fled across the road, two being shot by the officers who were watching from above. The 13th, 71st, and 48th Sepoys all behaved well, and the manner in which the outposts were held was beyond all praise. The uncovenanted distinguished themselves greatly. We had fortunately only four men killed, and some twelve wounded : Captain Forbes, Lieutenant Grant, Lieutenant Edmonstone, and Mr. Hely were wounded. All were under arms from eight in the morning till eight at night, and greatly fatigued and worn-out.

July 21*st*.—All very quiet during the night. The enemy were probably fatigued with their exertions yesterday, for throughout the night only a few round shot were thrown in. About 10 o'clock, A. M., the enemy lodged themselves in some force in the low buildings between the Sikh court-yard and Mr. Gubbins's* post, but were driven out by a few shells, and were fired on by the officers of the brigade mess, as they ran across a small lane: they did not attempt to reoccupy the position during the day. About 12 o'clock Major Banks was killed by a musket-shot through the head, as he was reconnoitering from the top of an out-house. Mr. Gubbins's garrison was fired on smartly during the morning, and many round shot were sent into Mr. Gubbins's house; the garrison of which had many alarms during the day. Painful boils were prevalent. A dreadful stench pervaded the place in consequence of the number of dead horses and bullocks, which, lying direct under the fire of the enemy, we were unable to remove. Excessive heat, and several cases of cholera. Great fatigue; no news. Poor Dr. Brydon severely wounded in Mr. Gubbins's house. Two Europeans killed and two wounded; also one of the 13th Sepoys.

July 22*d*.—Very heavy rain began to fall at 1 o'clock, A. M., and continued till 8 o'clock, A. M., when it cleared off. During the heavy rain the enemy only fired slightly. After 8 o'clock, A. M., it became more brisk, and they fired several round shot, but were not very active during the forenoon. Cholera still prevalent. Our numerical strength much diminished, as we had had one hundred and fifty-one casualties in the 32d Regiment alone. The enemy moved the eight-inch howitzer from its old position, and brought it across the river by elephants, with a tumbril behind it. Up to this date, we had no intelligence of any kind from any quarter, and, indeed, we had received none since the 27th ultimo.

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* Magistrate of Cawnpore.

July 27th.—From midnight all quiet, save the usual musketry fire. Cloudy, sultry weather. About 7 o'clock, A. M., two planks were observed laid across the road in front of Johannes's house. They were not seen the night before, and being carefully watched, a man's hand was seen coming up from below ; and soon after some eight feet of earth fell in, showing the direction of a mine of the enemy right across the road, and pointing direct for our stockade, within six feet of which it had apparently reached. This was a most fortunate discovery for us : they had evidently kept this mine too near the surface, and the heavy rain had broken it in. Our mine continued to be pushed on as rapidly as possible, and our sharp-shooters from the top of the brigade mess kept up so hot a fire on the enemy's sap from above, that they could make no attempt to repair the mischief. Much fever prevalent, consequent on being constantly wet day and night.

Toward the afternoon the enemy again covered their trench with boards ; but we got a mortar under our wall, and after one or two failures, a shell fell right into the hole and blew all the planks away, leaving the remains of the trench exposed to view, giving us no further anxiety. Fine weather in the afternoon. Enemy heard mining toward the brigadier mess ; on which a shaft was commenced by the officers, and the enemy ceased working. Late in the evening the enemy were very distinctly heard mining toward the Sikh lines ; on which the Sikhs, under Lieutenant Hardinge, commenced and sunk an eight-feet shaft ; hearing us, the enemy seemed to stop working. All quiet, with the exception of the usual amount of firing. Fever, diarrhea, dysentery, and painful boils, from constant wet and exposure, still prevalent among the garrison. Mrs. Grant—wife of Lieutenant Grant—died of cholera. Captain Boileau, 7th Cavalry, was wounded to-day.

July 28th.—Much shouting and bugling among the enemy during the early part of the morning : heavy rain at daylight.

Made repairs to the Redan battery ; also made a small field-work for a nine-pounder. Sickness much increased, and for many days past only one engineer officer was available for duty : hard work, privation, and exposure day and night to wet and heat, few could long stand against.

The enemy threw in several shells, also a number of stink-pots, which were a very curious composition of large pieces of our exploded iron shell sewn up in canvas, and surrounded by flax and resin, with dry powder in the center : these, from the commencement of the siege, had been thrown in daily from a howitzer ; they made a fearful hissing noise and great stench, and finally exploded. They were not very dangerous, unless they exploded *very* close to a person. We also had a few rockets thrown in, but not many ; and lately a number of shrapnel shells, fired apparently from a howitzer with a very great elevation. The enemy's miners could now be distinctly heard working close to the Sikh Square sap.

The room in the Residency containing the jewelry and valuables belonging to the late King of Oude, was broken into last night by some of the garrison, and most of them stolen. Enemy tolerably quiet in the afternoon. About 5 o'clock, P. M., our sap in the Sikh Square, which had been going on as fast as we could push it in the direction of the enemy's, met theirs, which they continued to work to the last moment. On our crowbar, however, going through into their gallery, they instantly fled out of it, and commenced to fill in their shaft. We immediately made use of their gallery, and blew the whole up with one hundred pounds of powder, which brought down all the adjacent houses, etc. After this the enemy tolerably quiet. Good progress made in our Cawnpore sap.

June 29th.—A fine moonlight night. Enemy fired many round shot about daylight, and also musketry from the houses across the road ; they also threw in many carcasses, which nearly all fell in the vicinity of the Cawnpore battery. No intelli-

gence. All were anxious for the relieving force, which we thought could not be far off. Our Cawnpore sap loaded with two hundred pounds of powder, ready to explode whenever it might be thought most advisable. Colonel Halford, 71st Regiment Native Infantry, who had been long ill, died this morning.

A few convalescents joined the ranks, giving more room in the hospital, which was greatly overcrowded in consequence of all the patients being obliged to be kept on the ground-floor, as also the state prisoners and their servants; the round shot passing so frequently through the upper story as to make it impossible to make use of it. Rumor stated that the enemy had gone out in force to meet our coming army, and had left two or three regiments of infantry, and a body of military police, to keep us in; but it was most difficult to tell what force we had opposed to us, as the enemy seldom or never showed in any number, but kept in the houses under cover, occasionally yelling, bugling, and throwing in a heavy fire, then subsiding into the usual steady fire which went on night and day.

Firing of cannon heard in the direction of Cawnpore. We hoped it was our friends. All anxious, but all conjecture. Enemy recommenced mining toward our mine in the Cawnpore battery. About 6 P. M. a heavy firing was heard for about five minutes in the road from Cawnpore, and in about half an hour several guns were heard in the direction of cantonments; this made us think it was a salute fired by the enemy for some reason or other; probably to reassure themselves. However, all is conjecture; but it threw our garrison into a great state of excitement, and many, indeed most, stoutly maintained it was our force. About three or four hundred Sepoys were seen at the same time running across the Iron Bridge toward cantonments in great haste. We fired two shots at them with an eighteen-pounder.

The excitement gradually cooled down; the enemy keeping up their usual fire. Another mine was discovered this evening,

by a portion of it falling in : it was running in the direction of Sago's house. Lieutenant Grant, of the Bombay army, whose wife and child died a few days ago of cholera, died in hospital this night, from the effects of his wound : his right hand had been blown off by a hand-grenade. A fine moonlight night.

July 30th.—From 2 A. M. till daylight heavy rain. Enemy got in close under the wall of the Sikh lines, and began some kind of operations against it ; they were so close that no musket could be fired, being under a projecting piece of the wall ; they were, however, dislodged by a few pistol shots, and ran off. No further incident occurred during the night, beyond that there was the usual amount of firing into our position, and bugling on the part of the enemy. After daylight enemy fired slackly. Terrible stench in many parts of the garrison from half-buried corpses and animals, which we had no time or means to bury properly. Several cases of fever, cholera, and small-pox.

About 9 A. M. a number of Sepoys and matchlockmen were seen coming along the Cawnpore road, and for about an hour and a half a continuous stream of men came in in detached parties of twenty and thirty : some Sepoys were among them. Slack firing during the forenoon, only a few shells and musketry. In the afternoon, heavy rain for an hour. Unable to discover what the enemy were about. Considerable progress made in a sap, which we had sunk in an out-house close to the corner of the brigade mess-house, where most of the children and ladies were located. At first the enemy were heard mining toward us, but since yesterday we had not heard them. We continued, however, to steadily push our sap, hoping either to come across that of the enemy or succeed in getting under Johannes's house ; from which they fired all day long on any one who showed himself. Yesterday an artillery sergeant, who incautiously crossed the road commanded from Johannes's house, was shot through both legs. The enemy had many

riflemen, and some of them were most expert shots, firing through our loop-holes.

About 8 P. M., as Captain Wilson, Lieutenant Barwell, Lieutenant James, and Mr. Lawrence were sitting on the chubootra of the Begum Kotee, a shell came in and exploded as it struck the parapet of the wall under which they sat, bringing it down. Lieutenant James, who was lying wounded on his bed, had a most wonderful escape. A large piece of masonry, weighing upward of a hundred weight, fell on his bed, breaking it to pieces, and bringing him down on the ground; but he was uninjured. Mr. Lawrence received a severe contusion on the back and head from falling masonry; and this was the extent of the damage. Mrs. Clarke, wife of Lieutenant Clarke of the 21st Native Infantry, died this evening: bad food, privation, confinement, and smells of all kinds, worked their effects.

July 31*st*.—A fine night, and the usual firing. At daylight the enemy commenced firing heavily on the Church and Residency, from a twenty-four-pounder planted in the neighborhood of the Iron Bridge. They also threw in many shells, and fired their guns from the Clock Tower Gate. Our eighteen-pounders and mortars were employed till 10 A. M. in silencing the enemy's fire. Our sap from the brigade mess made good progress across the road, toward the out-houses occupied by the enemy. Several children have lately died: privation the chief cause. We had received no information whatever since the 26th instant, the date on which we received the only letter we had yet received since the 27th of June. Our reinforcements were due to-day, and their non-arrival led us to suppose that the enemy had succeeded in breaking down the bridge at Bunnee, and arresting the progress of our friends. The flies dreadful—preventing all rest during the day, and disputing our food with us. The enemy continued to throw in shells all the forenoon, till 2 P. M., when we had a heavy shower: after that the firing con-

tinued as before. In the evening we repaired our defenses as far as we could, as, owing to the heavy rain, the earth had settled very considerably. A fine moonlight night, and all quiet, save the usual amount of round shot and musketry.

August 1*st*.—Still no intelligence of any kind, which caused much anxiety, more particularly as some of our supplies for natives were likely to be at an end in twenty days' time. Weather very hot and sultry; small, painful boils, covering nearly the whole body, very prevalent. Many deaths among the children, and sickness on the increase. Great inconvenience felt in the hospital for want of space; the sick and wounded sadly crowded, and the building very badly ventilated, as the lower story was hardly safe from shots. Enemy threw in many shells this morning, and fired unusually sharp with their heavy guns, till about 10 A. M., keeping our guns and mortars fully employed in keeping down their fire. Heat very great; fire gradually slackened off toward noon, but recommenced sharply again about 5 P. M. Many round shot, shell, and carcasses came in. One of the latter fell into the court-yard of the Begum Kotee, within a few feet of the table at which the staff and commissariat officers were at dinner; but no one was hurt. Several cases of cholera occurred to-day. Efforts made to improve and strengthen our defenses during the moonlight nights; but the engineer officers were all sick, and little was done. Our sap in the brigade mess was pushed steadily on, and had attained thirty-eight feet from the shaft this evening.

August 2*d*.—Fine moonlight night. Sharp firing during some portion of it. Many rockets were thrown in early in the morning. Mr. Hely, of the 7th Cavalry, died this day of the wound he received on the 20th ult. An artillery sergeant was mortally wounded this morning in the Redan. Enemy fired a salute of some forty guns about 11 A. M. A Sikh sowar of the 3d Irregular Cavalry deserted to the enemy this morning. The Bhoosa stack fell down to-day, burying ten or twelve bul-

locks; which, after much labor, were got out. Seven of them were unfortunately dead; thus entailing more labor, as at night we had to bury them: no slight task in such weather, with our jaded and harassed garrison. Toward the evening a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides. About 5.30 P. M. an eight-inch shell from the enemy struck the Begum Kotee, and, breaking right through the outside wall, exploded in the room in which Lieutenant James, of the Commissariat, and Mr. Lawrence, of the Civil Service, were lying on their beds wounded, with one or two servants in the room; providentially all escaped, though the room was set on fire. Heavy firing till midnight.

August 3*d*.—Smart firing till daylight. Every possible effort was made to strengthen our position and raise the hight of our defenses. A soldier of the 32d Foot was shot dead this morning in the center room of the hospital; showing how little safety any where existed against the enemy's fire.

August 10*th*.—Large force of the enemy seen on the Cawnpore road. The enemy's mines were sprung, and two attacks upon us were made. The attacks were repulsed.

August 13*th*.—Dreadfully hot night. At 10 o'clock, A. M., engineers reported our countermine ready. It was fired with happy results.

August 18*th*.—At daylight the enemy exploded a large mine under one of our principal posts in the outer square, occupied by the Sikhs; the three officers and three sentries on the top of the house were blown up into the air and fell among the débris. The guard below were all, however, buried in the ruins, and lost their lives: they were two bandsmen of the 41st, two of the 13th, and a Sepoy of the 48th Native Infantry. The officers, though much stunned, on recovering themselves, ran away, and all three escaped unhurt.

When the smoke had blown away, we discovered that a clear breach had been made into our defenses, to the extent of thirty

feet in breadth. One of the enemy's leaders sprung on the top of the breach, brandishing his sword and calling on others to follow; but he fell dead instantly from the flank fire of the officers on the top of the brigade mess. Another instantly followed and shared the same fate, when the rest of the force declined making a home rush. On the first springing of the mine, our garrison was at once under arms, and the reserve of the 84th Foot—eighteen men—were immediately sent down and placed in a position which commanded the breach from the right; while boxes, doors, planks, tents, etc., were rapidly carried down to make as much cover as possible to protect our men against musketry: also a house was pulled down and a road made for a gun; and, after incredible exertions, a nine-pounder was got into a position which commanded all the breach, and was loaded with a double charge of grape. The enemy, by means of some barricaded lanes, contrived to creep up and get possession of the right flank wall of the Sikh square; but our mortar and a twenty-four-pounder howitzer drove the main body off, and a sudden rush at noon cleared away the rest. We reoccupied all the ground we had lost in the morning, and also took possession of the houses previously held by the enemy, and which were situated between the Sikh square and Mr. Gubbins's house. No time was lost in destroying them, and by sunset four hundred pounds of gunpowder had cleared away many of the houses from which the enemy had most annoyed us. By this time the breach was securely barricaded against any sudden rush, and at night a working party completed it. In addition to the eight men lost in the explosion, we had this day one of the 32d killed, and a volunteer—M. De Prât—and three of the 32d wounded. Nothing could exceed the zeal with which *all* the natives worked to secure the breach, and make a road for a gun. The heat was fearful, and this was one of the most harassing days we had, all ranks being hard at work from daylight till dark, under a dreadful sun.

Lieutenant Fletcher, 48th Regiment Native Infantry, on look-out duty at the top of the Residency, was shot through the arm, and had his telescope shivered by a rifle-ball, while reconnoitering. Lieutenant Graham was also hit on the chest with a spent ball.

August 19th.—The enemy rather lively with their large guns this morning. Firing more particularly at the guard-rooms on the top of the brigade mess, which were by this time well-riddled. About 2 o'clock, P. M., the engineers, Messrs. Fulton, Hutchinson, and Anderson, with a small party, went out on the premises which we yesterday seized, for the purpose of blowing up some more houses and buildings. This party was supported by some Europeans and Sikhs, kept inside the square. The enemy showed no where, and save for a few dropping shots, their presence would not have been known.

It is worthy of notice, that even through the pucka buildings the enemy dug communicating trenches, probably to escape the effects of our shells; which, however, they had not always been successful in doing, as several pools of blood showed us. In the afternoon we experienced a smart cannonade, and about dusk had a heavy shower which staid it for a while, and after 8 o'clock, P. M., it subsided nearly entirely into a musketry fire.

August 20th.—A heavy fire of musketry toward daylight, when the enemy began the heaviest cannonade we had yet had; particularly on the Cawnpore battery, in front of which they had put another gun in position. For three hours they fired continually, and a great portion of Mons. De Prât's house fell in. Their round shot came in through the Thug Jail, and enfiladed it; fortunately it struck high, and no casualty occurred: they also threw some shrapnel, as yesterday. Our guard-rooms on the top of the brigade mess were now entirely demolished by round shot, which came through them almost unceasingly. An eight-inch shell went into the Residency, and

exploded on the staircase. A soldier of the 32d Foot was killed in the eighteen-pounder battery, at Dr. Fayrer's, by a musket-ball which struck him in the head. We were busy all night at our mine, which was now completed, and we hope to be able to load it and have it ready to fire by daylight to-morrow morning. Many men were seen in the early part of the day, moving about in the bazar—most of them Sepoys. It was difficult to say what they were about, as they were moving both ways. Lieutenant Cunliffe, of the Artillery, was slightly wounded this morning in the knee by a musket-ball. Great mortality among the children in the garrison, and a great deal of sickness prevailed, particularly fever. All the tea and sugar for the Europeans had been for some time expended, save a small supply which had been reserved for the use of the sick and wounded. The enemy again commenced to undermine the lane running from the Cawnpore battery behind the brigade mess, and were also engaged in some other work to the right of Johannes's house. Much firing during the evening. Captain Lowe, of the 32d Foot, had a very narrow escape; an eight-inch shell burst close to him in the trenches, and slightly wounded him in the hand, and cut off the arm of a soldier along side him. The enemy made an attempt to burn down the gates at the Baillie Guard, by eluding the vigilance of the sentries, and piling up logs of wood and combustibles outside the gate. It burnt fiercely, but was soon extinguished by the water-carriers of the 13th, without damage to the gates: the fire was the signal for a heavy fusilade, which lasted nearly half an hour.

August 21st.—At daybreak all was prepared and ready for the blowing-up of our mine, and the simultaneous sortie of fifty Europeans under Captain M'Cabe and Lieutenant Browne—divided into two parties—for the purpose of spiking the enemy's guns which fired into the mess-house, and in order to hold Johannes's house while the engineer officers blew it up. Pre-

cisely at 5 o'clock, P. M., the mine, containing four hundred pounds of powder, was sprung, and as soon as the dust and smoke had in a measure subsided, the party ran out, drove the enemy—who were taken by surprise, and made but a slight show of resistance—from their guns—two—and spiked them both, and retained possession of Johannes's house, while the engineers made arrangements for blowing it up. These were soon completed, and the party withdrawn. A slow match was applied, and the house laid in ruins. Our losses were one of the 84th killed, one sergeant—84th—mortally wounded, one of the 32d dangerously wounded, one slightly wounded, and a sergeant of the artillery killed. The operation was entirely successful, and rid us of a house from which the enemy had, from the commencement of the siege, annoyed us greatly. Captain Barlow, of the 50th Native Infantry, died somewhat suddenly in hospital this morning. The grass and jungle all round had grown to a very great hight, and would have given cover to a number of men to approach close up to our position unobserved. In the afternoon a boy, about twelve years of age, was seen close to the Baillie Guard Gate, picking up bullets that had been fired. A Sepoy of the 13th on sentry duty saw him, covered him with his musket, and compelled him to come in. An eight-inch shell fell on the top of the Residency about 9 o'clock, P. M., and exploded, fortunately without injuring any one.

August 24th.—Enemy opened a very heavy fire upon us. The women and children greatly endangered, and obliged to be moved from spot to spot.

August 28th.—News from General Havelock. No hope of assistance for twenty-five days. Mr. Gubbins's house no longer safe, and the ladies removed from it.

August 30th.—Lieutenant Bowlam was killed by a musket-ball.

September 2d.—About 9 A. M. this morning a mine of the enemy was discovered within thirty feet of Captain

Saunders's post; they came up to a well, and, not knowing what it was, made a hole in the surface; when the smoke from their lamp became apparent. A countermine was immediately commenced and run out sixteen feet, and within two feet of the enemy; it was quickly loaded and tamped for about fourteen feet, and the head of their gallery was blown in. Their miners were heard at work when the hose of our mine was ignited; and it was believed they must have sustained some loss. Another of the enemy's mines was also discovered this morning, coming for the center of the brigade mess-house; but we had a shaft and gallery ready to frustrate their efforts. One of the Sepoys of the 13th Regiment of Native Infantry was severely wounded this morning while standing sentry. We had a heavy cannonade from the enemy in the afternoon, and some alteration was made in the position of some of their guns on the Cawnpore side of our position. The advance of a month's pay, which had been offered to all natives, was declined by the 13th, 48th, and 71st, and pensioners, and only four rupees each was received by the Sikh Cavalry, as all preferred to receive it in arrears hereafter. This spoke volumes for their faithfulness.

This evening a very sad event occurred. Lieutenant Birch, of the 59th Regiment Native Infantry, attached to the Engineer department, went out at dusk, accompanied by four other officers, to explore some old ruins quite close to the north side of our position, in order to see if there were any traces of mining. The work had been most satisfactorily performed, and the party were returning, when a sentry of the 32d Regiment, who, unfortunately, had not received the caution that a party was going out and to be careful not to fire, seeing objects moving in the dark outside our limits, fired his musket; lamentable to relate, it took effect, and the bullet passed through the lower part of the belly of Lieutenant Birch, who died two hours after. He was a gallant and efficient officer, and had

only been married six months. His loss was greatly deplored by the garrison. Our miners were all hard at work all day, countermining the enemy, who still persevered in their efforts to blow us up.

September 3d.—About 2 A. M. a very heavy cannonade from the enemy till 9 A. M. Unbarricaded a door leading out of our position, and turned loose during the night sixteen horses and a mule, which had been wounded, and were unfit for use. Further efforts made to limit the supply of flour, and issue wheat in lieu thereof. Advances of pay made to officers, ladies, the civil and uncovenanted service, and a few natives who desired it.

The sun particularly powerful, and as during the nights a heavy dew fell, and occasionally the mornings were very cool, great fears were entertained for the health of our men; especially as nearly all had to sleep in the trenches. Consequently search was every-where made for tents to shelter them; but the majority of these had been used as barricades and other defenses, and were now, from exposure to the rain, etc., completely rotten and useless.

The enemy commenced mining at Sago's garrison, and a shaft and gallery were made to meet them. In the evening there was a heavy cannonade on Mr. Gubbins's post. A soldier of the 32d was dangerously wounded at Innes's house by an eighteen-pounder shot, and another slightly wounded by grape shot. Much heavy firing from the enemy. Very severe work at mining, as our people were employed at four different points. After 10 P. M. an exceedingly-heavy cannonade accompanied by musketry. The enemy were distinctly heard repairing their batteries, and moving a heavy gun with elephants, in the direction of the Cawnpore battery.

September 4th.—The usual cannon and musketry throughout the night, which greatly increased after daylight, but gradually subsided after 9 A. M. into a few solitary discharges of can-

non. The outer wall of the mess-house was greatly injured by the constant firing from the enemy's guns, although it was of great solidity. Between 9 and 10 A. M. an unusual commotion was observable in the town, and the streets were much crowded, for which we were unable to account; whatever it was, the crowd gradually dispersed, and by 11 A. M. all was tranquil, and the enemy's guards were relieved as usual at that hour.

Toward the middle of the day there was very little firing from the enemy: they could be distinctly heard in three of our listening galleries, sapping steadily toward us. A 32d soldier was severely contused to-day by a round shot, while on duty in the Cawnpore battery, and another wounded by a musket-ball. About 4.30 P. M. Major Bruère, commanding the 13th Regiment Native Infantry, went on the top of the brigade mess to endeavor to pick off some of the enemy's gunners. Unfortunately, in his anxiety to get a shot at some riflemen, he somewhat unnecessarily exposed himself, and was hit by a rifle-ball through the chest, which almost immediately proved fatal. His death was very greatly lamented by the Sepoys of the 13th, with whom he was very popular: they insisted on carrying his remains to the grave, and his funeral was attended by all the men of the 13th who could be permitted to leave their trenches. The eighteen-pounder battery made by the Sepoys of the 13th was now nearly completed, and was sixteen feet thick, besides the wall in front; the eighteen-pounder intended for it was got down, and put in position. The enemy were evidently aware of what we were about, as two shells fell quite close; one just inside, and the other outside the new battery.

The outer wall and buildings on the top of the mess-house fell in this evening, with a great crash, consequent on the outer wall having been completely breached; fortunately no one was hurt, and several ladies and children still clung to the inner

rooms for shelter, preferring the chance of a round shot or musket-ball to the fetid, close atmosphere of an already overcrowded hovel in the interior of our position; which, after all, was, perhaps, hardly any safer from the fire of the enemy.

September 5th.—A fine moonlight morning. Soon after daylight, the enemy commenced the severest cannonade we have yet had. About 8,000 infantry and about 500 horse were by sunrise seen moving about round our position, and evidently preparing for an attack. The garrison were soon—every man—on the alert, and remained patiently under a tremendous fire of cannon, awaiting the enemy's onset. They soon opened fire from a new battery of two guns across the river; and about 10 A. M. exploded two mines—one, a large one, close to the eighteen-pounder battery, and the other, a smaller one, at the brigade mess, which we had countermined and were about to blow up. Providentially, the enemy had miscalculated their distance in both instances, and were just short of our defenses, and neither explosion did us any harm. As soon as the cloud of dust and smoke had cleared away, they advanced under cover of a tremendous fire on several points—particularly at Mr. Gubbins's post—where they came on resolutely, and planted an enormous ladder against the bastion to mount it. Several reached the top, but were so steadily received with musketry and hand-grenades, that none could gain a footing: and after several leaders had fallen, the rest fell back to the cover of the neighboring houses, where they kept up a tremendous fire. Their loss was very heavy, as they showed themselves well; particularly in the garden close to the brigade mess and Sikh Square, where they fell rapidly to our rifles and muskets. Long after the action they could be seen carrying away their killed and wounded over the bridges.

During the attack we only had one havildar of pensioners and two Sepoys of the 13th killed, and one soldier of the 32d wounded—loss of hand—from round shot. Eight Sepoys of

the 13th Native Infantry, assisted by three artillerymen, loaded and worked the eighteen-pounder in the 13th battery, and after three or four rounds, succeeded in silencing the eighteen-pounder opposed to them. The Sepoys were very proud of this battery, which was entirely under their charge, and constructed solely by them, under the superintendence of the Engineers. A fearfully hot day, and a broiling sun, to which all were exposed for nearly the entire day. During last night another shaft, eight feet deep, was sunk by the officers of the brigade mess as a listening gallery, in case the enemy should run a sap in that direction.

In the evening the enemy seemed disgusted with their want of success in the morning, and confined themselves to a few shots, now and then, from their batteries. An eighteen-pounder came right through the hospital, from their new work across the river, and passed through the whole length of the building, which was crowded with patients, and very slightly wounded Lieutenant Charlton and a soldier of the 32d, both of whom were lying there wounded. Passing, as it did, through the entire length of such a crowded space, it was perfectly extraordinary that this ball did not do more harm.

After all attacks, the enemy were most determined in their efforts to carry off their dead, and generally contrived to do so at night. To-day, as usual, the leading men were most of them knocked over, which greatly discouraged their followers.

September 8th.—Captain Simmonds died of his wounds to-day.

September 9th.—During the night a shell exploded in a room occupied by a lady and some children, and, though almost every article in the room was destroyed, yet all providentially escaped.

Finding this morning that the enemy were rapidly mining toward the Cawnpore battery, it was deemed advisable that our mine, containing two hundred pounds of powder, which

had been ready and charged for upward of a month, should be exploded; and, accordingly, at ten o'clock, A. M., it was sprung. The effect was tremendous, and it evidently astonished the enemy, whose miners must have been destroyed.

September 12*th.*—A tremendous row and noise in the city all night. A shaft sunk in the center of the brigade mess, in view to running a sap out across the road into the garden in front of the enemy's battery. Rather less firing all day than usual. Very large bodies of matchlockmen were seen moving about, but a smaller proportion of Sepoys. A soldier of the 32d and an uncovenanted man were wounded—the former in the head, the latter through the hand. During the past few days no case of cholera occurred. In the evening, after dark, the 71st Sepoys were employed, under Lieutenant Langmore, in bringing in some tents which were piled up in the Residency garden. While so employed, one of the enemy came up, evidently having mistaken our party for one of his own; he was immediately seized by two Sepoys and brought in. A European sentry was killed to-day through a small loop-hole in the Redan, out of which he was looking, and another in the same battery was wounded during the night.

September 13*th.*—A smart cannonade at daylight. Considerable progress was made in our new mines out of the Cawnpore battery and brigade mess. Captain Mansfield was seized with cholera early this morning, and died a few hours after. A great number of matchlockmen seen moving about in the bazar. Enormous prices offered in the garrison for all kinds of supplies. A small fowl was to-day purchased by a gentleman for his sick wife for twenty rupees—£2. A bottle of curacoa sold at auction, a day or two ago, for sixteen rupees, and the same price was freely offered for two pounds of sugar. Divine service performed at the brigade mess, and at Dr. Fayrer's, to all who were able to attend. A man came in about eight o'clock, P. M., from the city; he could not or would not

give any information, was looked upon as a spy, ironed and placed in the main-guard. A tolerably quiet evening.

September 14th.—A good many matchlockmen were seen coming into the town during the day, both over the stone bridge and the bridge of boats. For the last two days the bugles of the enemy had not been heard, which led us to conclude that the headquarters of regiments had probably left the city. A few dhoolies were seen passing down the Cawnpore road, and a man—apparently of some consequence—was observed haranguing a mob in the city. There was the usual amount of firing and sharp-shooting all day.

A grievous occurrence took place in the afternoon. Captain Fulton, of the Engineers, while reconnoitering from a battery in Mr. Gubbins's post, was killed by a round shot, which struck him on the head. He had conducted all the engineering operations of the siege for a considerable time previous to the death of his chief—Major Anderson. He was a highly-gifted, cool, brave, and chivalrous officer, fertile in resources, and a favorite with both officers and men. His loss was acutely felt.

September 15th.—The eighteen-pounder battery beyond Innes's house fired heavily and reduced Innes's house to almost a heap of ruins; the shot came right across the entire open space round the Residency, and one soldier of the 32d was mortally and the other slightly wounded. The breach in the Sikh Square made by the enemy, was now tolerably retrenched. The inner square was well loop-holed and barricaded, so that even if the enemy had made their way in they would have been unable to make a lodgment. The vicinity of the houses to our defenses in the outer square rendered mining easy, and we took and blew up three of the enemy's mines at this point alone. Lieutenant Fullerton, of the 16th Regiment Native Infantry, died in hospital this morning.

To-day the veranda of the Residency fell in with a great crash, from the effects of the battering it had received from

the enemy's eighteen-pound shot. This afternoon a mortar, equipped as a howitzer—on Lieutenant Bonham's principle—was put in position against the eighteen-pounder battery opposite Innes's house, and fired several shots, which kept the enemy's gun in check; and one shell, having blown away most of their parapet, they did not fire again from it during the evening. Under the direction of the garrison engineer, a shaft was commenced in the Baillie Guard Gate by the Sepoys of 13th Regiment of Native Infantry, in order to run a sap out in the direction of the Lutkun Durwaza: eight feet and a half were this evening accomplished. It is intended as a safeguard to cut off any mine that the enemy may be running toward the gateway.

September 16*th*.—A very sharp cannonade from daylight for three hours. An eight-inch shell fell in the rear of the 13th battery—for the second time since the commencement of hostilities—and mortally wounded a Sepoy and slightly wounded a subadar. Enemy were very busy erecting—apparently—a new battery, to the right of our Cawnpore battery; but it was difficult at the time to say what it was intended for; the people working at it were greatly annoyed by our shells, and it made but little progress except during the night. They were, also, very hard at work in front of the Redan battery, where they had made deep trenches in all directions.

Ungud, pensioner and spy, was sent out at about 10 o'clock, P. M., with a letter, done up in a piece of quill, to take to General Havelock at Cawnpore, and was promised a large reward if he brought a reply. Preparations made for getting the mortar-howitzer into the court-yard in rear of the brigade mess, by cutting a road through the intermediate walls. The mine out of the brigade-mess building, and that out of the Cawnpore battery, were worked all night, and considerable progress was made in both. The rains seemed quite over, the sun was very powerful, and much fever prevailed. Not so much

firing as usual in the evening, and only one shell came in. Much bugling among the enemy during the night.

September 17*th*.—All very much as usual, with rather less firing. Many vague rumors were abroad in the garrison, all without foundation. The mortar-howitzer was got into position behind the brigade mess; the second shell thrown from it severely wounded two of our servants, in consequence of the shell having exploded before it cleared our defenses. After the range was, however, once got, the practice was good, and several shells exploded in the embrasure of the enemy's battery. The mine out of the brigade mess and that out of the Cawnpore battery, damaged during the day by round shot, was also repaired by a working-party of Sepoys from the 48th Regiment Native Infantry. The sentry of the 32d Foot, on duty at the church, had his head carried off by a round shot. Exactly at midnight the enemy made a demonstration on Saunders's post, and fired heavy volleys of musketry, but made no attempt to advance; in about half an hour, after a few shells had been thrown among them, they retired.

Many cases of fever and dysentery. Two Sepoys of the 13th died in the hospital of their wounds. The Sikh cavalry sowars, under Lieutenant Hardinge, worked at the barricade across the breach in the third Sikh Square, and still further strengthened it.

September 18*th*.—Nothing new to record. Each day passed away much like its predecessor, with the same amount of cannonading and musketry fire.

Throughout the siege a regular system of look-out was organized from the top of the tower in the Residency, which commanded a view of the river, the three bridges, and the open country beyond; and also from the roof of the Post-Office, from which a great part of the city and the road to Cawnpore could be observed. At the former post the officers were relieved every two hours, and at the latter hourly. At each post a book

was kept, in which whatever had been observed was noted down, and if any thing unusual, or any new work of the enemy was seen, a report of it was instantly forwarded for Brigadier Inglis's information. A new truck was constructed to enable us to fit out another mortar as a howitzer, for it would be impossible to say how greatly we felt throughout the siege the want of a couple of eight-inch howitzers. To-day the enemy threw in—evidently from a thirteen-inch mortar—a piece of wood of very great weight, which measured twelve inches in diameter and eighteen in length! It made a prodigious noise as it passed through the air.

In consequence of the very small stock of rum left in store, all the Europeans were reduced to one dram each per day. This was perhaps the quietest day of the siege up to this date, as we had nothing but a few stray cannon shots and a slight musketry fire throughout the twenty-four hours. About 11 o'clock, P. M., a very considerable noise was heard in the town, together with much bugling and shouting.

September 19*th*.—This morning, almost before daylight, we commenced a heavy cannonade from the Post-Office on the battery in the square house opposite. During the morning the enemy kept up also a heavy fire all around; particularly on the Residency, which now wore a most desolate, tumble-down, and dilapidated appearance, from the effect of round shot which had been steadily poured into it daily from the commencement of the siege. About 10.30 A. M. the enemy's battery in the square house, opposite the Post-Office, was set on fire by our shot, and a pretty sharp fusilade and cannonade was kept up by us to prevent the enemy from extinguishing it; the fire however soon died out. An auction was held this day in the Residency of the property—clothes, etc.—of deceased officers, and the prices that all useful articles fetched was enormous: for instance, a new flannel shirt was knocked down for forty rupees, while five old ones were sold for one hundred and twelve

rupees, and a bottle of brandy brought twenty rupees. A man of the 84th was shot dead at Sago's post early this morning. During the day the enemy threw into our position, probably from an enormous mortar, six pieces of wood about the size and shape of a large oyster barrel; they were thrown up in the air to an enormous hight, and came down with almost incredible force.

September 20th.—At 1 o'clock, A. M., a smart musketry fire and cannonade took place, which lasted for about half an hour. At daylight discovered two new batteries, which the enemy had very nearly completed, and one of which contained a thirty-two pounder. We opened on them with a howitzer and an eighteen-pounder, but did them little mischief; the batteries having been made excessively strong, with enormous beams of wood and earth. We, however, entirely prevented them from working at either battery during the ensuing night. The Cawnpore battery was repaired, and the center mine from the brigade mess was connected with the one we had previously run out from the left. The guard-room at Anderson's house was lowered by digging out the floor, so as to keep the guard clear of the round shot which passed through it; the 13th mine was also worked eighteen feet further. A very considerable noise was heard in the city for some hours after dark. During the day nearly as many men as usual seen moving about. A private of Her Majesty's 32d at Innes's post was killed by a round shot.

September 21st.—Between 12 and 1 o'clock, A. M., the enemy suddenly began a very smart musketry fire all along the city side of our position, and opened from their guns. We threw a few shells among them, and their fire soon subsided into the usual steady fire which had gone on every night of the siege.

About 4 o'clock, A. M., we had very heavy rain, which lasted till about 11 o'clock, A. M. The heavy rain seemed to keep

the enemy quiet, and there was little firing on either side till 1 o'clock, P. M., when one of our eighteen-pounders at the Post-Office opened on the enemy's new thirty-two pounder battery, and knocked their parapet about, leaving the gun greatly exposed; which enabled Captain Saunders's garrison to pick off two of the enemy's gunners at the gun, and keep it silent for the rest of the day. In the afternoon the enemy battered down a great portion of the wall inclosing the building occupied by the Martiniere school-boys, and killed a water-carrier who was drawing water at the time, and who was knocked dead into the well; which was a great misfortune, as none of the natives would again use it. The body was got up soon after. Not many armed men were seen in the morning beyond the enemy's regular relief of guards and pickets. At 10 o'clock, P. M., heavy rain came on. About 11 o'clock, P. M., the enemy were reported to be in unusual strength near the Sikh Square, on which all were kept well on the alert. A shell was thrown among them, but nothing further took place.

September 22*d*.—Continued heavy rain, which fell without cessation till about 3 o'clock, P. M. The garrison were in a great state of discomfort, as little shelter was to be had any where; the roofs of all the buildings were so injured from eighty-four days' constant cannonading that but few could boast of a water-proof residence. Lieutenant Cunliffe, of the Artillery, died early this morning from fever; he had previously been wounded. A Sikh Sepoy, of the 13th, a native artillery-man, two private servants, and three grass-cutters deserted during the night; and in the course of the morning four cook boys contrived to desert during the heavy rain. The rain did considerable damage to various parts of our defenses, washing down many of the fascines in the batteries, and causing several parts of the defenses at Mr. Gubbins's and Innes's post to fall down. A great part of the outside wall of the brigade mess also fell from the same cause. Toward evening the enemy

opened their guns, and we dismounted one of their nine-pounders by a shell, which fell on the top of one of them and killed two gunners. About 11 o'clock, P. M., Ungud, pensioner, returned, bringing us a letter containing the glad tidings that our relieving force, under General Outram, had crossed the Ganges, and would arrive in a few days. His arrival, and the cheering news he brought of speedy aid, was well-timed; for neither our fast-diminishing stores, the vague and uncertain rumors of the advent of reinforcements, nor the daily sights and sounds by which we were surrounded, were calculated to inspire confidence and check desertion among the servants and camp-followers. All the garrison were greatly elated with the news, and on many of the sick and wounded the speedy prospect of a change of air and security exercised a most beneficial effect. Heavy rain fell about 11 o'clock, P. M.

September 23d.—About 3 o'clock, A. M., the rain cleared off, and at 11 o'clock, A. M., the sun came out and the clouds dispersed, and gave promise of fair weather. A smart cannonade was heard in the direction of Cawnpore; several imagined they also heard musketry, and the sound was listened to with the most intense and even painful anxiety by the garrison, who felt assured it must be their friends advancing to their assistance. But it was hardly expected that our force could have advanced so far, owing to the heavy rain which had fallen, and the state in consequence that the roads and country were in; however, at 5 o'clock, P. M., another distant cannonade was heard, which lasted for half an hour, and which appeared much nearer than before: this elicited many and divers opinions, and created the greatest possible excitement.

Throughout the day large bodies of troops with guns and ammunition wagons were seen moving about in the city, in the early part of the day to the right, and later, in large bodies to the left. In the afternoon the enemy placed a gun in position facing down the Kass Bazar street, with what object it was

impossible to say. We threw many shells into the city during the day among the parties of the enemy seen moving about. At 9 o'clock, P. M., heavy rain began and fell for two hours.

September 24th.—Every thing most unusually quiet throughout the night, and only one or two cannon shot were fired early in the morning. A considerable body of cavalry were seen moving to the right through the city, and about 8.30 o'clock, A. M., a distant cannonade was heard, which continued nearly all day.

We had no news of any kind, and the anxiety of the garrison was very great. During the morning large bodies of the enemy were seen moving through the city to the right and left. Ensign Hewitt, of the 41st Regiment Native Infantry, was slightly contused on the head by bricks struck out of a wall by a round shot. At 8 o'clock, P. M., the enemy made a false attack on the Cawnpore battery, keeping up a heavy cannonade and musketry fire, which lasted for about half an hour, after which all became moderately quiet. During the night guns were heard in the direction of the Cawnpore road, and the flash of them could be very distinctly seen ; they were supposed to be about seven miles distant.

September 25th.—A very unquiet night. Two alarms, one at 1.30 o'clock, A. M., and another at 4 o'clock, A. M. The whole garrison were under arms nearly the whole night. A very great disturbance in the city, in the direction of Mr. Gubbins's post especially. To the very great regret of the garrison, Captain Radcliffe, of the 7th Light Cavalry, was dangerously wounded while in command of the Cawnpore battery. About 10 o'clock, A. M., a messenger came in bringing in a letter of the 16th instant from General Outram, dated Cawnpore, announcing his being about to cross over to this side of the Ganges, and march on to Lucknow. The messenger could give no account of our force, beyond its having reached the outskirts of the city.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., nearly all sound of firing had ceased, but increased agitation was visible among the people in the town, in which two large fires were seen. An hour later the sound of musketry and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived within the limits of the city. All the garrison was on the alert, and the excitement among many of the officers and soldiers was quite painful to witness. At 1.30 o'clock, P. M., many of the people of the city commenced leaving, with bundles of clothes, etc., on their heads, and took the direction of cantonments across the different bridges. At 2 o'clock, P. M., armed men and Sepoys commenced to follow them, accompanied by large bodies of Irregular Cavalry. Every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear on the evidently retreating enemy, was fired as fast as possible, for at least an hour and a half. The enemy's bridge of boats had evidently been destroyed and broken away, for many were seen swimming across the river, most of them cavalry, with their horses' bridles in their hands. Strange to relate, during all this apparent panic, the guns of the enemy in position all round us kept up a heavy cannonade, and the matchlockmen or riflemen never ceased firing from their respective loop-holes.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., report was made that some officers dressed in shooting coats and solah caps, a regiment of Europeans in blue pantaloons and shirts, and a bullock battery were seen near Mr. Martin's house and the Mootee Mahul. At 5 o'clock, P. M., volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder, were heard in the city. But soon the firing of a Minié ball over our heads gave notice of the still nearer approach of our friends; of whom as yet little or nothing had been seen, though the enemy were to be seen firing heavily on them from many of the roofs of the houses. Five minutes later and our troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at almost every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of our reinforcements.

Once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

Soon all the rear-guard and heavy guns were inside our position; and then ensued a scene which baffles description. For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had long mourned their husbands as dead, were again restored to them; others, fondly looking forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learned that they were alone. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one.

The force under the command of General Sir James Outram, G. C. B., came to our assistance at a heavy sacrifice to themselves. Of two thousand, six hundred who left Cawnpore, nearly one-third was either killed or wounded in forcing their way through the city; indeed the losses were so heavy that they could effect nothing toward our relief; as the enemy were in overpowering force, and the position having been extended, in order to accommodate as far as possible our great increase in numbers, and the guns that were in our vicinity having been captured at considerable loss to ourselves, we remained on three-quarter-rations, as closely besieged as before, till the 22d November; when the garrison were finally relieved by the army under the Commander-in-chief.

GREATHED AND CAMPBELL

AFTER THE FALL OF DELHI.

In such a work as this it is, of course, impossible to give a history of the Indian rebellion, or to notice all those engaged in putting it down. A few words, however, are due to the valiant deeds of Colonel Greathed and Sir Colin Campbell after the fall of Delhi. It must not be supposed that the result of that important event was the submission of the mutineers. They moved at once in great masses down the country, in the hope of overwhelming the feeble garrison at Fort Agra; but the avenger closely followed them.

On the 24th of September Colonel Greathed, of Her Majesty's 84th, was dispatched in pursuit of the retreating enemy with a force of one thousand, six hundred infantry, five hundred cavalry, three troops of horse artillery, and eighteen guns. At Secunderabad the house of the head-man, being found to contain a quantity of plundered property, including ladies' dresses, bonnets, lace, etc., the village was burnt to the ground, though it was by no means certain that the villagers were any further to blame than in having retained the spoils abandoned by the Sepoys in their flight. On reaching Bolundshuhur the enemy was discovered strongly posted at the junction of two roads. Their guns, being light field-pieces, were speedily silenced by the heavy and well-directed fire of the British artillery. The cavalry, both European and native, then dashed into the town and drove the rebels before them, but not without sustaining some loss while charging between the rows of

houses. That same evening the advanced guard pushed on to the fort of Malaghur, which had already been deserted. The place is described as "a mud fort, with high ramparts, and mud bastions at each angle, also another bastion between each of the angles, making, in all, eight bastions." The walls of the rampart were loop-holed, the ditch was wide and steep, and an outwork had been constructed in front of an otherwise unprotected portion of the curtain. Seven or eight small guns of wrought iron were mounted on the walls; but the shot was hammered, the grape consisted of bits of telegraph wire tied up in leather bags, and the port-fires were made of pieces of sulphur. Quantities of European articles were found in the fort, such as canaries, known to have belonged to a lady at Bolundshuhur, crockery of all kinds, and large boxes of loaf-sugar from Shahjehanpore. It was, accordingly, resolved to destroy the fortifications; but in carrying out this wise determination, Lieutenant Home, who had so signally distinguished himself in blowing open the Cashmere Gate of Delhi, was accidentally killed by the premature explosion of a mine. Sending back his sick and wounded to Meerut, Brigadier Greathed resumed his onward march on the 2d of October, and came up with a body of the insurgents at Allyghur. Above three hundred of them were killed in the action that ensued, and early on the morning of the 10th the column marched into Agra, and encamped amid the ruins of the old cantonments. Just as the wearied soldiers had finished a hasty breakfast, and while they were yet busied in pitching their tents, a battery of guns behind the burial-ground opened upon their right flank, and, at the same time, a numerous body of horse galloped into the midst, sabering every one they encountered. Never was there a more complete surprise or one more rapidly counteracted. Before the sixth round was fired the horse artillery had already begun to reply, and a handful of the 9th Lancers and Sikhs, leaping into the saddle, charged the enemy without waiting for orders.

Nine of the Lancers, led on by Lieutenants French and Jones, recovered a gun that had been taken by five times their number of horsemen; Lieutenant French, however, losing his life in the performance of this gallant exploit, and his brother officer being severely wounded. In an incredibly short space of time horse, foot, and artillery turned out and attacked the insolent foe, who in vain sought safety in flight. As soon as the firing was heard in the fort, the 3d Bengal Fusileers hastened out to the assistance of their comrades, and eagerly joined in the pursuit, which was kept up for ten miles. The rebels lost fourteen guns, upward of one thousand men, and treasure to the value of £16,000 in this dashing affair, and were, moreover, entirely disorganized and dispersed. The loss on the side of the British was comparatively insignificant: one officer, four Europeans, and six Sikhs killed; four officers, twenty-two Europeans, and twenty-eight Sikhs wounded. It was afterward ascertained that the surprise was mutual. The enemy, who were the mutineers from Mhow and Indore, were not aware of the arrival of Greathed's column, and expected that they would only have had to do with the garrison of the fort. The fugitives fled, in scattered parties, to Bhurtpore, Muttra, and Mynpooree, but were repulsed by the inhabitants. They were joined, however, by the rajah of the last-named place, who abandoned his fort on the approach of the British. From Mynpooree the movable column, now under the command of Brigadier Hope Grant—as senior to the gallant Greathed—proceeded toward Cawnpore, and at the ancient city of Canouj overtook a band of Sepoys, from Delhi, whom they routed with considerable slaughter and the loss of five guns. On the 28th Brigadier Grant reached Cawnpore, and two days afterward crossed the Ganges and entered the province of Oude. By the 8th of November he had made his way to Alum Bagh, where he awaited the arrival of reinforcements under Sir Colin Campbell in person. This Alum Bagh was a summer residence

of the dowager queen of Oude, situated about three miles from Lucknow, on the Cawnpore side. It was simply a large mansion in the midst of a garden, or small park, inclosed within four walls, with a sort of bastion at each angle. Within this inclosure General Havelock had left his sick and wounded men, under the protection of Her Majesty's 64th Regiment and some heavy guns. Between Alum Bagh and the city extended an open plain, intersected by a canal. This intervening space was occupied by the rebels in great force—it is said to the number of fifty thousand—and thus all communication was broken off between this post and the Residency on the other side of Lucknow.

While these transactions were taking place within or near the boundaries of Oude, a movable column, under Brigadier Showers, had been actively employed in tranquilizing the district around Delhi. The imperial city itself remained desolate and abandoned. Its former inhabitants feared to return and confront the insolence of the justly-incensed conquerors; for little could they imagine that a spurious philanthropy was already engaged in devising excuses for guilt. Several inferior members, indeed, of the royal family were convicted and put to death, but in most cases justice was evaded, and almost any pretext was accepted as an extenuating circumstance.

The state of Rajpootana was also far from satisfactory. On several occasions detached parties of mutineers were roughly handled; but when driven from one point they sprung up in another, preserving their organization and cohering to a remarkable extent. In central India, likewise, considerable agitation existed long after the fall of Delhi, and it was only the presence of a column of Madras troops that prevented the smoldering embers from bursting forth into a fierce and all-devouring conflagration.

By the middle of October considerable reinforcements from

England began to arrive at the three presidencies, and especially at Calcutta. Sir Colin Campbell consequently determined to hasten with all speed to Cawnpore, and assume the command of the field forces. During his journey up country, however, he narrowly escaped being cut off by a detachment of the 32d Regiment, which had recently mutinied at Deoghur, and were then crossing the Grand Trunk Road a few hundred yards in advance. The British Commander-in-chief, traveling without an escort, had no alternative but to retreat to a *dâk* bungalow, where a party of European soldiers happened to be resting themselves after a long march. A few hours afterward Sir Colin pushed forward to Benares, which he reached on the 31st October, and thence proceeded with the same fiery speed to Allahabad and Cawnpore. On the 11th November he crossed the Ganges, and lost no time in making his way to Alum Bagh. Here he found himself at the head of seven to eight thousand men, eager to meet the treacherous foe, and to avenge their murdered countrymen.

On the evening of the 12th the Commander-in-chief arrived at Alum Bagh, after a sharp skirmish with a body of two thousand rebels, supported by two guns, these being captured by a brilliant charge of the Irregular Horse, under Lieutenant Gough. Leaving Her Majesty's 75th in garrison at Alum Bagh, Sir Colin resumed his march on the 14th, and, as he approached the pleasure-grounds of Dilkoosha—literally. "Heart's Delight"—was received by a long line of musketry-fire. A running fight ensued for about two hours, during which the enemy was driven down the hill to the Martinière College—so named after its founder, General Claude Martine, a French adventurer in the service of Saadut Ali—across the garden and park of the Martinière, and some distance beyond the canal that intersects the plain. While arrangements were being made for securing the advanced position so gallantly attained, the rebels again took heart, and renewed the action. Their discomfiture, however,

was rapid and complete, though not without some loss on the part of the British, Captain Wheatcroft, of the Carbineers, and Lieutenant Mayne, B. H. A., being among the slain. The entire baggage of the relieving force having been left at Dilkoosha, under charge of Her Majesty's 8th Foot, Sir Colin advanced against Sikunder Bagh—"Alexander's Garden"—a walled inclosure, one hundred and twenty yards square, carefully loop-holed all round. About one hundred yards distant is a small village, the houses of which were also loop-holed, and held in great force. Skirmishers having been thrown out in front, the guns were pushed forward, and opened fire within musket-range. As the leading brigade of infantry, under Brigadier the Hon. Adrian Hope, neared the village, it was suddenly abandoned, and thus the British General was enabled to concentrate his fire on the Sikunder Bagh. In little more than an hour and a half a narrow breach was effected, through which poured like a torrent the 93d Highlanders, the 53d, and the 4th Punjaub Light Infantry. A terrible slaughter was here inflicted on the enemy, no fewer than two thousand corpses being afterward carried out. Captain Peel's naval siege-train then went to the front, and advanced within a few yards of the loop-holed wall inclosing the Shah Nujeef. In the words of the Commander-in-chief, "the withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the naval brigade from great loss, but it was an action almost unexampled in war. Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the Shannon along-side an enemy's frigate." After a heavy cannonade of three hours this position likewise was carried by storm, and then the wearied troops lay down to rest. On the following day the mess-house was battered by the heavy guns till it was no longer tenable, when it was taken with a rush. The troops then burst into the inclosure round the Mootee Mahul—"Pearl Palace"—where the enemy made a last despairing stand, and a communication was opened with the Residency. That same afternoon Sir James Outram and

Sir Henry Havelock came out to welcome their deliverer, and to exchange hearty greetings. It was, indeed, a proud moment for all, for there was not a man there present who had not nobly done his duty. But it was no time for congratulations and compliments. A numerous and desperate enemy swarmed around on all sides, except on that by which the relieving force had hewed its way. Sir Colin's first care, therefore, was to remove the toil-worn garrison to a place of safety, for he at once recognized the impossibility of holding Lucknow in the presence of the overwhelming masses of the insurgents. Accordingly, on the 20th, he covered his real intentions by opening a tremendous fire on the Kaiser Bagh, which was breached in three places. While the rebels were preparing to sustain the anticipated assault, the garrison withdrew, at midnight of the 22d, through the lines of pickets.

The relieving army had purposely taken up such positions as would enable the illustrious heroes of Lucknow to evacuate the post they had so long maintained, without being exposed to the chance of even a stray musket-shot. All ranks eagerly cooperated with their chivalrous leader to effect this object, and formed themselves, as it were, into a guard of honor. The women and children, the sick and wounded, and the state prisoners, had previously been removed, together with all the serviceable guns and treasure belonging to the ex-king, to the value of nearly a quarter of a million sterling. "The movement of retreat," says Sir Colin, "was admirably executed, and was a perfect lesson in such combinations. Each exterior line came gradually retiring through its supports, till at length nothing remained but the last line of infantry and guns, with which I was myself to crush the enemy, if he had dared to follow up the pickets. The only line of retreat lay through a long and tortuous lane, and all these precautions were absolutely necessary to insure the safety of the force." The rebels, however, were altogether at fault as to the true nature of the

maneuvers that were being so skillfully executed, and made no attempt whatever to disturb them. Colonel Greathed, again worthily appointed to the command of a brigade, brought up the rear-guard, and at four o'clock, in the morning of the 23d the British army was once more encamped in the grounds of the Dilkoosha. On the previous day the enemy had made a fruitless attempt to turn the rear by attacking Alum Bagh, but were easily repulsed by Brigadier Little. Toward the afternoon of the 24th, Sir Colin proceeded to escort his invaluable convoy to Alum Bagh, where he was joined the following day by the rear-guard, under Sir James Outram. Leaving that able General with a strong division to hold the enemy in check, the Commander-in-chief hastened on to Cawnpore, and achieved a forced march of forty-three miles in thirty-one hours—for he had heard the report of a heavy cannonading from afar, and knew that imminent danger threatened that important station. The excitement must have been so far acceptable, that it diverted his thoughts from one of the most grievous calamities which had yet befallen the British army since the commencement of the mutiny. General Havelock was no more. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, that truly-great man sunk under an attack of dysentery, and died at Alum Bagh on the 25th November. Since the death of Nelson, no man has enjoyed so large a share of the sympathies of the nation. Others may have been even more applauded as conquerors, but not one has achieved such universal popularity, in the highest sense of the word, or so completely fascinated what may be termed the private feelings of the British people. He had become an object of almost tender interest, and the announcement of his death threw a gloom over all classes of society. Every one felt as if he had lost a dear friend; and cold and phlegmatic must he have been who could that morning indulge in hilarity. A humble tribute to Havelock's services as a soldier, and his virtues as a Christian man, will be found in another place; for the moment, we are

constrained to resume the thread of this strangely-checkered narrative.

The Gwalior Contingent, after moving about with apparently no settled purpose, had finally made up their minds to move upon Cawnpore. Fortunately, they had deferred this resolution till after the relief of Lucknow was effected; otherwise, Sir Colin Campbell might have been sorely perplexed as to the proper course to pursue. It was thus the 26th of November when their advanced guard arrived at the Pandoo Nuddee—the scene of one of Havelock's early victories, and only a few miles from Cawnpore. General Windham, the "hero of the Redan," apparently underrated his enemy, and accordingly moved out with 2,000 Europeans, belonging to the 64th, 82d, and 88th Regiments, and gave them battle. At first he was partially successful, and inflicted some loss. In the course of that night, however, the two other divisions of the Contingent joined their comrades, and thus formed an army of 14,000 men, with a numerous cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery. Early on the following morning, this formidable force suddenly threw themselves upon the feeble detachment before them, made them give ground, and burnt their tents. The British troops then retired within their intrenchments, where they were fiercely assailed on two sides. The Rifles making a desperate sortie, captured two eighteen-pounders, and drove back their assailants; but on the extreme right, the 64th and 88th were terribly cut up. Of the former corps, four officers were killed, and two taken prisoners, of whom one was hanged, and the other beaten to death with shoes; Colonel Wilson was among the slain. The mutineers then desisted from the assault, and contented themselves with occupying the native town. Their triumph, however, was short-lived. Alarmed by the long-continued cannonade, Sir Colin Campbell hastened with all speed to the relief of his beleaguered comrades. Leaving his convoy and baggage on the Oude side of the river, he crossed the Ganges, and swept

the enemy from before the intrenchments, and took sixteen of their guns. He then brought over the women and the wounded, and sent them on under safe escort to Allahabad, which they reached in due course of time, and were thence forwarded to Calcutta. Freed at length from all anxiety on this head, the Commander-in-chief turned his undivided attention to the insolent enemy who still remained in his presence. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 6th of December, he began the [illegible] shelling them out of the town, and then fell on them [illegible] infantry. They waited not to come to close quarters, [illegible] hot haste toward Calpee, closely pursued by the [illegible] ar-gu[illegible] under Brigadier Hope Grant. So rapid was their flight, [illegible] tha[illegible] they were not overtaken till they had reached the Serai-ghaut. Plunging into the river, they waded or swam to the other side, abandoning fifteen guns and all their ammunition, stores, and baggage. Never was rout more complete, or more easily accomplished. Deprived of their artillery, the Gwalior Contingent ceased to be an object of apprehension, and by their flight into Oude, liberated a large force that must otherwise have been detailed to watch their movements. It now became possible to institute a grand *battue* against the mutineers—to draw them together as in a net, and to crush them. With this object in view, Colonel Franks, a very distinguished officer, was instructed to collect the reinforcements, as they marched up country, at Benares, and to block the south-eastern frontier of Oude. Toward the north-east all escape was impossible, from the arrival at Goruckpore of 9,000 Ghoorkas, under the immediate command of Jung Bahadoor, the ruling minister of Nepaul. On the west, a movable column from Delhi, after pacifying the surrounding district, was prepared to reoccupy Rohilcund, recover Bareilly, and give the hand to the avenging army of Sir Colin Campbell. The final suppression of the mutiny was the work of more than one campaign.

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